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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

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PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

ACCURATELY PRINTED FROM

THE TEXT OF MR. STEEVENS'S LAST EDITION,

WITH

A SELECTION OF THE MOST IMPORTANT NOTES.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

CONTAINING

THE TEMPEST;
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA;
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR;
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL;
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, C. DILLY, J. JOHNSON, G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, R. BALDWIN, H. L. GARDNER, J. SEWELL, W. RICHARDSON, J. NICHOLS, F. AND C. RIVINGTON, T. PAYNE, JUN. R. FAULDER, W. LOWNDES, B. AND J. WHITE, G. AND T. WILKIE, J. AND J. TAYLOR, J. SCATCHERD, T. EGERTON, E. NEWBERY, W. BENT, J. WALKER, W. CLARKE AND SON, J. BARKER, J. EDWARDS, D. OGILVY AND SON, J. CUTHELL, J. NUNN, J. ANDERSON, J. LACKINGTON AND CO. T. KAY, J. DEIGHTON, W. MILLER, VERNOR AND HOOD, CADELL AND DAVIES, MURRAY AND HIGHLEY, AND LEE AND HURST.

1797.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

IT has been the wish and the intention of the Reviser of these Volumes to effectuate an idea which the last very intelligent Editor of SHAKSPEARE predicted would some time take place.

"To other defects of our late editions," he says, "may be subjoined, as not the least notorious, an exuberance of comment. Indulgence to the remarks of others, as well as partiality to our own; an ambition in each little Hercules to set up pillars, ascertaining how far he had travelled through the dreary wilds of black letter; and perhaps a reluctance or inability to decide between contradictory sentiments, have also occasioned the appearance of more annotations than were absolutely wanted, unless it be thought requisite that our author, like a Dauphin Classick, should be reduced to marginal prose for the use of children; that all his various readings (assembled by Mr. Capell) should be enumerated, the genealogies of all his real personages deduced; and that as many of his plays as are founded on Roman or British history, should be attended by complete transcripts from their originals in Sir Thomas North's *Plutarch*, or the Chronicles of Hall and Holinshed.—These faults, indeed,—*si quid prodest delicta fateri*,—within half a century, (when the present race of voluminous criticks is extinct) cannot fail to be remedied by a judicious and frugal selection from the labours of us all. Nor is such an event to be deprecated even by ourselves; since we may be certain that some ivy of each individual's growth will still adhere to the parent oak, though not enough, as at present, to 'hide the princely trunk, and suck the verdure out of it a.'—It may be feared

a *Tempest.*

too, ſhould we perſiſt in ſimilar accumulations of extraneous matter, that our readers will at length be frighted away from Shakſpeare, as the ſoldiers of Cato deſerted their comrade when he became bloated with poiſon—*creſcens fugêre cadaver.* It is our opinion, in ſhort, that every one who opens the page of an ancient Engliſh writer, ſhould bring with him ſome knowledge; and yet he by whom a thouſand minutiæ remain to be learned, needs not to cloſe our author's volume in deſpair, for his ſpirit and general drift are always obvious, though his language and alluſions are occaſionally obſcure."

Fully impreſſed with the force of this admonition, the late excellent Edition has been made the groundwork of the preſent, and the Text of it moſt ſcrupulouſly adopted; and if in the ſelection of the Notes (a taſk more delicate and difficult than may in general be imagined) ſome ſuperfluities are even yet retained, it muſt be attributed ſolely to a wiſh to preſerve the various ſentiments of the ingenious Commentators, whoſe labours are attentively abridged, though their language and ſignatures are uniformly preſerved.

It would be unjuſt, however, to Mr. STEEVENS, were we not to preſent to our readers ſome extracts from his Preface.

"In this republication, a conſiderable number of freſh remarks are both adopted and ſupplied by the preſent editors. They have perſiſted in their former track of reading for the illuſtration of their author, and cannot help obſerving that thoſe who receive the benefit of explanatory extracts from ancient writers, little know at what expence of time and labour ſuch atoms of intelligence have been collected.—That the foregoing information, however, may communicate no alarm, or induce the reader to ſuppoſe we have 'beſtowed our whole tedioufneſs' on him, we ſhould add, that many notes have likewiſe been withdrawn. A few, manifeſtly erroneous, are indeed retained, to ſhow how much the tone of Shakſperian criticiſm is changed, or on account of the ſkill diſplayed in their confutation; for ſurely every editor in his turn is occaſionally entitled to be ſeen, as he would have ſhown himſelf, with his vanquiſhed adverſary at his feet. We have therefore been

been ſometimes willing to 'bring a corollary, rather than want a ſpirit.' Nor, to confeſs the truth, did we always think it juſtifiable to ſhrink our predeceſſors to pigmies, that we ourſelves, by force of compariſon, might aſſume the bulk of giants.

"The preſent editors muſt alſo acknowledge, that unleſs in particular inſtances, where the voice of the publick had decided againſt the remarks of Dr. JOHNSON, they have heſitated to diſplace them; and had rather be charged with ſuperſtitious reverence for his name, than cenſured for a preſumptuous diſregard of his opinions.

"As a large proportion of Mr. MONCK MASON'S ſtrictures on a former edition of SHAKSPEARE are here inſerted, it has been thought neceſſary that as much of his Preface as was deſigned to introduce them, ſhould accompany their ſecond appearance [b]. Any formal recommendation of them is needleſs, as their own merit is ſure to rank their author among the moſt diligent and ſagacious of our celebrated Poet's annotators.

"It may be proper, indeed, to obſerve that a few of theſe remarks are omitted becauſe they had been anticipated; and that a few others have excluded themſelves by their own immoderate length; for he who publiſhes a ſeries of comments unattended by the text of his author, is apt to 'overflow the meaſure' allotted to marginal criticiſm. In theſe caſes, either the commentator or the poet muſt give way, and no reader will patiently endure to ſee 'Alcides beaten by his page.'—*Inferior volat umbra deo.*—Mr. M. MASON will alſo forgive us if we add, that a ſmall number of his propoſed amendments are ſuppreſſed through honeſt commiſeration. 'Tis much he dares, and he has a wiſdom that often guides his valour to act in ſafety;' yet occaſionally he forgets the prudence that ſhould attend conjecture, and therefore, in a few inſtances, would have been produced only to be perſecuted.—May it be ſubjoined, that the freedom with which the ſame gentleman has treated the notes of others, ſeems to have authorized an equal degree of licence reſpecting his own? And yet, though the ſword may have been drawn againſt him, he ſhall not com-

[b] See p. x.

plain

plain that its point is 'unbated and envenomed;' for the conductors of this undertaking do not ſcruple thus openly to expreſs their wiſhes that it may have merit enough to provoke a reviſion from the acknowledged learning and perſpicacity of their Hibernian coadjutor.—Every re-impreſſion of our great dramatick maſter's works muſt be conſidered in ſome degree as experimental; for their corruptions and obſcurities are ſtill ſo numerous, and the progreſs of fortunate conjecture ſo tardy and uncertain, that our remote deſcendants may be perplexed by paſſages that have perplexed us; and the readings which have hitherto diſunited the opinions of the learned, may continue to diſunite them as long as ENGLAND and SHAKSPEARE have a name. In ſhort, the peculiarity once aſcribed to the poetick iſle of Delos, may be exemplified in our author's text, which, on account of readings alternately received and reprobated, muſt remain in an unſettled ſtate, and float in obedience to every gale of contradictory criticiſm.—Could a perfect and deciſive edition of the following ſcenes be produced, it were to be expected only (though we fear in vain) from the hand of Dr. FARMER, whoſe more ſerious avocations forbid him to undertake what every reader would delight to poſſeſs.

"This impreſſion of the Plays of SHAKSPEARE muſt not iſſue into the world without particular and ample acknowledgements of the benefit it has derived from the labours of Mr. MALONE, whoſe attention, diligence, and ſpirit of enquiry, have very far exceeded thoſe of the whole united phalanx of his predeceſſors.—His additions to our author's Life, his attempt to aſcertain the Order in which his plays were written, together with his account of our ancient Stage, &c. are here re-publiſhed[c]; and every reader will concur in wiſhing that a gentleman who has produced ſuch intelligent combinations from very few materials, had fortunately been poſſeſſed of more.

"The play of *Pericles* has been added to this collection, by the advice of Dr. FARMER. To make room for it, *Titus Andronicus* might have been omitted; but our proprietors are of opinion that ſome ancient prejudices in its favour may ſtill exiſt, and for that reaſon only it is preſerved.

[c] That is, in the Octavo Edition of Mr. STEEVENS.

"The

"The form and ſubſtance of the commentary attending this republication having been materially changed and enlarged ſince it firſt appeared, in compliance with ungrateful cuſtom, the name of its original editor might have been withdrawn: but Mr. STEEVENS could not prevail on himſelf to forego an additional opportunity of recording in a title-page that he had once the honour of being united in a taſk of literature with Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON. This is a diſtinction which malevolence cannot obſcure, nor flattery transfer to any other candidate for publick favour."

*** IT may be proper to obſerve that the learned Commentator whoſe name appears in the title-page is under no reſponſibility for the preſent edition. The preſs has been wholly corrected under the ſuperintendance of Mr. BALDWIN; by whoſe attention the late very correct and elegant edition of Mr. STEEVENS was ſo handſomely introduced to the publick. For the ſelection of the Notes, which has been performed with ſome induſtry and much impartiality, no one is anſwerable but

Dec. 20, 1796. J. NICHOLS.

Preface to Mr. M. Mason's Comments, &c. 1785.

Not thoroughly ſatisfied with any of the former editions of Shakſpeare, even that of Johnſon, I had reſolved to venture upon one of my own, and had actually collected materials for the purpoſe, when that [d], which is the ſubject of the following Obſervations, made its appearance; in which I found that a conſiderable part of the amendments and explanations I had intended to propoſe were anticipated by the labours and eccentrick reading of Steevens, the ingenious reſearches of Malone, and the ſagacity of Tyrwhitt.—I will fairly confeſs that I was ſomewhat mortified at this diſcovery, which compell'd me to relinquiſh a favourite purſuit, from whence I had vainly expected to derive ſome degree of credit in the literary world. This, however, was a ſecondary conſideration; and my principal purpoſe will be anſwered to my wiſh, if the Comments, which I now ſubmit to the publick ſhall, in any other hands, contribute materially to a more complete edition of our inimitable poet.

If we may judge from the advertiſement prefixed to his Supplement, Malone ſeems to think that no other edition can hereafter be wanted; as in ſpeaking of the laſt, he ſays, "The text of the author ſeems now to be finally ſettled, the great abilities and unwearied reſearches of the editor having left little obſcure or unexplained [e]."

Though I cannot ſubſcribe to this opinion of Malone, with reſpect to the final adjuſtment of the text, I ſhall willingly join in his encomium on the editor, who deſerves the applauſe and gratitude of the publick, not only for his induſtry and abilities, but alſo for the zeal with which he has proſecuted the object he had in view, which prompted him,

d Edit. 1778.

e As I was never vain enough to ſuppoſe the edit. 1778 was entitled to this encomium, I can find no difficulty in allowing that it has been properly recalled by the gentleman who beſtowed it. See his Preface; and his *Letter to the Reverend Dr. Farmer*, p. 7. and 8. Steevens.

him, not only to the wearisome task of collation, but also to engage in a peculiar course of reading, neither pleasing nor profitable for any other purpose.

But I will venture to assert, that his merit is more conspicuous in the comments than the text; in the regulation of which he seems to have acted rather from caprice, than any settled principle; admitting alterations, in some passages, on very insufficient authority, indeed, whilst in others he has retained the antient readings, though evidently corrupt, in preference to amendments as evidently just: and it frequently happens, that after pointing out to us the true reading, he adheres to that which he himself has proved to be false. Had he regulated the text in every place according to his own judgment, Malone's observation would have been nearer to the truth; but as it now stands, the last edition has no signal advantage, that I can perceive, over that of Johnson, in point of correctness.

But the object that Steevens had most at heart, was the illustration of Shakspeare, in which it must be owned he has clearly surpassed all the former editors. If, without his abilities, application, or reading, I have happened to succeed in explaining some passages which he misapprehended, or in suggesting amendments that escaped his sagacity, it is owing merely to the minute attention with which I have studied every line of these plays, whilst the other commentators, I will not except even Steevens himself, have too generally confined their observation and ingenuity to those litigated passages, which have been handed down to them by former editors, as requiring either amendment or explanation, and have suffered many others to pass unheeded, that, in truth, were equally erroneous or obscure. It may possibly be thought that I have gone too far in the other extreme, in pointing out trifling mistakes in the printing, which every reader perceives to be such, and amends as he reads; but where correctness is the object, no inaccuracy, however immaterial, should escape unnoticed.——

—— There is perhaps no species of publication whatever, more likely to produce diversity of opinion than verbal criticisms; for, as there is no certain criterion of truth, no established principle by which we can decide whether they

be juſtly founded or not, every reader is left to his own imagination, on which will depend his cenſure or applauſe. I have not therefore the vanity to hope that all theſe obſervations will be generally approved of; ſome of them, I confeſs, are not thoroughly ſatisfactory even to myſelf, and are hazarded, rather than relied on:—But there are others which I offer with ſome degree of confidence, and I flatter myſelf that they will meet, upon the whole, with a favourable reception from the admirers of Shakſpeare, as tending to elucidate a number of paſſages which have hitherto been miſprinted or miſunderſtood.

In forming theſe comments, I have confined myſelf ſolely to the particular edition which is the object of them, without comparing it with any other, even with that of Johnſon: not doubting but the editors had faithfully ſtated the various readings of the firſt editions, I reſolved to avoid the labour of collating; but had I been inclined to undertake that taſk, it would not have been in my power, as few, if any, of the ancient copies can be had in the country where I reſide.

I have ſelected from the Supplement, *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, becauſe it is ſuppoſed by ſome of the commentators to have been the work of Shakſpeare, and is at leaſt as faulty as any of the reſt. The remainder of the plays which Malone has publiſhed are neither, in my opinion, the production of our poet, or ſufficiently incorrect to require any comment.

M. MASON.

SOME

ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE, &c.

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

WRITTEN BY MR. ROWE.

IT ſeems to be a kind of reſpect due to the memory of excellent men, eſpecially of thoſe whom their wit and learning have made famous, to deliver ſome account of themſelves, as well as their works, to poſterity. For this reaſon, how fond do we ſee ſome people of diſcovering any little perſonal ſtory of the great men of antiquity! their families, the common accidents of their lives, and even their ſhape, make, and features, have been the ſubject of critical inquiries. How trifling ſoever this curioſity may ſeem to be, it is certainly very natural; and we are hardly ſatisfied with an account of any remarkable perſon, till we have heard him deſcribed even to the very cloaths he wears. As for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an author may ſometimes conduce to the better underſtanding his book; and though the works of Mr. Shakſpeare may ſeem to many not to want a comment, yet I fancy ſome little account of the man himſelf may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He was the ſon of Mr. John Shakſpeare, and was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickſhire, in April 1564. His family, as appears by the regiſter and publick writings relating to that town, were of good figure and faſhion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father, who was a conſiderable dealer in wool,[2] had ſo large a family, ten children

[2] It appears that he had been officer and bailiff of Stratford-upon-Avon;

children in all, that though he was his eldeſt ſon, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, it is true, for ſome time at a free-ſchool,[3] where, it is probable, he acquired what Latin he was maſter of: but the narrowneſs of his circumſtances, and the want of his aſſiſtance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language. It is without controverſy, that in his works we ſcarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the ancients. The delicacy of his taſte, and the natural bent of his own great genius, (equal, if not ſuperior, to ſome of the beſt of theirs) would certainly have led him to read and ſtudy them with ſo much pleaſure, that ſome of their fine images would naturally have inſinuated themſelves into, and been mixed with his own writings; ſo that his not copying at leaſt ſomething from them, may be an argument of his never having read them. Whether his ignorance of the ancients were a diſadvantage to him or no, may admit of a diſpute: for though the knowledge of them might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctneſs, might have reſtrained ſome of that fire, impetuoſity, and even beautiful extrava-

Avon; and that he enjoyed ſome hereditary lands and tenements, the reward of his grandfather's faithful and approved ſervices to King Henry VII. THEOBALD.

The chief magiſtrate of the Body Corporate of Stratford, now diſtinguiſhed by the title of Mayor, was in the early charters called the High Bailiff. This office Mr. John Shakſpeare filled in 1569.

It appears from a note to W. Dothick's Grant of Arms to him in 1596, now in the College of Arms, *Vincent*, Vol. 157, p. 24, that he was a juſtice of the peace, and poſſeſſed of lands and tenements to the amount of 500l.

Our poet's mother was the daughter and heir of Robert Arden of Wellingcote, in the county of Warwick, who, in the MS. above referred to, is called "a gentleman of worſhip." The family of *Arden* is a very ancient one; Robert Arden of Bromwich, eſq. being in the liſt of the gentry of this county, returned by the commiſſioners in the twelfth year of King Henry VI. A. D. 1433. Edward Arden was Sheriff of the county in 1568.—The woodland part of this county was anciently called *Ardern*; afterwards ſoftened to *Arden*. Hence the name. MALONE.

[3] The free-ſchool, I preſume, founded at Stratford. THEOBALD.

extravagance, which we admire in Shakſpeare: and I believe we are better pleaſed with thoſe thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination ſupplied him ſo abundantly with, than if he had given us the moſt beautiful paſſages out of the Greek and Latin poets, and that in the moſt agreeable manner that it was poſſible for a maſter of the Engliſh language to deliver them.

Upon his leaving ſchool, he ſeems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father propoſed to him;[4] and in order to ſettle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young.[5] His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway,[6] ſaid to have been a ſubſtantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. In this kind of ſettlement he continued for ſome time, till an extravagance that he was guilty of forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up; and though it ſeemed at firſt to be a blemiſh upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occaſion of exerting one of the greateſt *geniuſes* that

[4] I believe, that on leaving ſchool Shakſpeare was placed in the office of ſome country attorney, or the ſeneſchal of ſome manor court. See the *Eſſay on the order of his plays*, Article, *Hamlet*. MALONE.

[5] It is certain he did ſo; for by the monument in Stratford church erected to the memory of his daughter, Suſanna, the wife of John Hall, gentleman, it appears, that ſhe died on the 2d of July, 1649, aged 66: ſo that ſhe was born in 1583, when her father could not be full 19 years old. THEOBALD.

Suſanna, who was our poet's eldeſt child, was baptized, May 26, 1583. Shakſpeare therefore, having been born in April 1564, was nineteen the month preceding her birth. Mr. Theobald was miſtaken in ſuppoſing that a *monument* was erected to her in the church of Stratford. There is no memorial there in honour of either our poet's wife or daughter, except flat tomb-ſtones, by which, however, the time of their reſpective deaths is aſcertained.—His daughter Suſanna died, not on the *ſecond*, but the *eleventh* of July 1649. Theobald was led into this error by Dugdale. MALONE.

[6] She was eight years older than her huſband, and died in 1623, at the age of 67 years. THEOBALD.

The following is the inſcription on her tomb-ſtone in the church of Stratford:

"Here lyeth interred the body of ANNE, wife of William Shakeſpeare, who departed this life the 6th day of Auguſt, 1623, being of the age of 67 years. MALONE.

that ever was known in dramatick poetry. He had by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company: and amongſt them, ſome that made a frequent practice of deer-ſtealing, engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was proſecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, ſomewhat too ſeverely; and in order to revenge that ill uſage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the firſt eſſay of his poetry, be loſt, yet it is ſaid to have been ſo very bitter, that it redoubled the proſecution againſt him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his buſineſs and family in Warwickſhire, for ſome time, and ſhelter himſelf in London.

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is ſaid to have made his firſt acquaintance in the playhouſe. He was received into the company then in being, at firſt in a very mean rank,[7] but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the ſtage, ſoon diſtinguiſhed him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer. His name is printed, as the cuſtom was in thoſe times, amongſt thoſe of the other players, before ſome old plays, but without any particular account of what ſort of parts he uſed to play; and though I have inquired, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the Ghoſt in his own *Hamlet*. I ſhould have been much more pleaſed, to have learned from certain authority, which was the firſt play he wrote; it would be without doubt a pleaſure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to ſee and know what was the firſt eſſay of a fancy like Shakſpeare's. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like thoſe of other authors, among their leaſt perfect writings; art had ſo little, and nature ſo large a ſhare in what he did, that, for aught I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the moſt vigorous, and had the moſt fire and ſtrength of imagination in them, were the beſt. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy

7 There is a ſtage tradition, that his firſt office in the theatre was that of *Call-boy*, or prompter's attendant; whoſe employment it is to give the performers notice to be ready to enter, as often as the buſineſs of the play requires their appearance on the ſtage. MALONE.

fancy was ſo looſe and extravagant, as to be independent on the rule and government of judgment; but what he thought, was commonly ſo great, ſo juſtly and rightly conceived in itſelf, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately approved by an impartial judgment at the firſt ſight. But though the order of time in which the ſeveral pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are paſſages in ſome few of them which ſeem to fix their dates. So the *Chorus* at the end of the fourth act of *Henry the Fifth*, by a compliment very handſomely turned to the earl of Eſſex, ſhows the play to have been written when that lord was general for the queen in Ireland; and his elogy upon queen Elizabeth, and her ſucceſſor king James, in the latter end of his *Henry the Eighth*, is a proof of that play's being written after the acceſſion of the latter of thoſe two princes to the crown of England. Whatever the particular times of his writing were, the people of his age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of diverſions of this kind, could not but be highly pleaſed to ſee a genius ariſe amongſt them of ſo pleaſurable, ſo rich a vein, and ſo plentifully capable of furniſhing their favourite entertainments. Beſides the advantages of his wit, he was in himſelf a good-natured man, of great ſweetneſs in his manners, and a moſt agreeable companion; ſo that it is no wonder, if, with ſo many good qualities, he made himſelf acquainted with the beſt converſations of thoſe times. Queen Elizabeth had ſeveral of his plays acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious marks of her favour: it is that maiden princeſs plainly, whom he intends by

——— a fair veſtal, throned by the weſt.
A Midſummer-Night's Dream.

and that whole paſſage is a compliment very properly brought in, and very handſomely applied to her. She was ſo well pleaſed with that admirable character of Falſtaff, in The Two Parts of *Henry the Fourth*, that ſhe commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to ſhow him in love. This is ſaid to be the occaſion of his writing *The Merry Wives of Windſor*. How well ſhe was obeyed, the play itſelf is an admirable proof. Upon this occaſion it may not

be improper to obſerve, that this part of Falſtaff is ſaid to have been written originally under the name of *Oldcaſtle:* ſome of that family being then remaining, the queen was pleaſed to command him to alter it; upon which he made uſe of Falſtaff. The preſent offence was indeed avoided; but I do not know whether the author may not have been ſomewhat to blame in his ſecond choice, ſince it is certain that Sir John Falſtaff, who was a knight of the garter, and a lieutenant-general, was a name of diſtinguiſhed merit in the wars in France in Henry the Fifth's and Henry the Sixth's times. What grace ſoever the queen conferred upon him, it was not to her only he owed the fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendſhip from the earl of Southampton, famous in the hiſtories of that time for his friendſhip to the unfortunate earl of Eſſex. It was to that noble lord that he dedicated his poem of *Venus and Adonis*. There is one inſtance ſo ſingular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakſpeare's, that if I had not been aſſured that the ſtory was handed down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I ſhould not have ventured to have inſerted; that my lord Southampton at one time gave him a thouſand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchaſe which he heard he had a mind to. A bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almoſt equal to that profuſe generoſity the preſent age has ſhown to French dancers and Italian ſingers.

What particular habitude or friendſhips he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one, who had a true taſte of merit, and could diſtinguiſh men, had generally a juſt value and eſteem for him. His exceeding candour and good-nature muſt certainly have inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit obliged the men of the moſt delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with Ben Jonſon began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature; Mr. Jonſon, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted;

acted; and the perſons into whoſe hands it was put, after having turned it careleſsly and ſuperciliouſly over, were juſt upon returning it to him with an ill-natured anſwer, that it would be of no ſervice to their company; when Shakſpeare luckily caſt his eye upon it, and found ſomething ſo well in it, as to engage him firſt to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonſon and his writings to the publick. Jonſon was certainly a very good ſcholar, and in that had the advantage of Shakſpeare; though at the ſame time I believe it muſt be allowed, that what nature gave the latter, was more than a balance for what books had given the former; and the judgment of a great man upon this occaſion was, I think, very juſt and proper. In a converſation between Sir John Suckling, Sir William D'Avenant, Endymion Porter, Mr. Hales of Eton, and Ben Jonſon, Sir John Suckling, who was a profeſſed admirer of Shakſpeare, had undertaken his defence againſt Ben Jonſon with ſome warmth; Mr. Hales, who had ſat ſtill for ſome time, told them, *That if Mr. Shakſpeare had not read the ancients, he had likewiſe not ſtolen any thing from them; and that if he would produce any one topick finely treated by any one of them, he would undertake to ſhew ſomething upon the ſame ſubject at leaſt as well written by Shakſpeare.*

The latter part of his life was ſpent, as all men of good ſenſe will wiſh theirs may be, in eaſe, retirement, and the converſation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an eſtate equal to his occaſion, and, in that, to his wiſh; and is ſaid to have ſpent ſome years before his death at his native Stratford. His pleaſureable wit and good-nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendſhip, of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongſt them, it is a ſtory almoſt ſtill remembered in that country that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and uſury: it happened, that in a pleaſant converſation amongſt their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakſpeare in a aughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to out-live him; and ſince he could not know what might be ſaid of him when he was dead, he

desired it might be done immediately; upon which Shakspeare gave him these four verses:

"*Ten in the hundred* lies here ingrav'd;
"'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd:
"If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?
"Oh! ho! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe."

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it.

He died in the 53d year of his age, and was buried on the north side of the chancel, in the great church at Stratford, where a monument is placed in the wall. On his grave-stone underneath is,

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
"To dig the dust inclosed here.
"Blest be the man that spares these stones,
"And curst be he that moves my bones."

He had three daughters,[8] of which two lived to be married; Judith, the elder, to one Mr. Thomas Quiney,[9] by whom she had three sons, who all died without children; and Susanna, who was his favourite, to Dr. John Hall, a physician of good reputation in that country.[2] She left one child only, a daughter, who was married first to Thomas Nashe, esq.[3] and afterwards to Sir John Barnard of Abington, but died likewise without issue.

This

[8] In this circumstance Mr. Rowe must have been mis-informed. In the Register of Stratford, no mention is made of any daughter of our author's but Susanna and Judith. He had indeed three *children*; the two already mentioned, and a son, named Hamnet, of whom Mr. Rowe takes no notice. He was a twin child, born at the same time with Judith. Hence probably the mistake. He died in the twelfth year of his age, in 1596. MALONE.

[9] This also is a mistake. Judith was Shakspeare's youngest daughter. She died at Stratford-upon-Avon a few days after she had completed her seventy-seventh year, and was buried there, Feb. 9, 1661-62. She was married to Mr. Quiney, who was four years younger than herself, on the 10th of February, 1615-16, and not, as Mr. West supposed, in the year 1616-17. MALONE.

[2] Susanna's husband, Dr. John Hall, died in Nov. 1635, and is interred in the chancel of the church of Stratford near his wife. He was buried on the 26th of November. MALONE.

[3] Elizabeth, our poet's grand-daughter, who appears to have been a favourite,

This is what I could learn of any note, either relating to himſelf or family: the character of the man is beſt ſeen in his writings. But ſince Ben Jonſon has made a ſort of an eſſay towards it in his *Diſcoveries*, I will give it in his words:

" I remember the players have often mentioned it as an " honour to Shakſpeare, that in writing (whatſoever he " penned) he never blotted out a line. My anſwer hath " been, *Would he had blotted a thouſand!* which they " thought a malevolent ſpeech. I had not told poſterity " this, but for their ignorance, who choſe that circumſtance " to commend their friend by, wherein he moſt faulted: " and to juſtify mine own candour, for I loved the man, " and do honour his memory, on this ſide idolatry, as " much as any. He was, indeed, honeſt, and of an open " and free nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, " and gentle expreſſions; wherein he flowed with that " facility, that ſometimes it was neceſſary he ſhould be " ſtopped: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Auguſtus ſaid of Ha- " terius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule " of it had been ſo too. Many times he fell into thoſe " things which could not eſcape laughter; as when he " ſaid in the perſon of Cæſar, one ſpeaking to him,

" Cæſar thou doſt me wrong.

" He replied:

" Cæſar did never wrong, but with juſt cauſe.

" and ſuch like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed " his vices with his virtues: there was ever more in him to " be praiſed than to be pardoned."

As for the paſſage which he mentions out of Shakſpeare, there is ſomewhat like it in *Julius Cæſar*, but without the abſurdity; nor did I ever meet with it in any edition that I have ſeen, as quoted by Mr. Jonſon.

Beſides favourite, Shakſpeare having left her by his will a memorial of his affection, though ſhe at that time was but eight years old, was born in Feb. 1607-8, as appears by an entry in the Regiſter of Stratford.

MALONE.

Beſides his plays in this edition, there are two or three aſcribed to him by Mr. Langbaine, which I have never ſeen, and know nothing of. He writ likewiſe *Venus and Adonis*, and *Tarquin and Lucrece*, in ſtanzas, which have been printed in a late collection of poems. As to the character given of him by Ben Jonſon, there is a good deal true in it: but I believe it may be as well expreſſed by what Horace ſays of the firſt Romans, who wrote tragedy upon the Greek models, (or indeed tranſlated them,) in his epiſtle to Auguſtus:

" —— naturâ ſublimis & acer:
" Nam ſpirat tragicum ſatis, et feliciter audet,
" Sed turpem putat in chartis metuitque lituram."

As I have not propoſed to myſelf to enter into a large and complete criticiſm upon Shakſpeare's works, ſo I will only take the liberty, with all due ſubmiſſion to the judgment of others, to obſerve ſome of thoſe things I have been pleaſed with in looking him over.

His plays are properly to be diſtinguiſhed only into comedies and tragedies. Thoſe which are called hiſtories, and even ſome of his comedies, are really tragedies, with a run or mixture of comedy amongſt them. That way of tragi-comedy was the common miſtake of that age, and is indeed become ſo agreeable to the Engliſh taſte, that though the ſeverer criticks among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of our audiences ſeem to be better pleaſed with it than with an exact tragedy. *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *The Taming of a Shrew*, are all pure comedy; the reſt, however they are called, have ſomething of both kinds. It is not very eaſy to determine which way of writing he was moſt excellent in. There is certainly a great deal of entertainment in his comical humours; and though they did not then ſtrike at all ranks of people, as the ſatire of the preſent age has taken the liberty to do, yet there is a pleaſing and a well-diſtinguiſhed variety in thoſe characters which he thought fit to meddle with. Falſtaff is allowed by every body to be a maſterpiece; the character is always well ſuſtained, though drawn

out

out into the length of three plays; and even the account of his death, given by his old landlady Mrs. Quickly, in the firſt act of *Henry the Fifth*, though it be extremely natural, is yet as diverting as any part of his life. If there be any fault in the draught he has made of this lewd old fellow, it is, that though he has made him a thief, lying, cowardly, vain-glorious, and in ſhort every way vicious, yet he has given him ſo much wit as to make him almoſt too agreeable; and I do not know whether ſome people have not, in remembrance of the diverſion he had formerly afforded them, been ſorry to ſee his friend Hal uſe him ſo ſcurvily, when he comes to the crown in the end of *The Second Part of Henry the Fourth*. Amongſt other extravagancies, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor* he has made him a deer-ſtealer, that he might at the ſame time remember his Warwickſhire proſecutor, under the name of Juſtice Shallow; he has given him very near the ſame coat of arms which Dugdale, in his *Antiquities* of that country, deſcribes for a family there, and makes the Welſh parſon deſcant very pleaſantly upon them. That whole play is admirable; the humours are various and well oppoſed; the main deſign, which is to cure Ford of his unreaſonable jealouſy, is extremely well conducted. In *Twelfth Night* there is ſomething ſingularly ridiculous and pleaſant in the fantaſtical ſteward Malvolio. The paraſite and the vain-glorious in Parolles, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, is as good as any thing of that kind in *Plautus* or *Terence*. Petruchio, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncommon piece of humour. The converſation of Benedick and Beatrice, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and of Roſalind, in *As you like it*, have much wit and ſprightlineſs all along. His clowns, without which character there was hardly any play writ in that time, are all very entertaining: and, I believe, Therſites in *Troilus and Creſſida*, and Apemantus in *Timon*, will be allowed to be maſter-pieces of ill-nature, and ſatirical ſnarling. To theſe I might add, that incomparable character of Shylock the Jew, in *The Merchant of Venice*; but though we have ſeen that play received and acted as a comedy, and the part of the Jew performed by an excellent comedian, yet I cannot but think it was deſigned tragically by the author. There appears in it

ſuch a deadly ſpirit of revenge, ſuch a ſavage fierceneſs and fellneſs, and ſuch a bloody deſignation of cruelty and miſchief, as cannot agree either with the ſtile or characters of comedy. The play itſelf, take it altogether, ſeems to me to be one of the moſt finiſhed of any of Shakſpeare's. The tale indeed, in that part relating to the caſkets, and the extravagant and unuſual kind of bond given by Antonio, is too much removed from the rules of probability; but taking the fact for granted, we muſt allow it to be very beautifully written. There is ſomething in the friendſhip of Antonio to Baſſanio very great, generous, and tender. The whole fourth act (ſuppoſing, as I ſaid, the fact to be probable) is extremely fine. But there are two paſſages that deſerve a particular notice. The firſt is, what Portia ſays in praiſe of mercy, and the other on the power of muſick. The melancholy of Jaques, in *As you like it*, is as ſingular and odd as it is diverting. And if, what Horace ſays,

" Difficile eſt proprie communia dicere,"

it will be a hard taſk for any one to go beyond him in the deſcription of the ſeveral degrees and ages of man's life, though the thought be old, and common enough:

" —— All the world's a ſtage,
" And all the men and women merely players;
" They have their exits and their entrances,
" And one man in his time plays many parts,
" His acts being ſeven ages. At firſt, the infant,
" Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms:
" And then, the whining ſchool-boy with his ſatchel,
" And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnail
" Unwillingly to ſchool. And then, the lover
" Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
" Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow. Then, a ſoldier;
" Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
" Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel,
" Seeking the bubble reputation
" Ev'n in the cannon's mouth. And then, the juſtice;
" In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
" With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
" Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances;

" And ſo he plays his part. The ſixth age ſhifts
" Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon;
" With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
" His youthful hoſe, well ſav'd, a world too wide
" For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice,
" Turning again tow'rd childiſh treble, pipes
" And whiſtles in his ſound: Laſt ſcene of all,
" That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
" Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion;
" Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing."

His images are indeed every where ſo lively, that the thing he would repreſent ſtands full before you, and you poſſeſs every part of it. I will venture to point out one more, which is, I think, as ſtrong and as uncommon as any thing I ever ſaw; it is an image of Patience. Speaking of a maid in love, he ſays,

" ——She never told her love,
" But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
" Feed on her damaſk cheek: ſhe pin'd in thought,
" And ſate like *Patience* on a monument,
" Smiling at *Grief*."

What an image is here given! and what a taſk would it have been for the greateſt maſters of Greece and Rome to have expreſſed the paſſions deſigned by this ſketch of ſtatuary! The ſtile of his comedy is, in general, natural to the characters, and eaſy in itſelf; and the wit moſt commonly ſprightly and pleaſing, except in thoſe places where he runs into doggerel rhimes, as in *The Comedy of Errors*, and ſome other plays. As for his jingling ſometimes, and playing upon words, it was the common vice of the age he lived in: and if we find it in the pulpit made uſe of as an ornament to the ſermons of ſome of the graveſt divines of thoſe times, perhaps it may not be thought too light for the ſtage.

But certainly the greatneſs of this author's genius does no where ſo much appear, as where he gives his imagination an entire looſe, and raiſes his fancy to a flight above mankind, and the limits of the viſible world. Such are his attempts in *The Tempeſt*, *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*.

Hamlet. Of theſe, *The Tempeſt*, however it comes to be placed the firſt by the publiſhers of his works, can never have been the firſt written by him: it ſeems to me as perfect in its kind, as almoſt any thing we have of his. One may obſerve, that the unities are kept here, with an exactneſs uncommon to the liberties of his writing; though that was what, I ſuppoſe, he valued himſelf leaſt upon, ſince his excellencies were all of another kind. I am very ſenſible that he does, in this play, depart too much from that likeneſs to truth which ought to be obſerved in theſe ſort of writings; yet he does it ſo very finely, that one is eaſily drawn in to have more faith for his ſake, than reaſon does well allow of. His magick has ſomething in it very ſolemn, and very poetical: and that extravagant character of Caliban is mighty well ſuſtained, ſhews a wonderful invention in the author, who could ſtrike out ſuch a particular wild image, and is certainly one of the fineſt and moſt uncommon groteſques that ever was ſeen. The obſervation, which, I have been informed, three very great men concurred in making upon this part, was extremely juſt; that *Shakſpeare had not only found out a new character in his* Caliban, *but had alſo deviſed and adapted a new manner of language for that character.*

It is the ſame magick that raiſes the Fairies in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, the Witches in *Macbeth*, and the Ghoſt in *Hamlet*, with thoughts and language ſo proper to the parts they ſuſtain, and ſo peculiar to the talent of this writer. But of the two laſt of theſe plays I ſhall have occaſion to take notice, among the tragedies of Mr. Shakſpeare. If one undertook to examine the greateſt part of theſe by thoſe rules which are eſtabliſhed by Ariſtotle, and taken from the model of the Grecian ſtage, it would be no very hard taſk to find a great many faults; but as Shakſpeare lived under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never been made acquainted with the regularity of thoſe written precepts, ſo it would be hard to judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to conſider him as a man that lived in a ſtate of almoſt univerſal licence and ignorance: there was no eſtabliſhed judge, but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one conſiders,

ſiders, that there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the preſent ſtage, it cannot but be a matter of great wonder that he ſhould advance dramatick poetry ſo far as he did. The fable is what is generally placed the firſt, among thoſe that are reckoned the conſtituent parts of a tragick or heroick poem; not, perhaps, as it is the moſt difficult or beautiful, but as it is the firſt properly to be thought of in the contrivance and courſe of the whole; and with the fable ought to be conſidered the fit diſpoſition, order, and conduct of its ſeveral parts. As it is not in this province of the drama that the ſtrength and maſtery of Shakſpeare lay, ſo I ſhall not undertake the tedious and ill-natured trouble to point out the ſeveral faults he was guilty of in it. His tales were ſeldom invented, but rather taken either from the true hiſtory, or novels and romances: and he commonly made uſe of them in that order, with thoſe incidents, and that extent of time in which he found them in the authors from whence he borrowed them. So *The Winter's Tale*, which is taken from an old book, called *The Delectable Hiſtory of Doraſtus and Fawnia*, contains the ſpace of ſixteen or ſeventeen years, and the ſcene is ſometimes laid in Bohemia, and ſometimes in Sicily, according to the original order of the ſtory. Almoſt all his hiſtorical plays comprehend a great length of time, and very different and diſtinct places: and in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, the ſcene travels over the greateſt part of the Roman empire. But in recompence for his careleſsneſs in this point, when he comes to another part of the drama, *the manners of his characters, in acting or ſpeaking what is proper for them, and fit to be ſhewn by the poet*, he may be generally juſtified, and in very many places greatly commended. For thoſe plays which he has taken from the Engliſh or Roman hiſtory, let any man compare them, and he will find the character as exact in the poet as the hiſtorian. He ſeems indeed ſo far from propoſing to himſelf any one action for a ſubject, that the title very often tells you, it is *The Life of King John*, *King Richard*, &c. What can be more agreeable to the idea our hiſtorians give of *Henry the Sixth*, than the picture Shakſpeare has drawn of him! His manners are every where exactly the ſame with the ſtory;

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one finds him ſtill deſcribed with ſimplicity, paſſive ſanctity, want of courage, weakneſs of mind, and eaſy ſubmiſſion to the governance of an imperious wife, or prevailing faction: though at the ſame time the poet does juſtice to his good qualities, and moves the pity of his audience for him, by ſhewing him pious, diſintereſted, a contemner of the things of this world, and wholly reſigned to the ſevereſt diſpenſations of God's providence. There is a ſhort ſcene in *The Second Part of Henry the Sixth*, which I cannot but think admirable in its kind. Cardinal Beaufort, who had murdered the Duke of Glouceſter, is ſhewn in the laſt agonies on his death-bed, with the good king praying over him. There is ſo much terror in one, ſo much tenderneſs and moving piety in the other, as muſt touch any one who is capable either of fear or pity. In his *Henry the Eighth*, that prince is drawn with that greatneſs of mind, and all thoſe good qualities which are attributed to him in any account of his reign. If his faults are not ſhewn in an equal degree, and the ſhades in this picture do not bear a juſt proportion to the lights, it is not that the artiſt wanted either colours or ſkill in the diſpoſition of them; but the truth, I believe, might be, that he forbore doing it out of regard to queen Elizabeth, ſince it could have been no very great reſpect to the memory of his miſtreſs, to have expoſed ſome certain parts of her father's life upon the ſtage. He has dealt much more freely with the miniſter of that great king; and certainly nothing was ever more juſtly written, than the character of Cardinal Wolſey. He has ſhewn him inſolent in his proſperity; and yet, by a wonderful addreſs, he makes his fall and ruin the ſubject of general compaſſion. The whole man, with his vices and virtues, is finely and exactly deſcribed in the ſecond ſcene of the fourth act. The diſtreſſes likewiſe of Queen Katharine, in this play, are very movingly touched; and though the art of the poet has ſcreened King Henry from any groſs imputation of injuſtice, yet one is inclined to wiſh, the Queen had met with a fortune more worthy of her birth and virtue. Nor are the manners, proper to the perſons repreſented, leſs juſtly obſerved, in thoſe characters taken from the Roman hiſtory; and of this, the fierceneſs and impatience of Coriolanus, his

courage

courage and diſdain of the common people; the virtue and philoſophical temper of Brutus, and the irregular greatneſs of mind in M. Antony, are beautiful proofs. For the two laſt eſpecially, you find them exactly as they are deſcribed by Plutarch, from whom certainly Shakſpeare copied them. He has indeed followed his original pretty cloſe, and taken in ſeveral little incidents that might have been ſpared in a play. But, as I hinted before, his deſign ſeems moſt commonly rather to deſcribe thoſe great men in the ſeveral fortunes and accidents of their lives, than to take any ſingle great action, and form his work ſimply upon that. However, there are ſome of his pieces, where the fable is founded upon one action only. Such are more eſpecially, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The deſign in *Romeo and Juliet* is plainly the puniſhment of their two families, for the unreaſonable feuds and animoſities that had been ſo long kept up between them, and occaſioned the effuſion of ſo much blood. In the management of this ſtory, he has ſhewn ſomething wonderfully tender and paſſionate in the love-part, and very pitiful in the diſtreſs. *Hamlet* is founded on much the ſame tale with the *Electra of Sophocles*. In each of them a young prince is engaged to revenge the death of his father, their mothers are equally guilty, are both concerned in the murder of their huſbands,[4] and are afterwards married to the murderers. There is in the firſt part of the Greek tragedy ſomething very moving in the grief of Electra; but, as Mr. Dacier has obſerved, there is ſomething very unnatural and ſhocking in the manners he has given that Princeſs and Oreſtes in the latter part. Oreſtes imbrues his hands in the blood of his own mother; and that barbarous action is performed, though not immediately upon the ſtage, yet ſo near, that the audience hear Clytemneſtra crying out to Ægyſthus for help, and to her ſon for mercy: while Electra her daughter, and a Princeſs, (both of them characters that ought to have appeared with more decency,) ſtands upon the ſtage, and encourages her brother in the parricide. What horror does this not raiſe! Clytemneſtra was a wicked woman, and had deſerved to die; nay,

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[4] It does not appear that Hamlet's mother was concerned in the death of her huſband. MALONE.

in the truth of the ſtory, ſhe was killed by her own ſon; but to repreſent an action of this kind on the ſtage, is certainly an offence againſt thoſe rules of manners proper to the perſons, that ought to be obſerved there. On the contrary, let us only look a little on the conduct of Shakſpeare. Hamlet is repreſented with the ſame piety towards his father, and reſolution to revenge his death, as Oreſtes; he has the ſame abhorrence for his mother's guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heightened by inceſt: but it is with wonderful art and juſtneſs of judgment, that the poet reſtrains him from doing violence to his mother. To prevent any thing of that kind, he makes his father's Ghoſt forbid that part of his vengeance:

" But howſoever thou purſu'ſt this act,
" Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul contrive
" Againſt thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n,
" And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
" To prick and ſting her."

This is to diſtinguiſh rightly between *horror* and *terror*. The latter is a proper paſſion of tragedy, but the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no dramatick writer ever ſucceeded better in raiſing *terror* in the minds of an audience than Shakſpeare has done. The whole tragedy of *Macbeth*, but more eſpecially the ſcene where the King is murdered, in the ſecond act, as well as this play, is a noble proof of that manly ſpirit with which he writ; and both ſhew how powerful he was, in giving the ſtrongeſt motions to our ſouls that they are capable of. I cannot leave *Hamlet*, without taking notice of the advantage with which we have ſeen this maſter-piece of Shakſpeare diſtinguiſh itſelf upon the ſtage, by Mr. Betterton's fine performance of that part. A man, though he had no other good qualities, as he has a great many, muſt have made his way into the eſteem of all men of letters, by this only excellency. No man is better acquainted with Shakſpeare's manner of expreſſion, and indeed he has ſtudied him ſo well, and is ſo much a maſter of him, that whatever part of his he performs, he does it as if it had been written on purpoſe for him, and that the author had exactly conceived it as he plays it. I muſt own a particular obligation to him, for the moſt

conſiderable part of the paſſages relating to this life, which I have here tranſmitted to the publick; his veneration for the memory of Shakſpeare having engaged him to make a journey into Warwickſhire, on purpoſe to gather up what remains he could, of a name for which he had ſo great a veneration.[5]

To the foregoing Accounts of SHAKSPEARE'S LIFE, *I have only one paſſage to add, which Mr. Pope related, as communicated to him by Mr. Rowe.*

IN the time of Elizabeth, coaches being yet uncommon, and hired coaches not at all in uſe, thoſe who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horſeback to any diſtant buſineſs or diverſion. Many came on horſeback to the play,[6] and when Shakſpeare fled to London from the terror of a criminal proſecution, his firſt expedient was to wait at the door of the playhouſe, and hold the horſes of thoſe that had no ſervants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became ſo conſpicuous for his care and readineſs, that in a ſhort time every man as he alighted called for Will. Shakſpeare, and ſcarcely any other waiter was truſted with a horſe while Will. Shakſpeare could be had. This was the firſt dawn of better fortune. Shakſpeare, finding more horſes put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inſpection, who, when Will. Shakſpeare was ſummoned, were immediately to preſent themſelves, *I am Shakſpeare's boy, Sir.* In time Shakſpeare found higher employment: but as long as the practice of riding to the playhouſe continued, the waiters that

[5] Mr. Betterton was born in 1635, and had many opportunities of collecting information relative to Shakſpeare, but unfortunately the age in which he lived was not an age of curioſity. Had either he or Dryden or Sir William D'Avenant taken the trouble to viſit our poet's youngeſt daughter, who lived till 1662, or his grand-daughter, who did not die till 1670, many particulars might have been preſerved which are now irrecoverably loſt. Shakſpeare's ſiſter, Joan Hart, who was only five years younger than him, died at Stratford in Nov. 1646, at the age of ſeventy-ſix; and from her undoubtedly his two daughters, and his grand-daughter Lady Barnard, had learned ſeveral circumſtances of his early hiſtory antecedent to the year 1600. MALONE.

This *Account of the Life of Shakſpeare* is printed from Mr. Rowe's ſecond edition, in which it had been abridged and altered by himſelf after its appearance in 1709. STEEVENS.

[6] Plays were at this time performed in the afternoon. STEEVENS.

that held the horſes retained the appellation of, *Shakſpeare's boys*.[8] JOHNSON.

Mr.

[7] I cannot diſmiſs this anecdote without obſerving that it ſeems to want every mark of probability. Though Shakſpeare quitted Stratford on account of a juvenile irregularity, we have no reaſon to ſuppoſe that he had forfeited the protection of his father who was engaged in a lucrative buſineſs, or the love of his wife who had already brought him two children, and was herſelf the daughter of a ſubſtantial yeoman. It is unlikely therefore, when he was beyond the reach of his proſecutor, that he ſhould conceal his plan of life, or place of reſidence, from thoſe who, if he found himſelf diſtreſſed, could not fail to afford him ſuch ſupplies as would have ſet him above the neceſſity of *holding horſes* for ſubſiſtence. Mr. Malone has remarked in his *Attempt to aſcertain the Order in which the Plays of Shakſpeare were written*, that he might have found an eaſy introduction to the ſtage; for Thomas Green, a celebrated comedian of that period, was his townſman, and perhaps his relation. The genius of our author prompted him to write poetry; his connection with a player might have given his productions a dramatick turn; or his own ſagacity might have taught him that fame was not incompatible with profit, and that the theatre was an avenue to both. That it was once the general cuſtom to ride on horſe-back to the play, I am likewiſe yet to learn. The moſt popular of the theatres were on the Bankſide; and we are told by the ſatirical pamphleteers of the time, that the uſual mode of conveyances to theſe places of amuſement, was by water: but not a ſingle writer ſo much as hints at the cuſtom of riding to them, or at the practice of having horſes held during the hours of exhibition. Some alluſion to this uſage (if it had exiſted) muſt, I think, have been diſcovered in the courſe of our reſearches after contemporary faſhions. Let it be remembered too, that we receive this tale on no higher authority than that of Cibber's Lives of the Poet's, Vol. I. p. 130. "Sir William Davenant told it to Mr. Betterton, who communicated it to Mr. Rowe," who (according to Dr. Johnſon) related it to Mr. Pope. Mr. Rowe (if this intelligence be authentick) ſeems to have concurred with me in opinion, as he forebore to introduce a circumſtance ſo incredible into his life of Shakſpeare. As to the book which furniſhes the anecdote, not the ſmalleſt part of it was the compoſition of Mr. Cibber, being entirely written by a Mr. Shiells, amanuenſis to Dr. Johnſon, when his Dictionary was preparing for the preſs. T. Cibber was in the King's Bench, and accepted of ten guineas from the bookſeller for leave to prefix his name to the work; and it was purpoſely ſo prefixed as to leave the reader in doubt whether himſelf or his father was the perſon deſigned.

The foregoing anecdote relative to *Cibber's Lives*, &c. I received from Dr. Johnſon. See, however, *The Monthly Review* for December 1781, p. 409. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens in one particular is certainly miſtaken. To the theatre in Blackfriars I have no doubt that many gentlemen rode in the time of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. From the Strand, Holborn, Biſhopſ-

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Mr. Rowe has told us that he derived the principal anecdotes in his account of Shakſpeare, from Betterton the player, whoſe zeal had induced him to viſit Stratford for the ſake of procuring all poſſible intelligence concerning a poet to whoſe works he might juſtly think himſelf under the ſtrongeſt obligations. Notwithſtanding this aſſertion, in the manuſcript papers of the late Mr. Oldys it is ſaid, that one Boman (according to Chetwood, p. 143, "an actor more than half an age on the London theatres") was unwilling to allow that his aſſociate and contemporary Betterton had ever undertaken ſuch a journey. Be this matter as it will, the following particulars, which I ſhall give in the words of Oldys, are, for aught we know to the contrary, as well authenticated as any of the anecdotes delivered down to us by Rowe.

Mr. Oldys had covered ſeveral quires of paper with laborious collections for a regular life of our author. From theſe I have made the following extracts, which (however trivial) contain the only circumſtances that wear the leaſt appearance of novelty or information.

"If tradition may be truſted, Shakſpeare often baited at the Crown Inn or Tavern in Oxford, in his journey to and from London. The landlady was a woman of great beauty and ſprightly wit; and her huſband, Mr. John Davenant, (afterwards mayor of that city,) a grave melancholy man; who, as well as his wife, uſed much to delight in Shakſpeare's pleaſant company. Their ſon young Will Davenant (afterwards Sir William) was then a little ſchool-boy in the town, of about ſeven or eight years old, and ſo fond alſo of Shakſpeare, that whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from ſchool to ſee him. One day an old townſman obſerving the boy running homeward almoſt out of breath, aſked him whither he was poſting in that heat and hurry.

gate-ſtreet, &c. where many of the nobility lived, they could indeed go no other way than on foot, or on horſeback, or in coaches; and coaches till after the death of Elizabeth were extremely rare. Many of the gentry therefore certainly went to that playhouſe on horſeback. See the proofs, in the Eſſay above referred to.

This however will not eſtabliſh the tradition relative to our author's firſt employment at the playhouſe, which ſtands on a very ſlender foundation.

hurry. He anſwered, to ſee his *god*-father Shakſpear There's a good boy, ſaid the other, but have a care that you don't take *God's* name in vain. This ſtory Mr. Pope told me at the Earl of Oxford's table, upon occaſion of ſome diſcourſe which aroſe about Shakſpeare's monument then newly erected in Weſtminſter Abbey; and he quoted Mr. Betterton the player for his authority. I anſwered, that I thought ſuch a ſtory might have enriched the variety of thoſe choice fruits of obſervation he has preſented us in his preface to the edition he had publiſhed of our poet's works. He replied—"There might be in the garden of mankind ſuch plants as would ſeem to pride themſelves more in a regular production of their own native fruits, than in having the repute of bearing a richer kind by grafting; and this was the reaſon he omitted it."

The ſame ſtory, without the names of the perſons, is printed among the jeſts of John Taylor the Water poet, in his works, folio, 1630, p. 184, N° 39: and, with ſome variations, may be found in one of Hearne's pocket books.

"One of Shakſpeare's younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, even ſome years, as I compute, after the reſtoration of *King Charles II.* would in his younger days come to London to viſit his brother *Will*, as he called him, and be a ſpectator of him as an actor in ſome of his own plays. This cuſtom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramatick entertainments grew the greateſt ſupport of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued it ſeems ſo long after his brother's death, as even to the latter end of his own life. The curioſity at this time of the moſt noted actors [exciting them] to learn ſomething from him of his brother, &c. they juſtly held him in the higheſt veneration. And it may be well believed, as there was beſides a kinſman and deſcendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them, [*Charles Hart* [8]] this opportunity made them greedily inquiſitive into every little circumſtance, more eſpecially in his dramatick character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it ſeems, was

[8] Born, I believe, about 1630, died in or about 1682. If he was a grandſon of Shakſpeare's ſiſter, he was probably the ſon of Michael Hart, her youngeſt ſon, of whoſe marriage or death there is no account in the pariſh Regiſter of Stratford, and therefore I ſuſpect he ettled in London. MALONE.

was ſo ſtricken in years, and poſſibly his memory ſo weakened with infirmities, (which might make him the eaſier paſs for a man of weak intellects,) that he could give them but little light into their enquiries; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother *Will* in that ſtation was, the faint, general, and almoſt loſt ideas he had of having once ſeen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein being to perſonate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared ſo weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be ſupported and carried by another perſon to a table, at which he was ſeated among ſome company, who were eating, and one of them ſung a ſong." See the character of *Adam*, in *As you Like it*, Act II. ſc. ult.

"Verſes by Ben Jonſon and Shakſpeare, occaſioned by the motto to the Globe Theatre—*Totus mundus agit hiſtrionem.*

Jonſon.

'If, but *ſtage actors*, all the world diſplays,
'Where ſhall we find *ſpectators* of their plays?

Shakſpeare.

'Little, or much, of what we ſee, we do;
'We are all both *actors* and *ſpectators* too.'

Poetical Characteriſticks, 8vo. MS. Vol. I. ſometime in the Harleian Library; which volume was returned to its owner."

"Old Mr. Boman the player reported from Sir William Biſhop, that ſome part of Sir John Falſtaff's character was drawn from a townſman of Stratford, who either faithleſsly broke a contract, or ſpitefully refuſed to part with ſome land for a valuable conſideration, adjoining to Shakſpeare's, in or near that town."

To theſe anecdotes I can only add the following.

At the concluſion of the advertiſement prefixed to Lintot's edition of Shakſpeare's Poems, it is ſaid "That moſt learned prince and great patron of learning, King James the Firſt, was pleaſed with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakſpeare; which letter, though now loſt, remained long in the hands of Sir William D'Avenant, as a credible perſon now living can teſtify."

Mr.

Mr. Oldys in a MS. note to his copy of Fuller's *Worthies*, obſerves, that "the ſtory came from the Duke of Buckingham, who had it from Sir William D'Avenant."

It appears from *Roſcius Anglicanus*, (commonly called Downes the prompter's book,) 1708, that Shakſpeare took the pains to inſtruct Joſeph Taylor in the character of *Hamlet*, and John Lowine in that of *King Henry VIII.* STEEVENS.

The late Mr. Thomas Oſborne, bookſeller, (whoſe exploits are celebrated by the author of the *Dunciad*,) being ignorant in what form or language our *Paradiſe Loſt* was written, employed one of his garretteers to render it from a French tranſlation into Engliſh proſe. Leſt, hereafter, the compoſitions of Shakſpeare ſhould be brought back into their native tongue from the verſion of Monſieur le Comte de Catuelan, le Tourneur, &c. it may be neceſſary to obſerve, that all the following particulars, extracted from the preface of theſe gentlemen, are as little founded in truth as their deſcription of the ridiculous Jubilee at Stratford, which they have been taught to repreſent as an affair of general approbation and national concern.

They ſay, that Shakſpeare came to London without a plan, and finding himſelf at the door of a theatre, inſtinctively ſtopped there, and offered himſelf to be a holder of horſes:—that he was remarkable for his excellent performance of the Ghoſt in *Hamlet*:—that he borrowed nothing from preceding writers:—that all on a ſudden he left the ſtage, and returned without eclat into his native country:—that his monument at Stratford is of copper:—that the courtiers of James I. paid ſeveral compliments to him which are ſtill preſerved: that he relieved a widow, who, together with her numerous family, was involved in a ruinous lawſuit:—that his editors have reſtored many paſſages in his plays, by the aſſiſtance of the manuſcripts he left behind him, &c. &c.

Let me not however forget the juſtice due to theſe ingenious Frenchmen, whoſe ſkill and fidelity in the execution of their very difficult undertaking, is only exceeded by ſuch a diſplay of candour as would ſerve to cover the imperfections of much leſs elegant and judicious writers.

STEEVENS.

TEMPEST.

*** *The Tempeſt* and *The Midſummer Night's Dream* are the nobleſt efforts of that ſublime and amazing imagination peculiar to Shakſpeare, which ſoars above the bounds of nature without forſaking ſenſe; or, more properly, carries nature along with him beyond her eſtabliſhed limits. Fletcher ſeems particularly to have admired theſe two plays, and hath wrote two in imitation of them, *The Sea Voyage* and *The faithful Shepherdeſs*. But when he preſumes to break a lance with Shakſpeare, and write in emulation of him, as he does in *The Falſe One*, which is the rival of *Antony and Cleopatra*, he is not ſo ſucceſsful. After him, Sir John Suckling and Milton catched the brighteſt fire of their imagination from theſe two plays; which ſhines fantaſtically indeed in *The Goblins*, but much more nobly and ſerenely in *The Maſk at Ludlow Caſtle*.

WARBURTON.

No one has hitherto been lucky enough to diſcover the romance on which Shakſpeare may be ſuppoſed to have founded this play, the beauties of which could not ſecure it from the criticiſm of Ben Jonſon, whoſe malignity appears to have been more than equal to his wit. In the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, he ſays: "If there be never a *ſervant* "*monſter* in the fair, who can help it, he ſays, nor a neſt of *antiques*? "He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like thoſe that beget "*Tales, Tempeſts*, and ſuch like drolleries." STEEVENS.

I was informed by the late Mr. Collins of Chicheſter, that Shakſpeare's *Tempeſt*, for which no origin is yet aſſigned, was formed on a romance called *Aurelio and Iſabella*, printed in Italian, Spaniſh, French, and Engliſh, in 1588. But though this information has not proved true on examination, an uſeful concluſion may be drawn from it, that Shakſpeare's ſtory is ſomewhere to be found in an Italian novel, at leaſt that the ſtory preceded Shakſpeare. Mr. Collins had ſearched this ſubject with no leſs fidelity than judgement and induſtry; but his memory failing in his laſt calamitous indiſpoſition, he probably gave me the name of one novel for another. I remember he added a circumſtance, which may lead to a diſcovery,—that the principal character of the romance, anſwering to Shakſpeare's Proſpero, was a chemical necromancer, who had bound a ſpirit like Ariel to obey his call, and perform his ſervices. It was a common pretence of dealers in the occult ſciences to have a demon at command. At leaſt Aurelio, or Orelio, was probably one of the names of this romance, the production and multiplicity of gold being the grand object of alchemy. Taken at large, the magical part of the *Tempeſt* is founded on that ſort of philoſophy which was practiſed by John Dee and his aſſociates, and has been called the Roſicrucian. The name Ariel came from the Talmudiſtick myſteries with which the learned Jews had infected this Science. T. WARTON.

Mr. Theobald tells us, that *The Tempeſt* muſt have been written after 1609, becauſe the Bermuda iſlands, which are mentioned in it, were unknown to the Engliſh until that year; but this is a miſtake. He might have ſeen in Hackluyt, 1600, folio, a deſcription of Bermuda, by Henry May, who was ſhipwrecked there in 1593.

It

It was, however, one of our author's laſt works. In 1598 he played a part in the original *Every Man in his Humour*. Two of the characters are *Proſpero* and *Stephano*. Here Ben Jonſon taught him the pronunciation of the latter word, which is always *right* in *The Tempeſt*.

" Is not this *Stephăno*, my drunken butler?"

And always *wrong* in his earlier play, *The Merchant of Venice*, which had been on the ſtage at leaſt two or three years before its publication in 1600.

" My friend *Stephāno*, ſignify, I pray you," &c.

——— So little did Mr. Capell know of his author, when he idly ſuppoſed his *ſchool literature* might perhaps have been loſt by the *diſſipation of youth*, or the *buſy ſcene* of public life! FARMER.

This play muſt have been written before 1614, when Jonſon ſneers at it in his *Bartholomew Fair*. In the latter plays of Shakſpeare, he has leſs of pun and quibble than in his early ones. In *The Merchant of Venice*, he expreſsly declares againſt them. This perhaps might be one criterion to diſcover the dates of his plays. BLACKSTONE.

See Mr. Malone's *attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*.

STEEVENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Alonſo, *king of* Naples.
Sebaſtian, *his brother.*
Proſpero, *the rightful duke of* Milan.
Antonio, *his brother, the uſurping duke of* Milan.
Ferdinand, *ſon to the king of* Naples.
Gonzalo, *an honeſt old counſellor of* Naples.
Adrian, Franciſco, } *lords.*
Caliban, *a ſavage and deformed ſlave.*
Trinculo, *a jeſter.*
Stephano, *a drunken butler.*
Maſter of a ſhip, Boatſwain, and Mariners.

Miranda, *daughter to* Proſpero.

Ariel, *an airy ſpirit.*
Iris, Ceres, Juno, *Nymphs*, *Reapers*, } *ſpirits.*

Other ſpirits attending on Proſpero.

SCENE, the ſea, with a ſhip; afterwards an uninhabited iſland.

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

On a Ship at Sea.

A Storm with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter a Ship-maſter *and a* Boatſwain.

Maſter. Boatſwain,—

Boats. Here, maſter: What cheer?

Maſt. Good: Speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely,[2] or we run ourſelves aground: beſtir, beſtir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-ſail; Tend to the maſter's whiſtle.—Blow, till thou burſt thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and others.*

Alon. Good Boatſwain, have care. Where's the maſter? Play the men.[3]

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the maſter, boatſwain?

Boatſ. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; Keep your cabins: you do aſſiſt the ſtorm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the ſea is. Hence! What care theſe roarers for the name of king? To cabin: ſilence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou haſt aboard.

2 ——— *fall to't* yarely,] i. e. readily, nimbly. Our author is frequent in his uſe of this word. STEEVENS.

Here it is applied as a ſea-term, and in other parts of the ſcene. So he uſes the adjective, Act V. ſc. v. "Our ſhip is tight and *yare*." And in one of the *Henries*: "*yare* are our ſhips." To this day the ſailors ſay, "ſit *yare* to the helm." T. WARTON.

3 *Play the men.*] i. e. act with ſpirit, behave like men. STEEVENS.

Boats. None that I more love than myſelf. You are a counſellor; if you can command theſe elements to ſilence, and work the peace of the preſent,[4] we will not hand a rope more; uſe your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd ſo long, and make yourſelf ready in your cabin for the miſchance of the hour, if it ſo hap.—Cheerly, good hearts—Out of our way, I ſay. [*Exit.*

[5] *Gon.* I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand faſt, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his deſtiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hang'd, our caſe is miſerable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatſwain.

Boats. Down with the top-maſt; yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main courſe. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to ſink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blaſphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreſon, inſolent noiſemaker, we are leſs afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ſhip were no ſtronger than a nut-ſhell, and as leaky as an unſtanch'd wench.[6]

Boats.

[4] ——— *of the preſent,*] i. e. *of* the preſent *inſtant.* STEEVENS.

[5] *Gonzalo.*] It may be obſerved of Gonzalo, that, being the only good man that appears with the king, he is the only man that preſerves his cheerfulneſs in the wreck, and his hope on the iſland. JOHNSON.

[6] ——— an *unſtanch'd* wench.] *Unſtanch'd*, I am willing to believe, means incontinent. STEEVENS.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold;[7] ſet her two courſes; off to ſea again,[8] lay her off.

Enter Mariners *wet.*

Mar. All loſt! to prayers, to prayers! all loſt! [*Exeunt.*

Boats. What, muſt our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us aſſiſt them,
For our caſe is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely[9] cheated of our lives by drunkards.—
This wide-chopp'd raſcal;—'Would, thou might'ſt lie drowning,
The waſhing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet;
Though every drop of water ſwear againſt it,
And gape at wid'ſt to glut him.[2]

[*A confuſed noiſe within.*] Mercy on us!—We ſplit, we ſplit!—Farewell, my wife and children!—Farewell, brother![3]—We ſplit, we ſplit, we ſplit!—

Ant. Let's all ſink with the king. [*Exit.*

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thouſand furlongs of ſea for an acre

7 *Lay her a-hold, a-hold;*] *To lay a ſhip a-hold,* is to bring her to lie as near the wind as ſhe can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to ſea. STEEVENS.

8 —— *ſet her two* courſes; *off to ſea again,*] The courſes are the main ſail and fore ſail. JOHNSON.

9 ——*merely*——] In this place ſignifies *abſolutely.* In which ſenſe it is uſed in *Hamlet,* Act I. ſc. iii. STEEVENS.

2 —— *to glut him.*] Shakeſpeare probably wrote, *t'englut him, to ſwallow him*; for which I know not that *glut* is ever uſed by him. In this ſignification *englut,* from *engloutir,* French, occurs frequently. Yet Milton writes *glutted offal* for *ſwallowed,* and therefore, perhaps, the preſent text may ſtand. JOHNSON.

3 *Mercy on us!* &c.——*Farewell, brother!* &c.] All theſe lines have been hitherto given to Gonzalo, who has no brother in the ſhip. It is probable that the lines ſucceeding the *confuſed noiſe within* ſhould be conſidered as ſpoken by no determinate characters. JOHNSON.

acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze,[4] any thing:
The wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The iſland: before the cell of Proſpero.

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my deareſt father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The ſky, it ſeems, would pour down ſtinking pitch,
But that the ſea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Daſhes the fire out. O, I have ſuffer'd
With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer! a brave veſſel,
Who had no doubt ſome noble creatures in her,
Daſh'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Againſt my very heart! Poor ſouls! they periſh'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have ſunk the ſea within the earth, or e'er[5]
It ſhould the good ſhip ſo have ſwallow'd, and
The freighting ſouls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better[6]
Than Proſpero, maſter of a full poor cell,[7]
And thy no greater father.

Mira.

4 — *an acre of barren ground*; long *heath*, brown *furze*, &c.] Sir T. Hanmer reads *ling*, heath, *broom*, furze.—Perhaps rightly, though he has been charged with tautology. FARMER.

5 —— *or e'er* ——] i. e. *before*. STEEVENS.

6 —— *more better* ——] This ungrammatical expreſſion is very frequent among our oldeſt writers. STEEVENS.

7 —— *full poor cell*,] i. e. a cell in a great degree of poverty. STEEVENS.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.[8]
Pro. 'Tis time
I ſhould inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magick garment from me.—So;
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort
The direful ſpectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compaſſion[9] in thee,
I have with ſuch proviſion in mine art
So ſafely order'd, that there is no ſoul—
No, not ſo much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the veſſel
Which thou heard'ſt cry, which thou ſaw'ſt ſink. Sit down;
For thou muſt now know further.
Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but ſtopp'd
And left me to a bootleſs inquiſition;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*—
Pro. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Can'ſt thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou can'ſt; for then thou waſt not
Out three years old.[2]
Mira. Certainly, ſir, I can.

[8] *Did never* meddle *with my thoughts.*] i. e. *mix* with them. To *meddle* is often uſed, with this ſenſe, by *Chaucer*. Hence the ſubſtantive *medley*. The modern and familiar phraſe by which that of Miranda may be explained, is——*never entered my thoughts*——*never came into my head.* STEEVENS.

It ſhould rather mean *to interfere, to trouble, to buſy itſelf*, as ſtill uſed in the North, *e. g. Don't meddle with me*; i. e. Let me alone; Don't moleſt me. RITSON.

[9] ——— virtue *of compaſſion*———] Virtue; the moſt efficacious part, the energetic quality; in a like ſenſe we ſay, *The* virtue *of a plant is in the extract.* JOHNSON.

[2] Out *three years old.*] i. e. Quite three years old, three years old full-out, complete. STEEVENS.

Pro. By what? by any other houſe, or perſon?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an aſſurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?
Pro. Thou had'ſt, and more, Miranda: But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What ſeeſt thou elſe
In the dark backward and abyſm of time?[3]
If thou remember'ſt aught, ere thou cam'ſt here,
How thou cam'ſt here, thou may'ſt.
Mira. But that I do not.
Pro. Twelve years ſince, Miranda, twelve years ſince,
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.
Mira. Sir, are not you my father?
Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She ſaid—thou waſt my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princeſs;—no worſe iſſued.[4]
Mira. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or bleſſed was't, we did?
Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou ſay'ſt, were we heav'd thence;
But bleſſedly holp hither.
Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen[5] that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Pleaſe you, further.
Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother ſhould
Be ſo perfidious!—he whom, next thyſelf,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my ſtate; as, at that time,
Through all the ſigniories it was the firſt,

And

3 ——— *abyſm* of time?] i. e. abyſs. STEEVENS.
4 *Iſſued.*] i. e. deſcended. STEEVENS.
5 — *teen* —] is ſorrow, grief, trouble. STEEVENS.

And Proſpero the prime duke; being ſo reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; thoſe being all my ſtudy,
The government I caſt upon my brother,
And to my ſtate grew ſtranger, being tranſported,
And rapt in ſecret ſtudies. Thy falſe uncle—
Doſt thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, moſt heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant ſuits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To traſh for over-topping;[6] new created
The creatures that were mine; I ſay, or chang'd them
Or elſe new form'd them: having both the key[7]
Of officer and office, ſet all hearts
To what tune pleaſed his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And ſuck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'ſt not?

I pray thee, mark me.

Mira. O good Sir, I do.

Pro. I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate
To cloſeneſs, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being ſo retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my falſe brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my truſt,
Like a good parent,[8] did beget of him

6 *To traſh for over-topping*;] *To traſh*, as Dr. Warburton obſerves, is to cut away the ſuperfluities. This word I have met with in books containing directions for gardeners, publiſhed in the time of queen Elizabeth. STEEVENS.

I think this phraſe means——"to correct for too much haughtineſs or overbearing." It is uſed by ſportſmen in the North when they correct a dog for miſbehaviour in purſuing the game. DOUCE.

A *traſh* is a term ſtill in uſe among hunters, to denote a piece of leather, couples, or any other weight faſtened round the neck of a dog, when his ſpeed is ſuperior to the reſt of the pack; i. e. when he *over-tops* them, when he *hunts too quick*. C.

7 ——*both the* key——] This is meant of a *key* for tuning the harpſicord, ſpinnet, or virginal; we call it now a tuning hammer.
SIR J. HAWKINS.

8 *Like a good* parent, &c.] Alluding to the obſervation, that a father above the common rate of men has commonly a ſon below it. JOHNSON.

A falſhood, in its contrary as great
As my truſt was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence ſans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might elſe exact,—like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made ſuch a ſinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was the duke; out of the ſubſtitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative,—Hence his ambition
Growing,—Doſt hear?

Mira. Your tale, ſir, would cure deafneſs.

Pro. To have no ſcreen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Abſolute Milan: Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for ſway [9]) with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
To moſt ignoble ſtooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I ſhould ſin
To think but nobly [2] of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad ſons.

Pro. Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's ſuit;
Which was, that he in lieu o' the premiſes,[3]—Of

[9] (*So* dry *he was for ſway*)] i. e. So *thirſty*. The expreſſion, I am told, is not uncommon in the midland counties. STEEVENS.

[2] *To think* but *nobly*—] *But*, in this place, ſignifies *otherwiſe than*. STEEVENS.

[3] —*in lieu o' the premiſes*, &c.] In *lieu of*, means here, in conſideration of; an unuſual acceptation of the word. M. MASON.

Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should preſently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levy'd, one midnight
Fated to the purpoſe, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkneſs;
The miniſters for the purpoſe hurried thence
Me, and thy crying ſelf.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,[4]
That wrings mine eyes.[5]

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the preſent buſineſs
Which now's upon us; without the which, this ſtory
Were moſt impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour deſtroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that queſtion. Dear, they durſt not;
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor ſet
A mark ſo bloody on the buſineſs; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us ſome leagues to ſea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcaſe of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, ſail, nor maſt; the very rats
Inſtinctively had quit it: there they hoiſt us,
To cry to the ſea that roar'd to us; to ſigh
To the winds, whoſe pity, ſighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou waſt, that did preſerve me! Thou didſt ſmile,
Infuſed

4 —— *a* hint,] *Hint* is *ſuggeſtion.* STEEVENS.
5 *That* wrings *mine eyes.*] i. e. ſqueezes the water out of them. STEEVENS.

Infuſed with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the ſea [6] with drops full ſalt;
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing ſtomach,[7] to bear up
Againſt what ſhould enſue.

Mira. How came we aſhore?

Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and ſome freſh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Maſter of this deſign,) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, ſtuffs, and neceſſaries,
Which ſince have ſteaded much: ſo, of his gentleneſs,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furniſh'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. 'Would I might
But ever ſee that man!

Pro. Now I ariſe: [8]—
Sit

[6] ——deck'd *the ſea*——] *To deck the ſea*, if explained, to honour, adorn, or dignify, is indeed ridiculous, but the original import of the verb *deck* is, *to cover*; ſo in ſome parts they yet ſay *deck the table*. This ſenſe may be borne, but perhaps the poet wrote *fleck'd*, which I think is ſtill uſed in ruſtic language of drops falling upon water. Dr. Warburton reads *mock'd*; the Oxford edition *brack'd*. JOHNSON.

To *deck*, I am told, ſignifies in the North, to *ſprinkle*. A correſpondent, who ſigns himſelf *Eboracenſis*, propoſes that this conteſted word ſhould be printed *degg'd*, which, ſays he, ſignifies *ſprinkled*, and is in daily uſe in the North of England. When cloaths that have been waſhed are too much dried, it is neceſſary to moiſten them before they can be ironed, which is always done by *ſprinkling*; this operation the maidens univerſally call *degging*. REED.

[7] *An undergoing* ſtomach.] *Stomach* is *ſtubborn reſolution*.

[8] *Now I* ariſe:] Why does Proſpero *ariſe?* Or, if he does it to eaſe himſelf by change of poſture, why need he interrupt his narrative to tell his daughter of it? Perhaps theſe words belong to Miranda, and we ſhould read:

Mir. Would I might
But ever ſee that man!—Now I ariſe.
Pro. Sit ſtill, and hear the laſt of our ſea-ſorrow:

Proſpero, in p. 13. had directed his daughter to *ſit down*, and learn the whole of this hiſtory; having previouſly by ſome magical charm diſpoſed her to fall aſleep. He is watching the progreſs of this charm; and in the

Sit ſtill, and hear the laſt of our ſea-ſorrow.
Here in this iſland we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy ſchool-maſter, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not ſo careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, ſir,
(For ſtill 'tis beating in my mind) your reaſon
For raiſing this ſea-ſtorm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.—
By accident moſt ſtrange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady,[9] hath mine enemies
Brought to this ſhore; and by my preſcience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A moſt auſpicious ſtar; whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here ceaſe more queſtions;
Thou art inclin'd to ſleep; 'tis a good dulneſs,[2]
And give it way;—I know thou can'ſt not chooſe.—

[MIRANDA *ſleeps.*

Come away, ſervant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter

mean time tells her a long ſtory, often aſking her whether her attention be ſtill awake. The ſtory being ended (as Miranda ſuppoſes) with their coming on ſhore, and partaking of the conveniences provided for them by the loyal humanity of Gonzalo, ſhe therefore firſt expreſſes a wiſh to ſee the good old man, and then obſerves, that ſhe may *now ariſe*, as the ſtory is done. Proſpero, ſurpriſed that his charm does not yet work, bids her *ſit ſtill*; and then enters on freſh matter to amuſe the time, telling her (what ſhe knew before) that he had been her tutor, &c. But ſoon perceiving her drowſineſs coming on, he breaks off abruptly, and leaves her *ſtill ſitting* to her ſlumbers. BLACKSTONE.

As the words—"now I ariſe"—may ſignify, "now I *riſe* in my narration," "now my ſtory *heightens* in its conſequence," I have left the paſſage in queſtion, undiſturbed. We ſtill ſay, that the intereſt of a drama *riſes* or declines. STEEVENS.

9 *Now my dear lady,*] i. e. *now my auſpicious miſtreſs.* STEEVENS.

2 —*'tis a good dulneſs,*] Dr. Warburton rightly obſerves, that this ſleepineſs, which Proſpero by his art had brought upon Miranda, and of which he knew not how ſoon the effect would begin, makes him queſtion her ſo often whether ſhe is attentive to his ſtory. JOHNSON.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great maſter! grave ſir, hail! I come
To anſwer thy beſt pleaſure; be't to fly,
To ſwim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy ſtrong bidding, taſk
Ariel, and all his quality.[3]

Pro. Haſt thou, ſpirit,
Perform'd to point[4] the tempeſt that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ſhip; now on the beak,[5]
Now in the waiſt,[6] the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places;[7] on the top-maſt,
The yards and bowſprit, would I flame diſtinctly,
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precurſors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And ſight-out-running were not: The fire, and cracks
Of ſulphurous roaring, the moſt mighty Neptune
Seem'd to beſiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident ſhake.[8]

Pro. My brave ſpirit!
Who was ſo firm, ſo conſtant, that this coil
Would not infect his reaſon?

Ari. Not a ſoul
But

3 —*and all his* quality.] i. e. all his confederates, all who are of the ſame profeſſion. STEEVENS.

4 *Perform'd to point*—] i. e. to the minuteſt article. STEEVENS.

5 —*now on the* beak,] The beak was a ſtrong pointed body at the head of the ancient gallies; it is uſed here for the forecaſtle, or the boltſprit. JOHNSON.

6 *Now in the* waiſt,] The part between the quarter-deck and the forecaſtle. JOHNSON.

7 Burton ſays, that the Spirits of *fire*, in form of fire-drakes and blazing ſtars, "oftentimes ſit on ſhip-maſts," &c. *Melanch.* P. I. § 2. p. 30. edit. 1632. T. WARTON.

8 *Yea, his dread trident* ſhake.] Leſt the metre ſhould appear defective, it is neceſſary to apprize the reader, that in Warwickſhire and other midland counties, *ſhake* is ſtill pronounced by the common people as if it was written—*ſhaake*, a diſſyllable. FARMER.

But felt a fever of the mad,[9] and play'd
Some tricks of deſperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the veſſel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's ſon Ferdinand,
With hair up-ſtaring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the firſt man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,*
And all the devils are here.

Pro. Why, that's my ſpirit!
But was not this nigh ſhore?

Ari. Cloſe by, my maſter.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, ſafe?

Ari. Not a hair periſh'd;
On their ſuſtaining[2] garments not a blemiſh,
But freſher than before: and as thou bad'ſt me,
In troops I have diſpers'd them 'bout the iſle:
The king's ſon have I landed by himſelf;
Whom I left cooling of the air with ſighs,
In an odd angle of the iſle, and ſitting,
His arms in this ſad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ſhip,
The mariners, ſay, how thou haſt diſpos'd,
And all the reſt o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ſhip; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dſt me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the ſtill-vex'd Bermoothes,[3] there ſhe's hid:

The

9 *But felt a fever of the mad,*] If it be at all neceſſary to explain the meaning, it is this: *Not a ſoul but felt ſuch a fever as madmen feel, when the frantick fit is upon them.* STEEVENS.

2 —*ſuſtaining*—] i. e. their garments that bore them up and ſupported them. Mr. M. Maſon, however, obſerves that "the word *ſuſtaining* in this place does not mean *ſupporting*, but *enduring*; and by their *ſuſtaining* garments, Ariel means their garments which *bore*, without being injured, the drenching of the ſea." STEEVENS.

3 *From the ſtill-vex'd* Bermoothes,] Smith, in his account of theſe iſlands, p. 172, ſays, "*that the Bermudas were ſo fearful to the world, that many call'd them* The Iſle of Devils.—P. 174.—*to all ſeamen no leſs terrible than an inchanted den of furies.*" And no wonder, for the clime was extremely ſubject to ſtorms and hurricanes; and the iſlands were ſurrounded with ſcattered rocks lying ſhallowly hid under the ſurface of the water. WARBURTON.

The mariners all under hatches ſtow'd,
Whom, with a charm join'd to their ſuffer'd labour,
I have left aſleep: and for the reſt o' the fleet,
Which I diſpers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,[4]
Bound ſadly home for Naples;
Suppoſing that they ſaw the king's ſhip wreck'd,
And his great perſon periſh.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Paſt the mid ſeaſon.

Pro. At leaſt two glaſſes: The time 'twixt ſix and now,
Muſt by us both be ſpent moſt preciouſly.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou doſt give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou can'ſt demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pray thee
Remember, I have done thee worthy ſervice;
Told thee no lies, made no miſtakings, ſerv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings: thou didſt promiſe
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Doſt thou forget[5]

From

The epithet here applied to the Bermudas, will be beſt underſtood by thoſe who have ſeen the chafing of the ſea over the rugged rocks by which they are ſurrounded, and which render acceſs to them ſo dangerous. It was in our poet's time the current opinion, that Bermudas was inhabited by *monſters*, and *devils*.——*Setebos*, the god of Caliban's dam, was an American devil, worſhipped by the giants of Patagonia. HENLEY.

The opinion that Bermudas was haunted with evil ſpirits continued ſo late as the civil war. PERCY.

Bermudas was on this account the cant name for ſome privileged place, in which the cheats and riotous bullies of Shakſpeare's time aſſembled. STEEVENS.

4 —— *the Mediterranean* flote,] *Flote* is *wave*. *Flot*. Fr. STEEVENS.

5 *Doſt thou forget*—] That the character and conduct of Proſpero may be underſtood, ſomething muſt be known of the ſyſtem of enchant-

From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pro. Thou doſt; and think'ſt
It much, to tread the ooze of the ſalt deep;
To run upon the ſharp wind of the north;
To do me buſineſs in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with froſt.
Ari. I do not, ſir.
Pro. Thou lieſt, malignant thing! Haſt thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age, and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? Haſt thou forgot her?
Ari. No, ſir.
Pro. Thou haſt: Where was ſhe born? ſpeak; tell me.
Ari. Sir, in Argier.[6]
Pro. O, was ſhe ſo? I muſt,
Once in a month, recount what thou haſt been,
Which thou forget'ſt. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For miſchiefs manifold, and ſorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'ſt, was baniſh'd; for one thing ſhe did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, ſir.
Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the ſailors: Thou, my ſlave,
As thou report'ſt thyſelf, waſt then her ſervant:
And, for thou waſt a ſpirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refuſing her grand heſts, ſhe did confine thee,
By help of her more potent miniſters,

And

ment, which ſupplied all the marvellous found in the romances of the middle ages. This ſyſtem ſeems to be founded on the opinion that the fallen ſpirits, having different degrees of guilt, had different habitations allotted them at their expulſion, ſome being confined in hell, *ſome* (as Hooker, who delivers the opinion of our poet's age, expreſſes it) *diſperſed in air, ſome on earth, ſome in water, others in caves, dens, or minerals under the earth.* Of theſe ſome were more malignant and miſchievous than others. The earthy ſpirits ſeem to have been thought the moſt depraved, and the aerial the leaſt vitiated. JOHNSON.

6 —— *in* Argier.] *Argier* is the ancient Engliſh name for *Algiers*. STEEVENS.

And in her moſt unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Impriſon'd, thou didſt painfully remain
A dozen years; within which ſpace ſhe died,
And left thee there; where thou didſt vent thy groans,
As faſt as mill-wheels ſtrike: Then was this iſland,
(Save for the ſon that ſhe did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human ſhape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her ſon.

Pro. Dull thing, I ſay ſo; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in ſervice. Thou beſt know'ſt
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breaſts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, maſter.

Pro. If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou haſt howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, maſter:
I will be correſpondent to command,
And do my ſpriting gently.

Pro. Do ſo; and after two days
I will diſcharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble maſter!
What ſhall I do? ſay what? what ſhall I do?

Pro. Go make thyſelf like to a nymph o' the ſea;[7]
Be ſubject to no ſight but mine; inviſible
To every eye-ball elſe. Go, take this ſhape,
And hither come in't: hence, with diligence. *Exit* ARIEL.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou haſt ſlept well;
Awake!

Mira.

7 —— *to a nymph o' the ſea*;] There does not appear to be ſufficient cauſe why *Ariel* ſhould aſſume this new ſhape, as he was to be inviſible to all eyes but thoſe of Proſpero. STEEVENS.

Mira. The ſtrangeneſs[8] of your ſtory put
Heavineſs in me.
Pro. Shake it off: Come on;
We'll viſit Caliban, my ſlave, who never
Yields us kind anſwer.
Mira. 'Tis a villain, ſir,
I do not love to look on.
Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miſs him:[9] he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and ſerves in offices
That profit us. What, ho; ſlave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! ſpeak.
Cal. [*Within*] There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth, I ſay; there's other buſineſs for thee:
Come forth, thou tortoiſe! when?

Re-enter ARIEL, *like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.
Ari. My lord, it ſhall be done. [*Exit.*
Pro. Thou poiſonous ſlave, got by the devil himſelf
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew[2] as e'er my mother bruſh'd
With

[8] *The ſtrangeneſs* ——] Why ſhould a wonderful ſtory produce ſleep? I believe experience will prove, that any violent agitation of the mind eaſily ſubſides in ſlumber, eſpecially when, as in Proſpero's relation, the laſt images are pleaſing. JOHNSON.

The poet ſeems to have been apprehenſive that the audience, as well as Miranda, would ſleep over this long but neceſſary tale, and therefore ſtrives to break it. Firſt, by making Proſpero diveſt himſelf of his magic robe and wand; then by waking her attention no leſs than ſix times by verbal interruption: then by varying the action when he riſes and bids her continue ſitting: and laſtly, by carrying on the buſineſs of the fable while Miranda ſleeps, by which ſhe is continued on the ſtage till the poet has occaſion for her again. WARNER.

[9] *We cannot miſs him:*] That is, we cannot do without him.
M. MASON.

This provincial expreſſion is ſtill uſed in the midland counties.
MALONE.

[2] *Wicked*; having baneful qualities. So Spenſer ſays, *wicked weed*; ſo, in oppoſition, we ſay herbs or medicines have *virtues*. Bacon mentions *virtuous bezoar*, and Dryden *virtuous herbs*. JOHNSON.

With raven's feather from unwholſome fen,
Drop on you both![3] a ſouth-weſt blow on ye,
And bliſter you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be ſure, to night thou ſhalt have cramps,
Side-ſtitches that ſhall pen thy breath up; urchins[4]
Shall, for that vaſt of night that they may work,[5]
All exerciſe on thee: thou ſhalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more ſtinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I muſt eat my dinner.
This iſland's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'ſt from me. When thou cameſt firſt,
Thou ſtrok'dſt me, and mad'ſt much of me; would'ſt give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the leſs,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And ſhew'd thee all the qualities o' the iſle,
The freſh ſprings, brine pits, barren place, and fertile;
Curſed be I that did ſo!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the ſubjects that you have,
Which firſt was mine own king: and here you ſty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The reſt of the iſland. *Pro.*

Under King Henry VI. the parliament petitioned againſt hops, as a *wicked* weed. STEEVENS.

3 It was a tradition, that Lord Falkland, Lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden, concurred in obſerving, that Shakſpeare had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had alſo deviſed and adapted a *new manner of language* for that character. WARBURTON.

Whence the critics derived the notion of a new language appropriated to Caliban, I cannot find: they certainly miſtook brutality of ſentiment for uncouthneſs of words. Caliban had learned to ſpeak of Proſpero, and his daughter; he had no names for the ſun and moon before their arrival, and could not have invented a language of his own, without more underſtanding than Shakſpeare has thought it proper to beſtow upon him. His diction is indeed ſomewhat clouded by the gloomineſs of his temper, and the malignity of his purpoſes; but let any other being entertain the ſame thoughts, and he will find them eaſily iſſue in the ſame expreſſions. JOHNSON.

4 i. e. hedgehogs; and perhaps here put for *fairies*. STEEVENS.

5 The *vaſt of night* means the night which is naturally empty and deſerted, without action; or when all things lying in ſleep and ſilence, makes the world appear one great uninhabited *waſte*. STEEVENS.

Pro. Thou moſt lying ſlave,
Whom ſtripes may move, not kindneſs: I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didſt ſeek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho![6]—'wou'd it had been done!
Thou didſt prevent me; I had peopled elſe
This iſle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred ſlave;
Which any print of goodneſs will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didſt not, ſavage,
Know thine own meaning,[7] but would'ſt gabble like
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words that made them known: But thy vile race,[8]
Though thou didſt learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore waſt thou
Deſervedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadſt deſerv'd more than a priſon.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe: The red plague rid you,[9]
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-ſeed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, th' wert beſt,

To

[6] *O ho, O ho!*] This ſavage exclamation was originally and conſtantly appropriated by the writers of our ancient Myſteries and Moralities, to the devil; and has, in this inſtance, been transferred to his deſcendant Caliban. STEEVENS.

7 By this expreſſion, however defective, the poet ſeems to have meant—*When thou didſt utter ſounds, to which thou hadſt no determinate meaning:* but the following expreſſion of Mr. Addiſon, in his 389th Spectator, concerning the Hottentots, may prove the beſt comment on this paſſage; "—having no language among them but a confuſed gabble, which is *neither well underſtood by themſelves*, or others." STEEVENS.

8 *Race*, in this place, ſeems to ſignify original diſpoſition, inborn qualities. In this ſenſe we ſtill ſay—*The race of wine.* STEEVENS.

Race and racineſs in wine, ſignifies a kind of tartneſs. BLACKSTONE.

9 I ſuppoſe from the redneſs of the body, univerſally inflamed. JOHNSON.

The *eryſipelas* was anciently called the *red plague.* STEEVENS.

The word *rid*, which has been explained, means to *deſtroy.* MALONE.

To anſwer other buſineſs. Shrug'ſt thou, malice?
If thou neglect'ſt, or doſt unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with akes; make thee roar,
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee!—
I muſt obey: his art is of ſuch power, [*Aſide.*
It would control my dam's god Setebos,[2]
And make a vaſſal of him.

Pro. So, ſlave; hence!
[*Exit* CALIBAN.

Re-enter ARIEL *inviſible, playing and ſinging;*
FERDINAND *following him.*

ARIEL's Song.

Come unto theſe yellow ſands,
And then take hands:
Court'ſied when you have, and kiſs'd,
(The wild waves whiſt)[3]
Foot it featly here and there;
And ſweet ſprites the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [*diſperſedly.*
The watch-dogs bark:
Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [*diſperſedly.*
Hark, hark! I hear
The ſtrain of ſtrutting chanticlere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer. Where ſhould this muſick be? i' the air, or the earth?
It ſounds no more:—and ſure, it waits upon

Some

[2] ——*my dam's god* Setebos,] A gentleman of great merit, Mr. *Warner*, has obſerved on the authority of *John Barbot*, that "the *Patagons* are reported to dread a great horned devil, called *Setebos*."——It may be aſked, however, how *Shakeſpeare* knew any thing of this, as *Barbot* was a voyager of the preſent century?—Perhaps he had red *Eden's* Hiſtory of Travayle, 1577, who tells us, p. 434, that "the *giantes*, when they found themſelves fettered, roared like bulls, and cried upon *Setebos* to help them."—The *metathesis* in *Caliban* from *Canibal* is evident.
FARMER.

[3] As was anciently done at the beginning of ſome dances. STEEVENS.

Some god of the iſland. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This muſick crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my paſſion,
With its ſweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL ſings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;[4]
Of his bones are coral made;
Thoſe are pearls, that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,[5]
But doth ſuffer a ſea-change
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dog, bell.

[*Burden*, ding-dong.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father:—
This is no mortal buſineſs, nor no ſound
That the earth owes:[6]—I hear it now above me.
Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And ſay, what thou ſeeſt yond'.
Mira. What is't? a ſpirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, ſir,
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a ſpirit.
Pro. No, wench; it eats and ſleeps, and hath ſuch ſenſes
As we have, ſuch: This gallant, which thou ſeeſt,

4 Ariel's lays, however ſeaſonable and efficacious, muſt be allowed to be of no ſupernatural dignity or elegance; they expreſs nothing great, nor reveal any thing above mortal diſcovery.

The reaſon for which Ariel is introduced thus trifling is, that he and his companions are evidently of the fairy kind, an order of beings to which tradition has always aſcribed a ſort of diminutive agency, powerful but ludicrous, a humorous and frolick controulment of nature, well expreſſed by the ſongs of Ariel. JOHNSON.

5 The meaning is—Every thing about him, that is liable to alteration, is changed. STEEVENS.

6 *To owe*, in this place, as well as many others, ſignifies *to own*. STEEVENS.

Was in the wreck; and but he's ſomething ſtain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'ſt call him
A goodly perſon: he hath loſt his fellows,
And ſtrays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever ſaw ſo noble.

Pro. It goes on, [*Aſide.*
As my ſoul prompts it:—Spirit, fine ſpirit, I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Moſt ſure, the goddeſs
On whom theſe airs attend!—Vouchſafe my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this iſland;
And that you will ſome good inſtruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime requeſt,
Which I do laſt pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be made, or no?

Mira. No wonder, ſir;
But, certainly a maid.[7]

Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the beſt of them that ſpeak this ſpeech,
Were I but where 'tis ſpoken.

Pro. How! the beſt?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

Fer.

7 Nothing could be more prettily imagined, to illuſtrate the ſingularity of her character, than this pleaſant miſtake. She had been bred up in the rough and plain-dealing documents of moral philoſophy, which teaches us the knowledge of ourſelves; and was an utter ſtranger to the flattery invented by vicious and deſigning men to corrupt the other ſex. So that it could not enter into her imagination, that complaiſance, and a deſire of appearing amiable, qualities of humanity which ſhe had been inſtructed, in her moral leſſons, to cultivate, could ever degenerate into ſuch exceſs, as that any one ſhould be willing to have his fellow-creature believe that he thought her a goddeſs, or an immortal.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has here found a beauty, which I think the author never intended. Ferdinand aſks her not whether ſhe was a *created being*, a queſtion, which if he meant it, he has ill expreſſed, but whether ſhe was unmarried; for after the dialogue which Proſpero's interruption produces, he goes on purſuing his former queſtion:

" *O, if a virgin,*
" *I'll make you queen of Naples.*" JOHNSON.

Fer. A ſingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee ſpeak of Naples: He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myſelf am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er ſince at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,
And his brave ſon, being twain.[8]

Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter could controul thee,[9]
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the firſt ſight [*Aſide.*
They have chang'd eyes:—Delicate Ariel,
I'll ſet thee free for this!—A word, good ſir;
I fear, you have done yourſelf ſome wrong:[2] a word.

Mira. Why ſpeaks my father ſo ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I ſaw; the firſt
That e'er I ſigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, ſir; one word more.—
They are both in either's powers: but this ſwift buſineſs
I muſt uneaſy make, leſt too light winning [*Aſide.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me: thou doſt here uſurp
The name thou ow'ſt not; and haſt put thyſelf
Upon this iſland, as a ſpy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in ſuch a temple:
If the ill ſpirit have ſo fair an houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with't.

[8] This is a ſlight forgetfulneſs. Nobody was loſt in the wreck, yet we find no ſuch character as the ſon of the duke of Milan. THEOBALD.

[9] Confute thee, unanſwerably contradict thee. JOHNSON.

[2] I fear that, in aſſerting yourſelf to be *king of Naples*, you have uttered a falſhood, which is below your character, and conſequently injurious to your honour. STEEVENS.

Pro. Follow me.— [*To Ferd.*
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water ſhalt thou drink, thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brook muſcles, wither'd roots, and huſks
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.
Fer. No;
I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. [*He draws.*
Mira. O dear father,
Make not too raſh a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.[3]
Pro. What, I ſay,
My foot my tutor!—Put thy ſword up traitor;
Who mak'ſt a ſhew, but dar'ſt not ſtrike, thy conſcience
Is ſo poſſeſs'd with guilt: come from thy ward;[4]
For I can here diſarm thee with this ſtick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Beſeech you, father!
Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.
Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his ſurety.
Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impoſtor? huſh!
Thou think'ſt, there are no more ſuch ſhapes as he,
Having ſeen but him and Caliban: Fooliſh wench!
To the moſt of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
Mira. My affections
Are then moſt humble; I have no ambition
To ſee a goodlier man.

Pro.

3 *Fearful* ſignifies both terrible and timorous. In this place it may mean *timorous*. She tells her father, that as he is gentle, rough uſage is unneceſſary; and as he is brave, it may be dangerous. STEEVENS.

"Do not raſhly determine to treat him with ſeverity, he is *mild and harmleſs*, and not in the leaſt *terrible* or *dangerous*." RITSON.

4 Deſiſt from any hope of awing me by that poſture of defence. JOHNSON.

Pro. Come on; obey: [*To Ferd.*
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My ſpirits as in a dream, are all bound up[5]:
My father's loſs, the weakneſs which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am ſubdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my priſon once a day
Behold this maid; all corners elſe o' the earth
Let liberty make uſe of; ſpace enough
Have I, in ſuch a priſon.
Pro. It works:—Come on.—
Thou haſt done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
[*To Ferd. and Mir.*
Hark, what thou elſe ſhalt do me. [*To Ariel.*
Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, ſir,
Than he appears by ſpeech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
Pro. Thou ſhalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To the ſyllable.
Pro. Come, follow: ſpeak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another part of the Iſland.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. 'Beſeech you, ſir, be merry: you have cauſe
(So have we all) of joy; for our eſcape

[5] Alluding to a common ſenſation in dreams; when we ſtruggle, but with a total impuiſſance in our endeavours, to run, ſtrike, &c.
WARBURTON.

Is much beyond our loſs: Our hint of woe [6]
Is common; every day, ſome ſailor's wife,
The maſters of ſome merchant,[7] and the merchant,
Have juſt our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preſervation, few in millions
Can ſpeak like us: then wiſely, good ſir, weigh
Our ſorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The viſitor [8] will not give him o'er ſo.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will ſtrike.

Gon. Sir,——

Seb. One:——Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have ſpoken truer than you purpos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiſelier than I meant you ſhould.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a ſpendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I pr'ythee, ſpare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager, firſt begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb.

6 *Hint* is that which recalls to the memory. The cauſe that fills our minds with grief is common. Dr. Warburton reads—*ſtint* of woe. JOHNSON.

Hint ſeems to mean circumſtance. STEEVENS.

7 The *owners* of a merchant's ſhip, or the *officers* to whom the navigation of it had been truſted. STEEVENS.

8 Why Dr. Warburton ſhould change *viſitor* to *'viſer*, for *adviſer*, I cannot diſcover. Gonzalo gives not only advice but comfort, and is therefore properly called *The Viſitor*, like others who viſit the ſick or diſtreſſed to give them conſolation. In ſome of the Proteſtant churches there is a kind of officers termed Conſolators for the ſick. JOHNSON.

Seb. A match.
Adr. Though this iſland ſeem to be deſert,—
Seb. Ha, ha, ha!
Ant. So, you've pay'd.
Adr. Uninhabitable, and almoſt inacceſſible,—
Seb. Yet,
Adr. Yet—
Ant. He could not miſs it.
Adr. It muſt needs be of ſubtle, tender, and delicate temperance.[9]
Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.[2]
Seb. Ay, and a ſubtle; as he moſt learnedly deliver'd.
Adr. The air breathes upon us here moſt ſweetly.
Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.
Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.
Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.
Ant. True; ſave means to live.
Seb. Of that there's none, or little.
Gon. How luſh[3] and luſty the graſs looks? how green?
Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.
Seb. With an eye of green in't.[4]
Ant. He miſſes not much.
Seb. No; he doth but miſtake the truth totally.
Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almoſt beyond credit,)——
Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.
Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the ſea, hold notwithſtanding their freſhneſs, and gloſſes; being rather new dy'd, than ſtain'd with ſalt water.
Ant. If but one of his pockets could ſpeak, would it not ſay, he lies?
Seb. Ay, or very falſely pocket up his report.

9 *Temperance* here means *temperature.* STEEVENS.
2 In the puritanical times it was uſual to chriſten children from the titles of religious and moral virtues. STEEVENS.
3 Of a *dark full* colour, the oppoſite to *pale* and *faint.* HANMER.
The words, *how green?* which immediately follow, might have intimated to Sir T. Hanmer, that *luſh* here ſignifies *rank*, and not *a dark full colour.* HENLEY.
The word *luſh* appears to have ſignified *juicy, ſucculent.* MALONE.
4 An *eye* is a ſmall ſhade of colour. STEEVENS.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as freſh as when we put them on firſt in Africk, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a ſweet marriage, and we proſper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never grac'd before with ſuch a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not ſince widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido![5]

Seb. What if he had ſaid, widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, ſaid you? you make me ſtudy of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, ſir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I aſſure you, Carthage.

Adr. His word is more than the miraculous harp.[6]

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houſes too.

Ant. What impoſſible matter will he make eaſy next?

Seb. I think, he will carry this iſland home in his pocket, and give it his ſon for an apple.

Ant. And, ſowing the kernels of it in the ſea, bring forth more iſlands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments ſeem now as freſh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rareſt that e'er came there.

Seb. 'Bate, I beſeech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, ſir, my doublet as freſh as the firſt day I wore it? I mean, in a ſort.

Ant. That ſort was well fiſh'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon.

5 The name of a widow brings to their minds their own ſhipwreck, which they conſider as having made many widows in Naples.

JOHNSON.

6 Alluding to the wonders of Amphion's muſic.

Alon. You cram theſe words into mine ears, againſt
The ſtomach of my ſenſe ;[7] 'Would I had never
Marry'd my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My ſon is loſt; and, in my rate, ſhe too,
Who is ſo far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again ſhall ſee her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what ſtrange fiſh
Hath made his meal on thee!

Fran. Sir, he may live ;
I ſaw him beat the ſurges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whoſe enmity he flung aſide, and breaſted
The ſurge moſt ſwoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himſelf with his good arms in luſty ſtroke
To the ſhore, that o'er his wave-worn baſis bow'd,
As ſtooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourſelf for this great loſs;
That would not bleſs our Europe with your daughter,
But rather loſe her to an African;
Where ſhe, at leaſt, is baniſh'd from your eye,
Who hath cauſe to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Prythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and impórtun'd otherwiſe
By all of us; and the fair ſoul herſelf
Weigh'd between lothneſs and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam ſhe'd bow.[8] We have loſt your ſon,
I fear for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this buſineſs' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them:[9] the fault's
Your own.

Alon. So is the deareſt of the loſs.

7 By *ſenſe*, I believe, is meant both *reaſon and natural affection.* STEEVENS.

8 *Weigh'd* means *deliberated.* MALONE.

9 It does not clearly appear whether the king and theſe lords thought the ſhip loſt. This paſſage ſeems to imply, that they were themſelves confident of returning, but imagined part of the fleet deſtroyed. Why, indeed,

Gon. My lord Sebaſtian,
The truth you ſpeak doth lack ſome gentleneſs,
And time to ſpeak it in: you rub the ſore,
When you ſhould bring the plaſter.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And moſt chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good ſir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this iſle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd ſow it with nettle-ſeed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king of it, What would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magiſtrate;
Letters ſhould not be known; no uſe of ſervice,
Of riches or of poverty; no contracts,
Succeſſions; bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:
No uſe of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No ſovereignty:—

Seb. And yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.[2]

Gon. All things in common nature ſhould produce
Without ſweat or endeavour: treaſon, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,[3]
Would I not have; but nature ſhould bring forth,

Of

indeed, ſhould Sebaſtian plot againſt his brother in the following ſcene, unleſs he knew how to find the kingdom which he was to inherit?

JOHNSON.

2 All this dialogue is a fine ſatire on the Utopian treatiſes of government, and the impracticable inconſiſtent ſchemes therein recommended.

WARBURTON.

3 An *engine* is the *rack*. It may, however, be uſed here in its common ſignification of inſtrument of war, or military machine.

STEEVENS.

Of its own kind, all foizon,[4] all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his ſubjects?

Ant. None, man: all idle; whores, and knaves.

Gon. I would with ſuch perfection govern, ſir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majeſty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, ſir?—

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou doſt talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highneſs; and did it to miniſter occaſion to theſe gentlemen, who are of ſuch ſenſible and nimble lungs, that they always uſe to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: ſo you may continue, and laugh at nothing ſtill.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you would lift the moon out of her ſphere, if ſhe would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL *inviſible, playing ſolemn muſick.*[5]

Seb. We would ſo, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my diſcretion ſo weakly. Will you laugh me aſleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go ſleep, and hear us.

[*All ſleep but* ALON. SEB. *and* ANT.

Alon. What, all ſo ſoon aſleep! I wiſh mine eyes

4 *Foiſon*, or *foizon*, ſignifies plenty, *ubertas*; not moiſture, or juice of graſs, as Mr. Pope ſays. EDWARDS.

Mr. Pope, however, is not entirely miſtaken, as *foiſon*, or *fizon*, ſometimes bears the meaning which he has affixed to it. STEEVENS.

5 This ſtage-direction does not mean to tell us that Ariel himſelf was the *fidicen*; but that ſolemn muſic attended his appearance, was an accompaniment to his entry. STEEVENS.

Would, with themſelves, ſhut up my thoughts: I find,
They are inclin'd to do ſo.
Seb. Pleaſe you, ſir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It ſeldom viſits ſorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.
Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your perſon, while you take your reſt,
And watch your ſafety.
Alon. Thank you: Wond'rous heavy.—
[ALONSO *ſleeps.* *Exit* ARIEL.
Seb. What a ſtrange drowſineſs poſſeſſes them?
Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.
Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids ſink? I find not
Myſelf diſpos'd to ſleep.
Ant. Nor I; my ſpirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by conſent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-ſtroke. What might,
Worthy Sebaſtian?—O, what might?—No more:—
And yet, methinks, I ſee it in thy face,
What thou ſhould'ſt be: the occaſion ſpeaks thee; and
My ſtrong imagination ſees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What, art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me ſpeak?
Seb. I do; and, ſurely,
It is a ſleepy language; and thou ſpeak'ſt
Out of thy ſleep: What is it thou didſt ſay?
This is a ſtrange repoſe, to be aſleep
With eyes wide open; ſtanding, ſpeaking, moving,
And yet ſo faſt aſleep.
Ant. Noble Sebaſtian,
Thou let'ſt thy fortune ſleep—die rather; wink'ſt
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou doſt ſnore diſtinctly;
There's meaning in thy ſnores.
Ant. I am more ſerious than my cuſtom: you
Muſt be ſo too, if heed me; which to do,

Trebles

Trebles thee o'er.[6]

Seb. Well; I am ſtanding water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do ſo: to ebb,
Hereditary ſloth inſtructs me.

Ant. O,
If you but knew, how you the purpoſe cheriſh,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in ſtripping it,
You more inveſt it![7] Ebbing men, indeed,
Moſt often did ſo near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or ſloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, ſay on:
The ſetting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, ſir;
Although this lord of weak remembrance,[8] this
(Who ſhall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd,) hath here almoſt perſuaded
(For he's a ſpirit of perſuaſion only,)
The king, his ſon's alive; 'tis as impoſſible
That he's undrown'd, as he that ſleeps here, ſwims.[9]

Seb.

6 You muſt put on more than your uſual ſerioufneſs, if you are diſpoſed to pay a proper attention to my propoſal; which attention if you beſtow, it will in the end make you *thrice what you are.* Sebaſtian is already brother to the throne; but, being made a king by Antonio's contrivance, would be (according to our author's idea of greatneſs) *thrice* the man he was before. In this ſenſe he would be *trebled* o'er. STEEVENS.

7 Sebaſtian introduces the ſimile of water. It is taken up by Antonio, who ſays he will teach his ſtagnant water to flow. '—It has already learned to ebb, ſays Sebaſtian. To which Antonio replies, '*O if you but knew how much even that metaphor, which you uſe in jeſt, encourages to the deſign which I hint at; how in ſtripping the words of their common meaning, and uſing them figuratively, you adapt them to your own ſituation!*'

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

8 This lord, who, being now in his dotage, has outlived his faculty of remembering; and who, once laid in the ground, ſhall be as little remembered himſelf, as he can now remember other things. JOHNSON.

9 Of this entangled ſentence I can draw no ſenſe from the preſent reading, and therefore imagine that the author gave it thus:

For he, *a ſpirit of perſuaſion, only*
Profeſſes to perſuade the king, his ſon's alive;

Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way ſo high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,[2]
But doubts diſcovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; ſhe that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life;[3] ſhe that from Naples
Can have no note,[4] unleſs the ſun were poſt,
(The man i' the moon's too ſlow,) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; ſhe, from whom[5]
We were all ſea-ſwallow'd, though ſome caſt again;[6]
And,

Of which the meaning may be either, that *he alone, who is a ſpirit of perſuaſion, profeſſes to perſuade the king*; or that, *He only profeſſes to perſuade*, that is, *without being ſo perſuaded himſelf, he makes a ſhow of perſuading the king*. JOHNSON.

The meaning may be—He is a mere rhetorician, one who profeſſes the art of perſuaſion, and nothing elſe; *i. e.* he profeſſes to perſuade another to believe that of which he himſelf is not convinced; he is content to be plauſible, and has no further aim. STEEVENS.

2 That this is the utmoſt extent of the proſpect of ambition, the point where the eye can paſs no farther, and where objects loſe their diſtinctneſs, ſo that what is there diſcovered is faint, obſcure, and doubtful.
JOHNSON.

3 At a greater diſtance than the life of man is long enough to reach.
STEEVENS.

4 *Note* (as Mr. Malone obſerves) is *notice*, or information.
Shakſpeare's great ignorance of geography is not more conſpicuous in any inſtance than in this, where he ſuppoſes Tunis and Naples to have been at ſuch an immeaſurable diſtance from each other. He may, however, be countenanced by *Apollonius Rhodius*, who ſays, that both the *Rhone* and *Po* meet in one, and diſcharge themſelves into the gulph of *Venice*; and by *Æſchylus*, who has placed the river *Eridanus* in *Spain*.
STEEVENS.

5 *i. e.* in coming from whom. MALONE.

Caſt is here uſed in the ſame ſenſe as in *Macbeth*, Act II. ſc. iii:
6 — though he took my legs from me, I made a ſhift to *caſt* him."
STEEVENS.

And, by that, deſtin'd[7] to perform an act,
Whereof what's paſt is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my diſcharge.[8]
Seb. What ſtuff is this?—How ſay you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is ſhe heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is ſome ſpace.
Ant. A ſpace whoſe every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How ſhall that Claribel*
Meaſure us back to Naples?—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebaſtian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath ſeiz'd them; why, they were no worſe
Than now they are: There be, that can rule Naples,
As well as he that ſleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unneceſſarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myſelf could make
A chough[9] of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a ſleep were this
For your advancement! Do you underſtand me?
Seb. Methinks, I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember,
You did ſupplant your brother Proſpero.
Ant. True:
And, look, how well my garments ſit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's ſervants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conſcience—
Ant. Ay, Sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my ſlipper; But I feel not
This deity in my boſom: twenty conſciences,
That ſtand 'twixt me and Milan, candy'd be they,

And

7 It is a common plea of wickedneſs to call temptation deſtiny. JOHNSON.

The late Dr. Muſgrave very reaſonably propoſed to ſubſtitute—deſtin'*d* for—deſtiny. As the conſtruction of the paſſage is made eaſier by this ſlight change, I have adopted it. STEEVENS.

8 *i. e.* depends on what you and I are to perform. STEEVENS.

9 *A chough—*] Is a bird of the jack-daw kind. STEEVENS.

And melt, ere they moleſt![2] Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like; whom I,
With this obedient ſteel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morſel,[3] this ſir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our courſe. For all the reſt,
They'll take ſuggeſtion, as a cat laps milk;[4]
They'll tell the clock to any buſineſs that
We ſay befits the hour.

Seb. Thy caſe, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'ſt Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy ſword: one ſtroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'ſt;
And I the king ſhall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word.

[*They converſe apart.*

Muſick.

2 And *melt ere they moleſt!*] I had rather read—
Would *melt ere they moleſt.*
i. e. *Twenty conſciences, ſuch as ſtand between me and my hopes, though they were congealed, would melt before they could moleſt me*, or prevent the execution of my purpoſes. JOHNSON.

Let twenty conſciences be firſt congealed, and then diſſolved, ere they moleſt me, or prevent me from executing my purpoſes. MALONE.

If the interpretation of Johnſon and Malone is juſt, *and* is certainly as intelligible as *or*; but I can ſee no reaſonable meaning in this interpretation. It amounts to nothing more as thus interpreted, than *My conſcience muſt melt and become ſofter than it is before it moleſts me*; which is an inſipidity unworthy of the Poet. I would read "Candy'd be they, *or* melt;" and the expreſſion then has ſpirit and propriety. '*Had I twenty conſciences*, ſays Antonio, *they might be hot or cold for me; they ſhould not give me the ſmalleſt trouble.*'—*Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

3 For *morſel* Dr. Warburton reads—*ancient moral*, very elegantly and judiciouſly; yet I know not whether the author might not write *morſel*, as we ſay a *piece of a man*. JOHNSON.

4 i. e. Receive any hint of villainy.

They will adopt, and bear witneſs to, any tale you ſhall invent; you may ſuborn them as evidences to clear you from all ſuſpicion of having murthered the king. HENLEY.

Muſick. Re-enter ARIEL, *inviſible.*

Ari. My maſter through his art foreſees the danger
That theſe, his friends, are in; and ſends me forth,
(For elſe his project dies,) to keep them living.
[*Sings in* GONZALO'S *ear.*

While you here do ſnoring lie,
Open-ey'd conſpiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off ſlumber, and beware:
Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be ſudden.
Gon. Now, good angels, preſerve the king! [*They wake.*
Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you drawn?[5]
Wherefore this ghaſtly looking?
Gon. What's the matter?
Seb. Whiles we ſtood here ſecuring your repoſe,
Even now, we heard a hollow burſt of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It ſtruck mine ear moſt terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monſter's ear;
To make an earthquake! ſure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honour, ſir, I heard a humming,
And that a ſtrange one too, which did awake me:
I ſhak'd you, ſir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I ſaw their weapons drawn:—there was a noiſe,
That's verity: 'Beſt ſtand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further ſearch
For my poor ſon.
Gon. Heavens keep him from theſe beaſts!
For he is, ſure, i' the iſland.

Alon.

5 —— *drawn?*] Having your ſwords drawn. JOHNSON.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Proſpero my lord ſhall know what I have done:
So, king, go ſafely on to ſeek thy ſon. [*Aſide.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the iſland.

Enter CALIBAN, *with a burden of wood.*

A noiſe of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the ſun ſucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Proſper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a diſeaſe! His ſpirits hear me,
And yet I needs muſt curſe. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin ſhows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unleſs he bid them; but
For every trifle are they ſet upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe[6] and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks[7] at my foot-fall; ſometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiſs me into madneſs:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a ſpirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in ſlowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither buſh nor ſhrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another ſtorm brewing; I hear it ſing i' the wind: yond' ſame black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bumbard that would ſhed his liquor. If it ſhould thunder,

6 ——— *that* moe, &c.] i. e. make mouths. STEEVENS.
7 i. e. prickles. STEEVENS.
8 Enwrapped by adders *wound* or twiſted about me. JOHNSON.

thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' ſame cloud cannot chooſe but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fiſh? Dead or alive? A fiſh: he ſmells like a fiſh; a very ancient and fiſh-like ſmell; a kind of, not of the neweſt, Poor-John. A ſtrange fiſh! Were I in England now (as once I was,) and had but this fiſh painted,[9] not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of ſilver: there would this monſter make a man;[2] any ſtrange beaſt there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to ſee a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let looſe my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fiſh, but an iſlander, that hath lately ſuffer'd by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the ſtorm is come again: my beſt way is to creep under his gaberdine;[3] there is no other ſhelter hereabout: Miſery acquaints a man with ſtrange bedfellows: I will here ſhroud, till the dregs of the ſtorm be paſt.

Enter STEPHANO, *ſinging; a bottle in his hand.*

Ste. *I ſhall no more to ſea, to ſea,*
Here ſhall I dye a-ſhore;—

This is a very ſcurvy tune to ſing at a man's funeral:
Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

The maſter, the ſwabber, the boatſwain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:
For ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a ſailor, Go, hang:
She lov'd not the ſavour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a taylor might ſcratch her where-e'er ſhe did itch:
Then to ſea, boys, and let her go hang.

This

9 To exhibit fiſhes, either real or imaginary, was very common about the time of our author. STEEVENS.

2 That is, make a man's fortune. JOHNSON.

3 A *gaberdine* is properly the coarſe frock or outward garment of a peaſant. Still worn by the peaſants in Suſſex. STEEVENS.
It here however means, I believe, a looſe felt cloak. MALONE.

This is a ſcurvy tune too: But here's my comfort.

[*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here?
Do you put tricks upon us with ſavages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'ſcap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been ſaid, As proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it ſhall be ſaid ſo again, while Stephano breathes at noſtrils.

Cal. The ſpirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is ſome monſter of the iſle, with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil ſhould he learn our language? I will give him ſome relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a preſent for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee;
I'll bring my wood home faſter.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wiſeſt. He ſhall taſte of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much[4] for him; he ſhall pay for him that hath him, and that ſoundly.

Cal. Thou doſt me yet but little hurt; thou wilt
Anon, I know it by thy trembling:[5]
Now Proſper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat;[6] open your mouth: this will ſhake your ſhaking, I can tell you, and that ſoundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I ſhould know that voice: It ſhould be—But he is drown'd; and theſe are devils: O! defend me!—

Ste.

4 *Too much* means, *any ſum, ever ſo much.* STEEVENS.
I think the meaning is, Let me take what ſum I will, however great, *I ſhall not take too much for him:* it is impoſſible for me to ſell him too dear. MALONE.

5 —— *I know it by thy* trembling:] This *tremor* is always repreſented as the effect of being poſſeſs'd by the devil. STEEVENS.

6 Alluding to an old proverb, that *good liquor will make a cat ſpeak.* STEEVENS.

Ste. Four legs and two voices; a moſt delicate monſter! His forward voice[7] now is to ſpeak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul ſpeeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come,——Amen![8] I will pour ſome in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monſter: I will leave him; I have no long ſpoon.[9]

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beeſt Stephano, touch me, and ſpeak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afeard,—thy good friend, Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beeſt Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the leſſer legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, theſe are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: How cam'ſt thou to be the ſiege of this moon-calf?[2] Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunderſtroke:—But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drown'd. Is the ſtorm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the ſtorm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'ſcap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my ſtomach is not conſtant.

Cal. Theſe be fine things, an if they be not ſprites.
That's a brave god, and bears celeſtial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'ſt thou 'ſcape? How cam'ſt thou hither? ſwear by this bottle, how thou cam'ſt hither. I eſcap'd upon a butt of ſack, which the ſailors heav'd over-board, by this bottle!

[7] The perſon of Fame was anciently deſcribed in this manner. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *Amen!*] Means, ſtop your draught: come to a concluſion. *I will pour ſome*, &c. STEEVENS.

[9] Alluding to the proverb, *A long ſpoon to eat with the devil.*

[2] *Siege* ſignifies *ſtool* in every ſenſe of the word, and is here uſed in the dirtieſt.

A *moon-calf* is an inanimate ſhapeleſs maſs, ſuppoſed by Pliny to be engendered of woman only. STEEVENS.

bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, ſince I was caſt a-ſhore.

Cal. I'll ſwear, upon that bottle, to be thy
True ſubject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; ſwear then how thou eſcap'dſt.

Trin. Swam a-ſhore, man, like a duck; I can ſwim like a duck, I'll be ſworn.

Ste. Here, kiſs the book: Though thou can'ſt ſwim like a duck, thou art made like a gooſe.

Trin. O Stephano, haſt any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the ſea-ſide, where my wine is hid. How now, moon calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Haſt thou not dropp'd from heaven?[3]

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do aſſure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have ſeen thee in her, and I do adore thee:
My miſtreſs ſhew'd me thee, thy dog, and buſh.

Ste. Come, ſwear to that; kiſs the book: I will furniſh it anon with new contents: ſwear.

Trin. By this good light this is a very ſhallow monſter:—I afeard of him?—a very weak monſter:[4]—The man i' the moon?—a moſt poor credulous monſter:—Well drawn, monſter, in good ſooth.

Cal. I'll ſhew thee every fertile inch o' the iſland;
And kiſs thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a moſt perfidious and drunken monſter; when his god's aſleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiſs thy foot: I'll ſwear myſelf thy ſubject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and ſwear.

Trin. I ſhall laugh myſelf to death at this puppy-headed monſter: A moſt ſcurvy monſter! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste.

3 The new-diſcovered Indians of the iſland of St. Salvador, aſked, by ſigns, whether Columbus and his companions *were not come down from heaven.* TOLLET.

4 It is to be obſerved, that Trinculo the ſpeaker is not charged with being afraid; but it was his conſciouſneſs that he was ſo that drew this brag from him. This is nature. WARBURTON.

Ste. Come, kiſs.

Trin. —but that the poor monſter's in drink:
An abominable monſter!

Cal. I'll ſhew thee the beſt ſprings; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I ſerve!
I'll bear him no more ſticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A moſt ridiculous monſter; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's neſt, and inſtruct thee how
To ſnare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To cluſt'ring filberds, and ſometimes I'll get thee
Young ſea-mells[5] from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Ste.

5 This word has puzzled the commentators: Dr. Warburton reads *ſhamois*; Mr. Theobald would read any thing rather than *ſea-mells*. Mr. Holt, who wrote notes upon this play, obſerves, that limpets are in ſome places called *ſcams*, and therefore I had once ſuffered *ſcamels* to ſtand. JOHNSON.

Theobald had very reaſonably propoſed to read *ſea-malls*, or *ſea-mells*. An *e*, by theſe careleſs printers, was eaſily changed into a *c*, and from this accident, I believe, all the difficulty ariſes, the word having been ſpelt by the tranſcriber, *ſeamels*. *Willoughby* mentions the bird as *Theobald* has informed us. Had Mr. Holt told us in what part of England *limpets* are called *ſcams*, more regard would have been paid to his aſſertion.

I ſhould ſuppoſe, at all events, a *bird* to have been deſign'd, as *young* and *old fiſh* are taken with equal facility; but *young birds* are more eaſily ſurpriſed than *old ones*. Beſides, Caliban had already proffered to *fiſh* for Trinculo. In Cavendiſh's ſecond voyage, the ſailors eat *young gulls* at the iſle of Penguins. STEEVENS.

I have no doubt but Theobald's propoſed amendment ought to be received. Sir Joſeph Banks informs me, that in Willoughby's, or rather John Ray's Ornithology, p. 34, No. 3, is mentioned the common ſea-mall, *Larus cinereus minor*; and that young ſea gulls have been eſteemed a delicate food in this country, we learn from Plott, who, in his Hiſtory of Staffordſhire, p. 231, gives an account of the mode of taking a ſpecies of gulls called in that country pewits, with a plate annexed, at the end of which he writes, "they being accounted a good diſh at the moſt plentiful tables." To this it may be added, that Sir Robert Sibbald in his *Ancient State of the Shire of Fife*, mentions, amongſt fowls which frequent a neigh-

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company elſe being drown'd, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. *Farewell maſter; farewell, farewell.*

[*Sings drunkenly.*

Trin. A howling monſter; a drunken monſter.

Cal. *No more dams I'll make for fiſh;*
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor ſcrape trencherings,[6] *nor waſh diſh;*
'Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,
Has a new maſter—Get a new man.[7]
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monſter! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before PROSPERO'S *Cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

Fer. There be ſome ſports are painful; but their labour
Delight in them ſets off: ſome kinds of baſeneſs
Are nobly undergone; and moſt poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean taſk would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but
The miſtreſs, which I ſerve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleaſures: O, ſhe is
Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed;

And

bouring iſland, ſeveral ſorts of *ſea-malls*, and one in particular, the *katiewake*, a fowl of the *Larus* or *mall kind*, of the bigneſs of an ordinary pigeon, which ſome hold, ſays he, to be as ſavoury and as good meat as a partridge is. REED.

6 In our author's time trenchers were in general uſe; and male domeſticks were ſometimes employed in cleanſing them. MALONE.

7 When Caliban ſings this laſt part of his ditty, he muſt be ſuppoſed to turn his head ſcornfully toward the cell of Proſpero, whoſe ſervice he had deſerted. STEEVENS.

And he's compos'd of harſhneſs. I muſt remove
Some thouſands of theſe logs, and pile them up,
Upon a ſore injunction: My ſweet miſtreſs
Weeps when ſhe ſees me work; and ſays, ſuch baſeneſs
Had ne'er like éxecutor. I forget:
But theſe ſweet thoughts do even refreſh my labours;
Moſt buſy-leſs, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO *at a diſtance.*

Mira. Alas, now! pray you,
Work not ſo hard: I would, the lightning had
Burnt up thoſe logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, ſet it down, and reſt you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having weary'd you: My father
Is hard at ſtudy; pray now, reſt yourſelf;
He's ſafe for theſe three hours.

Fer. O moſt dear miſtreſs,
The ſun will ſet, before I ſhall diſcharge
What I muſt ſtrive to do.

Mira. If you'll ſit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: Pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature
I had rather crack my ſinews, break my back,
Than you ſhould ſuch diſhonour undergo,
While I ſit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I ſhould do it
With much more eaſe; for my good will is to it,
And yours againſt.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This viſitation ſhews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble miſtreſs; 'tis freſh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beſeech you,
(Chiefly, that I might ſet it in my prayers,)
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your heſt [8] to ſay ſo!

[8] —*heſt*—] For *behеſt*; i. e. command. STEEVENS.

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's deareſt to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with beſt regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for ſeveral virtues
Have I lik'd ſeveral women; never any
With ſo full ſoul, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrel with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foil: But you, O you,
So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, are created
Of every creature's beſt.[9]

Mira. I do not know
One of my ſex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glaſs, mine own; nor have I ſeen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am ſkill-leſs of; but, by my modeſty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wiſh
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a ſhape,
Beſides yourſelf, to like of: But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
Therein forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not ſo!) and would no more endure
This wooden ſlavery, than I would ſuffer
The fleſh-fly blow my mouth.[2]—Hear my ſoul ſpeak;—
The very inſtant that I ſaw you, did
My heart fly to your ſervice; there reſides,
To make me ſlave to it; and, for your ſake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witneſs to this ſound,
And crown what I profeſs with kind event,

If

9 Alluding to the picture of Venus by Apelles. JOHNSON.

2 Mr. Malone obſerves, that to *blow*, in this inſtance, ſignifies to "ſwell and inflame." But I believe he is miſtaken. To *blow*, as it ſtands in the text, means *the act of a fly by which ſhe lodges eggs in fleſh.* STEEVENS.

If I ſpeak true; if hollowly, invert
What beſt is boded me, to miſchief! I,
Beyond all limit of what elſe i' the world,[3]
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.[4]

Pro. Fair encounter
Of too moſt rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthineſs, that dare not offer
What I deſire to give; and much leſs take,
What I ſhall die to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it ſeeks [5] to hide itſelf,
The bigger bulk it ſhews. Hence, baſhful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow[6]
You may deny me; but I'll be your ſervant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My miſtreſs, deareſt,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My huſband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't:[7] And now farewel,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thouſand! thouſand!

[*Exeunt* FER. *and* MIR.

3 i. e. of *aught* elſe; of whatſoever elſe there is in the world. MALONE.

4 This is one of thoſe touches of nature that diſtinguiſh Shakſpeare from all other writers. It was neceſſary, in ſupport of the character of Miranda, to make her appear unconſcious that exceſs of ſorrow and exceſs of joy find alike their relief from tears; and as this is the firſt time that conſummate pleaſure had made any near approaches to her heart, ſhe calls ſuch a ſeeming contradictory expreſſion of it, *folly*. STEEVENS.

5 ——*it ſeeks*——] i. e. my affection ſeeks. MALONE.

6 —— *your* fellow ——] i. e. companion.

7 It is ſtill cuſtomary in the weſt of England, when the conditions of a bargain are agreed upon, for the parties to ratify it by joining their hands, and

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are ſurpriz'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere ſupper time, muſt I perform
Much buſineſs appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the iſland.

Enter STEPHANO *and* TRINCULO; CALIBAN *following with a bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em:[8] Servant-monſter, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monſter? the folly of this iſland! They ſay, there's but five upon this iſle: we are three of them; if the other two be brain'd like us, the ſtate totters.

Ste. Drink, ſervant-monſter, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almoſt ſet in thy head.

Trin. Where ſhould they be ſet elſe? he were a brave monſter indeed, if they were ſet in his tail.[9]

Ste. My man-monſter hath drown'd his tongue in ſack: for my part, the ſea cannot drown me: I ſwam, ere I could recover the ſhore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou ſhalt be my lieutenant, monſter, or my ſtandard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you liſt; he's no ſtandard.[2]

Ste. We'll not run, monſieur monſter.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet ſay nothing neither.

Ste.

and at the ſame time for the purchaſer to give an earneſt. To this practice the poet alludes. HENLEY.

8 A metaphor alluding to a chace at ſea. HAWKINS.

9 I believe this to be an alluſion to a ſtory that is met with in *Stowe*, and other writers of the time. It ſeems in the year 1574, a whale was thrown aſhore near *Ramſgate*: "A *monſtrous fiſh* (ſays the *chronicler*) but not ſo *monſtrous* as ſome reported—for his *eyes* were in his *head*, and not in his *back*." *Summary*, 1575, p. 562. FARMER.

2 Meaning, he is ſo much intoxicated, as not to be able to ſtand. The quibble between *ſtandard*, an enſign, and *ſtandard*, a fruit-tree that grows without ſupport, is evident. STEEVENS.

Ste. Moon-calf, ſpeak once in thy life, if thou beeſt a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy ſhoe:
I'll not ſerve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou lieſt, moſt ignorant monſter; I am in caſe to juſtle a conſtable: Why, thou deboſh'd fiſh thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk ſo much ſack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monſtrous lie, being but half a fiſh, and half a monſter?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monſter ſhould be ſuch a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monſter's my ſubject, and he ſhall not ſuffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd
To hearken once again the ſuit I made thee?

Ste. Marry will I, kneel, and repeat it; I will ſtand, and ſo ſhall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, *inviſible.*

Cal. As I told thee
Before, I am ſubject to a tyrant;
A ſorcerer, that by his cunning hath
Cheated me of the iſland.

Ari. Thou lieſt.

Cal. Thou lieſt, thou jeſting monkey, thou;
I would, my valiant maſter would deſtroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will ſupplant ſome of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I ſaid nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—[*To* CALIBAN.] Proceed.

Cal. I ſay, by ſorcery he got this iſle;
From me he got it. If thy greatneſs will
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'ſt;
But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's moſt certain.

Cal. Thou ſhalt be lord of it, and I'll ſerve thee.

Ste. How now ſhall this be compaſs'd? Canſt thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee aſleep,
Where thou may'ſt knock a nail into his head.[3]

Ari. Thou lieſt, thou canſt not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this?[4] Thou ſcurvy patch!—
I do beſeech thy greatneſs, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He ſhall drink nought but brine; for I'll not ſhew him
Where the quick freſhes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monſter one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a ſtock-fiſh of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didſt thou not ſay, he lied?

Ari. Thou lieſt.

Ste. Do I ſo? take thou that. [*ſtrikes him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie:—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can ſack, and drinking do.—A murrain on your monſter, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee ſtand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal.

3 Perhaps Shakſpeare caught this idea from the 4th chapter of *Judges*, v. 21. "Then Jael, Heber's wife, took a *nail* of the tent, and took a hammer in her hand, and went ſoftly unto him, and *ſmote the nail into his temples*, &c. *for he was faſt aſleep*," &c. STEEVENS.

4 It ſhould be remembered that *Trinculo* is no *ſailor*, but a *jeſter*; and is ſo called in the ancient *dramatis perſonæ*. He therefore wears the party-colour'd dreſs of one of theſe characters. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon obſerves, that Caliban could have no knowledge of the ſtriped coat uſually worn by fools; and would therefore transfer this ſpeech to Stephano. But though *Caliban* might not know this circumſtance, *Shakſpeare* did. Surely he who has given to all countries and all ages the manners of his own, might forget himſelf here, as well as in other places. MALONE.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuſtom with him
I' the afternoon to ſleep; there thou may'ſt brain him,
Having firſt ſeiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his ſkull, or paunch him with a ſtake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember,
Firſt to poſſeſs his books;[5] for without them
He's but a ſot, as I am, nor hath not
One ſpirit to command: They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;
He has brave utenſils, (for ſo he calls them,)
Which, when he has a houſe, he'll deck withal.
And that moſt deeply to conſider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himſelf
Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er ſaw woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and ſhe;
But ſhe as far ſurpaſſeth Sycorax,
As greateſt does leaſt.

Ste. Is it ſo brave a laſs?

Cal. Ay, lord; ſhe will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monſter, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen; (ſave our graces!) and Trinculo and thyſelf ſhall be vice-roys:—Doſt thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am ſorry I beat thee: but, while thou liv'ſt, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be aſleep;
Wilt thou deſtroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my maſter.

Cal. Thou mak'ſt me merry: I am full of pleaſure;
Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch[6]
You taught me but while-ere?

[5] In the old romances the ſorcerer is always furniſhed with a *book*, by reading certain parts of which he is enabled to ſummon to his aid whatever dæmons or ſpirits he has occaſion to employ. When he is deprived of his book, his power ceaſes. MALONE.

[6] To *troll* a catch, I ſuppoſe, is to diſmiſs it *trippingly from the tongue*. STEEVENS.

Ste. At thy requeſt, monſter, I will do reaſon, any reaſon: Come on, Trinculo, let us ſing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and ſkout 'em; and ſkout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[ARIEL *plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this ſame?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of No-body.[7]

Ste. If thou beeſt a man, ſhew thyſelf in thy likeneſs: if thou beeſt a devil, take't as thou liſt.

Trin. O, forgive me my ſins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee:—Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?[8]

Ste. No, monſter, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the iſle is full of noiſes,
Sounds, and ſweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thouſand twangling inſtruments
Will hum about mine ears; and ſometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long ſleep,
Will make me ſleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and ſhew riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I ſhall have my muſic for nothing.

Cal. When Proſpero is deſtroy'd.

Ste. That ſhall be by and by: I remember the ſtory.

Trin. The ſound is going away: let's follow it, and after, do our work.

Ste. Lead, monſter; we'll follow.—I would, I could ſee this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.[9] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

7 A ridiculous figure, ſometimes repreſented on ſigns. MALONE.
The alluſion is here to the print of *No-body*, as prefixed to the anonymous comedy of "*No-body* and *Some-body*;" without date. REED.

8 *To affear* is an obſolete verb, with the ſame meaning as to *affray*. STEEVENS.

9 *Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.*] The firſt words are addreſſed to Caliban,

SCENE III.

Another part of the iſland.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. By'r lakin,[2] I can go no further, Sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience,
I needs muſt reſt me.
Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myſelf attach'd with wearineſs,
To the dulling of my ſpirits: ſit down and reſt.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we ſtray to find; and the ſea mocks
Our fruſtrate ſearch on land: Well, let him go.
Ant. I am right glad that he's ſo out of hope.
[*Aſide to* SEBASTIAN.
Do not, for one repulſe, forego the purpoſe
That you reſolv'd to effect.
Seb. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.
Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppreſs'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, uſe ſuch vigilance,
As when they are freſh.
Seb. I ſay, to-night: no more.

Solemn and ſtrange muſick; and PROSPERO *above, inviſible. Enter ſeveral ſtrange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of ſalutation; and, inviting the king, &c. to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous ſweet muſick!

Caliban, who, vexed at the folly of his new companions idly running after the muſick, while they ought only to have attended to the main point, the diſpatching Proſpero, ſeems, for ſome little time, to have ſtaid behind. HEATH.

The words—*Wilt come?* ſhould be added to Stephano's ſpeech. *I'll follow*, is Trinculo's anſwer. RITSON.

[2] The diminutive only of our lady, i. e. ladykin. STEEVENS.

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were theſe?
Seb. A living drollery:[3] Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does elſe want credit, come to me,
And I'll be ſworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.
Gon. If in Naples
I ſhould report this now, would they believe me?
If I ſhould ſay, I ſaw ſuch iſlanders,
(For, certes,[4] theſe are people of the iſland,)
Who, though they are of monſtrous ſhape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of
Our human generation you ſhall find
Many, nay, almoſt any.
Pro. Honeſt lord,
Thou haſt ſaid well; for ſome of you there preſent,
Are worſe than devils. [*Aſide.*
Alon. I cannot too much muſe,[5]
Such ſhapes, ſuch geſture, and ſuch ſound, expreſſing
(Although they want the uſe of tongue,) a kind
Of excellent dumb diſcourſe.
Pro. Praiſe in departing.[6]
Fran. They vaniſh'd ſtrangely.
Seb. No matter, ſince
They have left their viands behind; for we have ſtomachs.—
Will't pleaſe you taſte of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, ſir, you need not fear: When we were boys,
Who

3 Shows, called *drolleries*, were in Shakeſpeare's time performed by puppets only. From theſe our modern *drolls*, exhibited at fairs, &c. took their name. STEEVENS.

A living drollery, i. e. a drollery not repreſented by wooden machines, but by perſonages who are alive, MALONE.

4 An obſolete word, ſignifying *certainly*. STEEVENS.

5 To *muſe*, in ancient language, is to wonder. STEEVENS.

6 Do not praiſe your entertainment too ſoon, leſt you ſhould have reaſon to retract your commendation. STEEVENS.

Who would believe that there were mountaineers,[7]
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whoſe throats had hanging at them
Wallets of fleſh? or that there were ſuch men,
Whoſe heads ſtood in their breaſts?[8] which now we find,
Each putter-out on five for one,[9] will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will ſtand to, and feed,
Although my laſt: no matter, ſince I feel
The beſt is paſt:—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand too, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL *like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device, the banquet vaniſhes.*

Ari. You are three men of ſin, whom deſtiny
(That hath to inſtrument this lower world,[2]
And what is in't) the never-ſurfeited ſea
Hath cauſed to belch up; and on this iſland
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongſt men
Being moſt unfit to live. I have made you mad;
[*Seeing* ALON. SEB. *&c. draw their ſwords.*
And even with ſuch like valour, men hang and drown
Their proper ſelves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are miniſters of fate; the elements
Of whom your ſwords are temper'd, may as well

7 Whoever is curious to know the particulars relative to theſe *mountaineers*, may conſult *Maundeville's Travels*, printed in 1503, by Wynken de Worde; but it is yet a known truth that the inhabitants of the Alps have been long accuſtom'd to ſuch excreſcences or tumours.

Quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus? STEEVENS.

8 Our author might have had this intelligence from the tranſlation of Pliny, B. V. chap. 8. "The Blemmyi, by report, have no heads, but mouth and eies both in their breaſts." STEEVENS.

Or he might have had it from Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1598: "On that branch which is called *Caora* are a nation of people, whoſe heads appear not above their ſhoulders. They are reported to have their eyes in their ſhoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breaſts." MALONE.

9 *Each putter-out*, &c.] The ancient cuſtom here alluded to was this. In this age of travelling, it was a practice with thoſe who engaged in long and hazardous expeditions, to place out a ſum of money on condition of receiving great intereſt for it at their return home. STEEVENS.

2 i. e. that makes uſe of this world, and every thing in it, as its *inſtruments* to bring about its ends. STEEVENS.

Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at ſtabs
Kill the ſtill-cloſing waters, as diminiſh
One dowle that's in my plume; my fellow-miniſters
Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your ſwords are now too maſſy for your ſtrengths,
And will not be uplifted: But, remember,
(For that's my buſineſs to you,) that you three
From Milan did ſupplant good Proſpero;
Expos'd unto the ſea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the ſeas and ſhores, yea, all the creatures,
Againſt your peace: Thee, of thy ſon, Alonſo,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition (worſe than any death
Can be at once,) ſhall ſtep by ſtep attend
You, and your ways; whoſe wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this moſt deſolate iſle, elſe fails
Upon your heads,) is nothing, but heart's ſorrow,
And a clear life [3] enſuing.

He vaniſhes in thunder: then, to ſoft muſick, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes[4] *and carry out the table.*

Pro. [*Aſide.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy haſt thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my inſtruction haſt thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadſt to ſay: ſo, with good life,[5]

And

3 Pure, blameleſs, innocent. JOHNSON.

4 To *mock* and to *mowe*, ſeem to have had a meaning ſomewhat ſimilar; i. e. to inſult, by making mouths, or wry faces. STEEVENS.

5 *With good life* may mean, with *exact preſentation of their ſeveral characters, with obſervation ſtrange* of their particular and diſtinct parts. So we ſay, he acted to the *life*. JOHNSON.

Good life, however, in *Twelfth Night*, ſeems to be uſed for innocent *jollity*, as we now ſay a *bon vivant*: "Would you (ſays the *Clown*) have a love ſong, or a ſong of *good life*? *Sir Toby* anſwers, "A love ſong, a love ſong;"—"Ay, ay, (replies *Sir Andrew*) I care not for *good life*." It is plain, from the character of the laſt ſpeaker, that he was meant to miſtake the ſenſe in which *good life* is uſed by the *Clown*. It may therefore, in the preſent inſtance, mean, *honeſt alacrity or cheerfulneſs*.

STEEVENS.

And obſervation ſtrange, my meaner miniſters
Their ſeveral kinds have done: [6] my high charms work,
And theſe, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their diſtractions: they now are in my power;
And in theſe fits I leave them, whilſt I viſit
Young Ferdinand (whom they ſuppoſe is drown'd,)
And his and my lov'd darling.

Exit PROSPERO *from above.*

Gon. I' the name of ſomething holy, ſir, why ſtand you,
In this ſtrange ſtare?

Alon. O, it is monſtrous! monſtrous!
Methought, the billows ſpoke, and told me of it;
The winds did ſing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Proſper; it did baſs my treſpaſs.[7]
Therefore my ſon i'the ooze is bedded; and
I'll ſeek him deeper than e'er plummet ſounded.
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy ſecond.

Exeunt SEB. *and* ANT.

Gon. All three of them are deſperate; their great guilt,
Like poiſon given[8] to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the ſpirits:—I do beſeech you
That are of ſuppler joints, follow them ſwiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecſtacy[9]

May

To do any thing with *good life*, is ſtill a provincial expreſſion in the Weſt of England, and ſignifies, to do it *with the full bent and energy of mind*:—" And *obſervation ſtrange*," is with *ſuch minute attention to the orders given, as to excite admiration.* HENLEY.

[6] Have diſcharged the ſeveral functions allotted to their different natures.

[7] The deep pipe told it me in a rough baſs ſound. JOHNSON.

[8] The natives of Africa have been ſuppoſed to be poſſeſſed of the ſecret how to temper poiſons with ſuch art as not to operate till ſeveral years after they were adminiſtered. Their drugs were then as certain in their effect, as ſubtle in their preparation. STEEVENS.

[9] *Ecſtacy* meant not anciently, as at preſent, *rapturous pleaſure*, but alienation of mind. Mr. Locke has not inelegantly ſtyled it *dreaming with our eyes open.*

May now provoke them to.

Adri. Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before Proſpero's *cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

Pro. If I have too auſterely puniſh'd you,
Your compenſation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,[2]
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Haſt ſtrangely ſtood the teſt:[3] here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not ſmile at me, that I boaſt her off,
For thou ſhalt find ſhe will outſtrip all praiſe,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Againſt an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquiſition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou doſt break her virgin knot[4] before
All ſanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy right be miniſter'd,
No ſweet aſperſion[5] ſhall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour ey'd diſdain, and diſcord, ſhall beſtrew

The

2 "A *thrid* of mine own life" is a *fibre* or a *part* of my own life, *Proſpero* conſiders himſelf as the *ſtock* or *parent-tree*, and his daughter as a *fibre* or *portion* of himſelf, and for whoſe benefit he himſelf lives. STEEVENS.

3 Strangely is uſed by way of commendation, *merveilleuſement, to a wonder*; the ſame is the ſenſe in the foregoing ſcenes. JOHNSON.

4 This, and the paſſage in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, are manifeſt alluſions to the zones of the ancients, which were worn as guardians of chaſtity by marriageable young women. HENLEY.

5 *Aſperſion* is here uſed in its primitive ſenſe of *ſprinkling*. At preſent it is expreſſive only of calumny and detraction. STEEVENS.

The union of your bed with weeds ſo loathly,
That you ſhall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps ſhall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch love as 'tis now; the murkieſt den,
The moſt oppórtune place, the ſtrong'ſt ſuggeſtion
Our worſer Genius can, ſhall never melt
Mine honour into luſt; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I ſhall think, or Phœbus' ſteeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly ſpoke:
Sit then, and talk with her, ſhe is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my induſtrious ſervant Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent maſter? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your laſt ſervice
Did worthily perform; and I muſt uſe you
In ſuch another trick: go, bring the rabble,[6]
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I muſt
Beſtow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promiſe,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Preſently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can ſay, *Come*, and *go*,
And breathe twice; and cry, *ſo*, *ſo*;
Each one tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mowe:
Do you love me, maſter? no.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach,
Till thou doſt hear me call.

Ari. Well I conceive. *Exit.*

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the reign; the ſtrongeſt oaths are ſtraw
To the fire i'the blood: be more abſtemious,

Or

6 The crew of meaner ſpirits. JOHNSON.

Or elſe, good night, your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, ſir;
The white-cold virgin ſnow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary,[7]
Rather than want a ſpirit; appear, and pertly,—
No tongue;[8] all eyes; be ſilent. *Soft muſick.*

A Maſque. Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, moſt bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peaſe;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling ſheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with ſtover,[9] them to keep;
Thy banks with peonied and lilied brims,
Which ſpungy April at thy heſt betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaſte crowns; and thy broom groves,
Whoſe ſhadow the diſmiſſed bachelor loves,
Being laſs-lorn;[2] thy pole-clipt vineyard;[3]
And thy ſea-marge, ſteril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyſelf doſt air: The queen o' the ſky,
Whoſe watery arch, and meſſenger, am I,
Bids thee leave theſe; and with her ſovereign grace,
Here on this graſs-plot, in this very place,
To come and ſport: her peacocks fly amain,
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd meſſenger, that ne'er
Doſt diſobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy ſaffron wings, upon my flowers

Diffuſeſt

7 That is, bring more than are ſufficient, rather than fail for want of numbers. *Corollary* means *ſurplus*. STEEVENS.

8 Thoſe who are preſent at incantations are obliged to be ſtrictly ſilent, "elſe" as we are afterwards told, "the ſpell is marred." JOHNSON.

9 *Stover* (in Cambridgeſhire and other counties) ſignifies hay made of coarſe, rank graſs, ſuch as even cows will not eat while it is green. *Stover* is likewiſe uſed as *thatch* for cart-lodges, and other buildings that deſerve but rude and cheap coverings. STEEVENS

2 *Laſs-lorn* is forſaken of his miſtreſs. STEEVENS.

3 To *clip* is to *twine around* or *embrace*. The poles are *clip'd* or embraced by the vines. STEEVENS.

Diffuſeſt honey drops, refreſhing ſhowers;
And with each end of thy blue bow doſt crown
My boſky acres,[4] and my unſhrubbd'd down,
Rich ſcarf to my proud earth; Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this ſhort-graſs'd green?[5]

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And ſome donation freely to eſtate
On the bleſs'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her ſon, as thou doſt know,
Do now attend the queen? ſince they did plot
The means, that duſky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's ſcandal'd company
I have forſworn.

Iris. Of her ſociety
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her ſon
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whoſe vows are, that no bed-right ſhall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waſpiſh-headed ſon has broke his arrows,
Swears he will ſhoot no more, but play with ſparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. Higheſt queen of ſtate,[6]
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait,

4 Boſky acres are fields divided from each other by hedge-rows. STEEVENS.

5 The old copy reads ſhort-*gras'd* green. *Short-grazed green* means *grazed ſo as to be ſhort.* STEEVENS.

6 Mr. Whalley thinks this paſſage a remarkable inſtance of Shakeſpeare's knowledge of ancient poetic ſtory; and that the hint was furniſhed by the *Divum incedo Regina* of Virgil. John Taylor, the water-poet, declares, that he never learned his *Accidence*, and that Latin and French were to him Heathen Greek; yet, by the help of Mr. Whalley's argument, I will prove him a learned man, in ſpite of every thing he may ſay to the contrary: for thus he makes a gallant addreſs his lady; "Moſt ineſtimable magazine of beauty! in whom the port and majeſty of Juno, the wiſdom of Jove's brain-bred girl, and the feature of Cytherea, have their domeſtical habitation." FARMER.

Enter

Enter JUNO.

Jun. How does my bounteous ſiſter? Go with me,
To bleſs this twain, that they may proſperous be,
And honour'd in their iſſue.

SONG.

JUNO. *Honour, riches, marriage-bleſſing,*
Long continuance and increaſing,
Hourly joys be ſtill upon you!
Juno ſings her bleſſings on you.

CER. *Earth's increaſe, and foiſon plenty;*[7]
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines with cluſt'ring bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the fartheſt,
In the very end of harveſt!
Scarcity, and want, ſhall ſhun you;
Ceres' bleſſing ſo is on you.

Fer. This is a moſt majeſtic viſion, and
Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold
To think theſe ſpirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My preſent fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place paradiſe.

[*Juno and Ceres whiſper and ſend* IRIS *on employment.*]

Pro. Sweet now, ſilence:
Juno and Ceres whiſper ſeriouſly;
There's ſomething elſe to do: huſh and be mute,
Or elſe our ſpell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wandring brooks,
With your ſedg'd crowns, and ever-harmleſs looks,
Leave your criſp channels,[8] and on this green land

Anſwer

7 i. e. plenty to the utmoſt abundance; *foiſon* ſignifying plenty. STEEVENS.

8 *Criſp*, i. e. *curling*, *winding*. Lat. *criſpus*. *Criſp*, however, may allude to the little wave or curl (as it is commonly called) that the gentleſt wind occaſions on the ſurface of waters. STEEVENS.

Anſwer your ſummons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You ſun-burn'd ſicklemen, of Auguſt weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day: your rye-ſtraw hats put on,
And theſe freſh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof PROSPERO *ſtarts ſuddenly, and ſpeaks; after which, to a ſtrange, hollow, and confuſed noiſe, they heavily vaniſh.*

Pro. [*aſide.*] I had forgot that foul conſpiracy
Of the beaſt Caliban, and his confederates,
Againſt my life; the minute of their plot
Is almoſt come.—[*To the ſpirits.*] Well done;—avoid,—no more.

Fer. This is moſt ſtrange: your father's in ſome paſſion
That works him ſtrongly.

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger ſo diſtemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my ſon, in a mov'd ſort,
As if you were diſmay'd: be chearful, ſir:
Our revels now are ended: theſe our actors,
As I foretold you, were all ſpirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baſeleſs fabrick of this viſion,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea, all which it inherit,[9] ſhall diſſolve;
And, like this inſubſtantial pageant faded,[2]
Leave not a rack behind:[3] We are ſuch ſtuff

As

9 i. e. all who poſſeſs, who dwell upon it.

2 *Faded* means here—having vaniſhed. MALONE.

3 *Leave not a* rack *behind:*] "The winds (ſays Lord Bacon) which move the clouds above, which we call the *rack*, and are not perceived below, paſs without noiſe." I ſhould explain the word *rack* ſomewhat differently, by calling it *the laſt fleeting veſtige of the higheſt clouds, ſcarce perceptible on account of their diſtance and tenuity.* What was anciently called the rack is now termed by ſailors—the *ſcud.* STEEVENS.

As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakneſs; my old brain is troubled.
Be not diſturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repoſe; a turn or two I'll walk,
To ſtill my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wiſh your peace. [*Exeunt.*

Pro. Come with a thought:—I thank you:—Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to:[3] What's thy pleaſure?

Pro. Spirit,
We muſt prepare to meet with Caliban.[4]

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I preſented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Leſt I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didſt thou leave theſe varlets?

Ari. I told you, ſir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they ſmote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kiſſing of their feet: yet always bending
Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noſes,
As they ſmelt muſick; ſo I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, ſharp furzes, pricking goſs,[5] and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail ſhins: at laſt I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,

There

3 To *cleave to*, is to *unite with cloſely*.

4 *To meet with* is to *counteract*; to play ſtratagem againſt ſtratagem.—*The parſon knows the temper of every one in his houſe, and accordingly either* meets with *their vices, or advances their virtues.* HERBERT'S *Country Parſon.* JOHNSON.

5 I know not how Shakeſpeare diſtinguiſh'd *goſs* from *furze*; for what he calls *furze* is called *goſs* or *gorſe* in the midland counties. STEEVENS.

By the latter, Shakeſpeare means the low ſort of *gorſe* that only grows upon wet ground, and which is well deſcribed by the name of *whins* in Markham's *Farewell to Huſbandry*. It has prickles like thoſe on a roſe-tree or a gooſeberry. *Furze* and *whins* occur together in Dr. Farmer's quotation from Holinſhed. TOLLET.

There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'er-ſtunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
Thy ſhape inviſible retain thou ſtill:
The trumpery in my houſe, go, bring it hither,
For ſtale to catch theſe thieves.[6]

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whoſe nature
Nurture can never ſtick;[7] on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all loſt, quite loſt;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers:[8] I will plague them all.

Re-enter ARIEL *loaden with gliſtering apparel, &c.*

Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain inviſible. Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread ſoftly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall:[9] we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monſter, your fairy, which, you ſay, is a harmleſs fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack with us.[2]

Trin. Monſter, I do ſmell all horſe-piſs; at which my noſe is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monſter? If I ſhould take a diſpleaſure againſt you; look you,—

Trin.

6 *Stale* is a word in *fowling*, and is uſed to mean a *bait* or *decoy* to catch birds.

7 *Nurture* is *education.*

8 Shakeſpeare when he wrote this deſcription, perhaps recollected what his patron's moſt intimate friend, the great lord Eſſex, in an hour of diſcontent, ſaid of queen Elizabeth;——"*that ſhe grew old and canker'd, and that her mind was become as crooked as her carcaſe:*"——a ſpeech, which, according to Sir Walter Raleigh, coſt him his head, and which, we may therefore ſuppoſe, was at that time much talked of. This play being written in the time of king James, theſe obnoxious words might be ſafely repeated. MALONE.

9 This quality of hearing which the mole is ſuppoſed to poſſeſs in ſo high a degree, is mentioned in Euphues, 4to. 1581, p. 64, "Doth not the lion for ſtrength, the turtle for love, the ant for labour, excel man? Doth not the eagle ſee clearer, the vulture ſmell better, *the moale heare lightlyer?*" REED.

2 *i. e.* He has played *Jack with a lantern*; has led us about like an *ignis fatuus*, by which travellers are decoyed into the mire. JOHNSON.

Trin. Thou wert but a loſt monſter.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour ſtill:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this miſchance: therefore, ſpeak ſoftly;
All's huſh'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to loſe our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only diſgrace and diſhonour in that, monſter, but an infinite loſs.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmleſs fairy, monſter.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pry'thee, my king, be quiet: Seeſt thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noiſe, and enter:
Do that good miſchief, which may make this iſland
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee![3]

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but traſh.

Trin. O, ho, monſter; we know what belongs to a frippery:[4]—O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace ſhall have it.

Cal. The dropſy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on ſuch luggage? Let's along,[5]

And

3 The humour of theſe lines conſiſts in their being an alluſion to an old celebrated ballad, which begins thus: *King Stephen was a worthy peer*— and celebrates that king's parſimony with a regard to his *wardrobe*.—— There are two ſtanzas of this ballad in *Othello*. WARBURTON.

The old ballad is printed at large in *The Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. I. PERCY.

4 A *frippery* was a ſhop where old clothes were ſold. The perſon who kept one of theſe ſhops, was called a *fripper*. Strype, in the life of Stowe, ſays, that theſe *frippers* lived in Birchin-lane and Cornhill. STEEVENS.

5 — *Let's* along,] Firſt edit. *Let's* alone. JOHNSON.

I believe the poet wrote:

" —— Let *it* alone,
" And do the murder firſt."

Caliban

And do the murder firſt: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our ſkins with pinches;
Make us ſtrange ſtuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monſter.—Miſtreſs line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line:[6] now, jerkin, you are like to loſe your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we ſteal by line and level, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jeſt; here's a garment for't: wit ſhall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excellent paſs of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monſter, come, put ſome lime[7] upon your fingers, and away with the reſt.

Cal. I will have none on't: we ſhall loſe our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes[8]
With foreheads villainous low.[9] *Ste.*

Caliban had uſed the ſame expreſſion before. Mr. Theobald reads—let's *along*. MALONE.

Let's alone, may mean—Let you and I only go to commit the murder, leaving Trinculo, who is ſo ſolicitous about the *traſh* of dreſs behind us. STEEVENS.

6 An alluſion to what often happens to people who paſs the line. The violent fevers, which they contract in that hot climate, make them loſe their hair. EDWARDS' MSS.

Perhaps the alluſion is to a more indelicate diſeaſe than any peculiar to the equinoxial. Shakeſpeare ſeems to deſign an equivoque between the equinoxial and the girdle of a woman. It may be neceſſary, however, to obſerve, as a further elucidation of this miſerable jeſt, that the lines on which clothes are hung, are uſually made of twiſted horſe-*hair*. STEEVENS.

7 That is, *birdlime*. JOHNSON.

8 Skinner ſays *barnacle* is *Anſer Scoticus*. The *barnacle* is a kind of ſhell-fiſh growing on the bottoms of ſhips, and which was anciently ſuppoſed, when broken off, to become one of theſe geeſe. "There are" (ſays Gerard, in his *Herbal*, edit. 1597, page 1391) "in the north parts of Scotland certaine trees, whereon do grow ſhell-fiſhes, &c. &c. which, falling into the water, do become fowls, whom we call *barnakles*; in the north of England *brant geeſe*, and in Lancaſhire, *tree geeſe*," &c. This vulgar error deſerves no ſerious confutation. Commend me, however, to Holinſhed, (Vol. I. p. 38.) who declares himſelf to have ſeen the feathers of theſe *barnacles* "hang out of the ſhell at leaſt two inches." And in the 27th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, the ſame account of their generation is given. COLLINS.

9 *Low foreheads* were anciently reckoned among deformities. STEEVENS.

Ste. Monſter, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogſhead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noiſe of hunters heard.[2] *Enter divers Spirits, in ſhape of hounds, and hunt them about*; PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *ſetting them on.*

Pro. Hey, *Mountain*, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, *Silver!*

Pro. Fury, Fury! there, *Tyrant*, there! hark, hark!

[CAL. STE. *and* TRIN. *are driven out.*

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulſions; ſhorten up their ſinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-ſpotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted ſoundly: At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly ſhall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the Cell of Proſpero.

Enter PROSPERO *in his magick robes, and* ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my ſpirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage.[3] How's the day?

Ari.

[2] *A noiſe of hunters heard.*] Shakeſpeare might have had in view "*Arthur's Chace*, which many believe to be in France, and think that it is a kennel of black dogs followed by unknown huntſmen with an exceeding great ſound of horns, as if it was a very hunting of ſome wild beaſt." GREY.

[3] Alluding to one carrying a burthen. This critical period of my life proceeds as I could wiſh. Time brings forward all the expected events, without faultering under his burthen. STEEVENS.

Ari. On the ſixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You ſaid our work ſhould ceaſe.

Pro. I did ſay ſo,
When firſt I rais'd the tempeſt. Say, my ſpirit,
How fares the king and his?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the ſame faſhion as you gave in charge;
Juſt as you left them; all priſoners, ſir,
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge, till your releaſe.[4] The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of ſorrow, and diſmay; but chiefly
Him you term'd, ſir, *The good old lord, Gonzalo*;
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm ſo ſtrongly works them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Do'ſt thou think ſo, ſpirit?

Ari. Mine would, ſir, were I human.

Pro. And mine ſhall.
Haſt thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling[5]
Of their afflictions? and ſhall not myſelf,
One of their kind, that reliſh all as ſharply,
Paſſion as they,[6] be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am ſtruck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reaſon, 'gainſt my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The ſole drift of my purpoſe doth extend
Not a frown further: Go, releaſe them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their ſenſes I'll reſtore,
And they ſhall be themſelves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, ſir. [*Exit.*

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, ſtanding lakes, and groves;[7]
And

4 *i. e.* till you releaſe them. MALONE.

5 A *touch* is a *ſenſation*. STEEVENS.

I feel every thing with the ſame quick ſenſibility, and am moved by the ſame paſſions as they are. STEEVENS.

7 This ſpeech Dr. Warburton rightly obſerves to be borrowed from

And ye, that on the ſands with printleſs foot
Do chaſe the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-ſhine do the green-ſour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whoſe paſtime
Is to make midnight muſhrooms; that rejoice
To hear the ſolemn curfew; by whoſe aid
(Weak maſters though ye be,) [8] I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide ſun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green ſea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's ſtout oak
With his own bolt: the ſtrong-bas'd promontory
Have I made ſhake; and by the ſpurs pluck'd up
The pine, and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their ſleepers; oped, and let them forth

By

Medea's in *Ovid:* and, "it proves, ſays Mr. Holt, beyond contradiction, that Shakſpeare was perfectly acquainted with the ſentiments of the ancients on the ſubject of inchantments." The original lines are theſe:

"Auræque, & venti, monteſque, amneſque, lacuſque,
"Diique omnes nemorum, diique omnes noctis, adeſte."

The tranſlation of which, by Golding, is by no means literal, and Shakſpeare hath cloſely followed it. FARMER.

Whoever will take the trouble of comparing this whole paſſage with Medea's ſpeech, as tranſlated by Golding, will ſee evidently that Shakſpeare copied the tranſlation, and not the original. MALONE.

Fairies and *elves* are frequently, in the poets mentioned together, without any diſtinction of character that I can recollect. Keyſler ſays, that *alp* and *alf*, which is *elf* with the *Suedes* and *Engliſh*, equally ſignified a mountain, or a dæmon of the mountains. This ſeems to have been its original meaning; but Somner's Dict. mentions elves or fairies of the mountains, of the woods, of the ſea and fountains, without any diſtinction between elves and fairies. TOLLET.

[8] The meaning of this paſſage may be, *Though you are but inferior maſters of theſe ſupernatural powers—though you poſſeſs them but in a low degree.* STEEVENS.

——————*by whoſe aid,*

(*Weak* maſters *though ye be,*)] That is; ye are powerful auxiliaries, but weak if left to yourſelves;—your employment is then to make green ringlets, and midnight muſhrooms, and to play the idle pranks mentioned by Ariel in his next ſong;—yet by your aid I have been enabled to invert the courſe of nature. We ſay proverbially, "Fire is a good *ſervant* but a bad *maſter*." BLACKSTONE.

By my ſo potent art: But this rough magick[9]
I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly muſick, (which even now I do,)
To work mine end upon their ſenſes, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my ſtaff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet ſound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn muſick.*

Re-enter ARIEL: *after him,* ALONSO, *with a frantick geſture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *They all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there ſtand charmed; which* PROSPERO *obſerving, ſpeaks.*

A ſolemn air, and the beſt comforter
To an unſettled fancy, cure thy brains,[2]
Now uſeleſs, boil'd within thy ſkull! There ſtand,
For you are ſpell-ſtopp'd.——
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even ſociable to the ſhew of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.[3]—The charm diſſolves apace;
And as the morning ſteals upon the night,
Melting the darkneſs, ſo their riſing ſenſes
Begin to chaſe the ignorant fumes [4] that mantle
Their clearer reaſon.—O my good Gonzalo,
My true preſerver, and a loyal ſir
To him thou follow'ſt; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Moſt cruelly
Did'ſt thou, Alonſo, uſe me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—

9 This ſpeech of Proſpero ſets out with a long and diſtinct invocation to the various miniſters of his art: yet to what purpoſe they were invoked does not very diſtinctly appear. Had our author written—"*All* this," &c. inſtead of—"*But* this," &c. the concluſion of the addreſs would have been more pertinent to its beginning. STEEVENS.

2 Proſpero does not deſire *them* to cure *their brains*. His expreſſion is optative, not imperative; and means—*May* muſic cure thy brains! *i. e.* ſettle them. STEEVENS.

3 ——*fellowly drops.*] I would read, *fellow* drops. The additional ſyllable only injures the metre, without enforcing the ſenſe. *Fellowly*, however, is an adjective uſed by Tuſſer. STEEVENS.

4 *i. e.* the fumes of ignorance. HEATH.

Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebaſtian.—Fleſh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorſe, and nature; [5] who, with Sebaſtian,
(Whoſe inward pinches therefore are moſt ſtrong,)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art!—Their underſtanding
Begins to ſwell; and the approaching tide
Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell; [*Exit* ARIEL.
I will diſ-caſe me, and myſelf preſent,
As I was ſometime Milan:—quickly, ſpirit;
Thou ſhalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *re-enters, ſinging, and helps to attire* PROSPERO.

ARI. *Where the bee ſucks, there ſuck I;*
In a cowſlip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After ſummer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough. [6]

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I ſhall miſs thee,
But yet thou ſhalt have freedom: ſo, ſo, ſo.—
To the king's ſhip, inviſible as thou art:
There ſhalt thou find the mariners aſleep
Under the hatches; the maſter, and the boatſwain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And preſently, I pr'ythee.
Ari. I drink the air [7] before me, and return
Or e'er your pulſe twice beat. [*Exit* ARIEL.
Gon.

5 *Remorſe* is by our author and the contemporary writers generally uſed for *pity*, or *tenderneſs of heart*. *Nature* is natural affection. MALONE.

6 This thought is not thrown out at random. It compoſed a part of the magical ſyſtem of theſe days. The idea was probably firſt ſuggeſted by the deſcription of the venerable elm which Virgil planted at the entrance of the infernal ſhades. HOLT WHITE.

7 *To drink the air*—is an expreſſion of ſwiftneſs of the ſame kind as *to devour the way* in *K. Henry* VI. JOHNSON.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here; Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, ſir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Proſpero:
For more aſſurance that a living prince
Does now ſpeak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'r thou beeſt he, or no,[8]
Or ſome inchanted trifle to abuſe me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulſe
Beats, as of fleſh and blood; and, ſince I ſaw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madneſs held me: this muſt crave
(An if this be at all,) a moſt ſtrange ſtory.
Thy dukedom I reſign;[9] and do intreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how ſhould Proſpero
Be living, and be here?

Pro. Firſt, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whoſe honor cannot
Be meaſur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not ſwear.

Pro. You do yet taſte
Some ſubtilties o' the iſle,[2] that will not let you
Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends all:—
But you, my brace of lords, were I ſo minded,
[*Aſide to* SEB. *and* ANT.
I here

8 *Whe'r* for *whether*, is an abbreviation frequently uſed both by Shakſpeare and Jonſon. M. MASON.

9 The duchy of Milan being through the treachery of Antonio made feudatory to the crown of Naples, Alonzo promiſes to reſign his claim of ſovereignty for the future. STEEVENS.

2 *You do yet* taſte
Some ſubtilties *o' the iſle,*] This is a phraſe adopted from ancient cookery and confectionary. When a diſh was ſo contrived as to appear unlike what it really was, they called it a *ſubtilty*. Dragons, caſtles, trees, &c. made out of ſugar, had the like denomination. See Dr. Pegge's gloſſary to the *Form of Cury*, &c. Article *Sotiltees*. Froiſſard complains much of this practice, which often led him into miſtakes at dinner. STEEVENS.

I here could pluck his highneſs' frown upon you,
And juſtify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil ſpeaks in him. [*Aſide.*

Pro. No:——
For you, moſt wicked ſir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankeſt fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou muſt reſtore.

Alon. If thou beeſt Proſpero,
Give us particulars of thy preſervation:
How thou haſt met us here, who three hours ſince[3]
Were wreck'd upon this ſhore; where I have loſt,
How ſharp the point of this remembrance is!
My dear ſon Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for't, ſir.[4]

Alon. Irrepairable is the loſs; and patience
Says, it is paſt her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not ſought her help; of whoſe ſoft grace,
For the like loſs, I have her ſovereign aid,
And reſt myſelf content.

Alon. You the like loſs?

Pro.

3 —*who* three hours *ſince*—] The unity of time is moſt rigidly obſerved in this piece. The fable ſcarcely takes up a greater number of hours than are employed in the repreſentation; and from the very particular care which our author takes to point out this circumſtance in ſo many other paſſages, as well as here, it ſhould ſeem as if it were not accidental, but purpoſely deſigned to ſhew the admirers of Ben Jonſon's art, and the cavillers of the time, that he too could write a play within all the ſtricteſt laws of regularity, when he choſe to load himſelf with the critick's fetters.

The *Boatſwain* marks the progreſs of the day again—*which but three glaſſes ſince*, &c. and at the beginning of this act the duration of the time employed on the ſtage is particularly aſcertained; and it refers to a paſſage in the firſt act, of the ſame tendency. The ſtorm was raiſed *at leaſt* two glaſſes after mid day, and Ariel was promiſed that *the work ſhould ceaſe* at the *ſixth hour*. STEEVENS.

4 i. e. *I am ſorry for it. To be woe*, is often uſed by old writers to ſignify, *to be ſorry*.

Pro. As great to me, as late; [5] and, portable
To make the dear loſs, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have loſt my daughter.
Alon. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wiſh
Myſelf were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my ſon lies. When did you loſe your daughter?
Pro. In this laſt tempeſt. I perceive theſe lords
At this encounter do ſo much admire,
That they devour their reaſon; and ſcarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howſoe'er you have
Been juſtled from your ſenſes, know for certain,
That I am Proſpero, and that very duke
Which was thruſt forth of Milan; who moſt ſtrangely
Upon this ſhore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfaſt, nor
Befitting this firſt meeting. Welcome, ſir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And ſubjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom ſince you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At leaſt, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the cell opens, and diſcovers FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at cheſs.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me falſe.
Fer. No, my deareſt love,
I would not for the world.
Mira. Yes, for a ſcore of kingdoms, [6] you ſhould wrangle,
And

[5] My loſs is as great as yours, and has as lately happened to me. JOHNSON.

[6] I take the ſenſe to be only this: Ferdinand would not, he ſays, play her falſe for the *world*; yes, anſwers ſhe, I would allow you to do it for

And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A viſion of the iſland, one dear ſon
Shall I twice loſe.

Seb. A moſt high miracle!

Fer. Though the ſeas threaten, they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cauſe.

[FERD. *kneels to* ALON.

Alon. Now all the bleſſings
Of a glad father compaſs thee about!
Ariſe, and ſay how thou cam'ſt here.

Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has ſuch people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou waſt at play?
Your eld'ſt acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is ſhe the goddeſs that hath ſever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, ſhe's mortal;
But, by immortal providence, ſhe's mine;
I choſe her, when I could not aſk my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: ſhe
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom ſo often I have heard renown,
But never ſaw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a ſecond life, and ſecond father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers:
But O, how oddly will it ſound, that I
Muſt aſk my child forgiveneſs!

Pro. There, ſir, ſtop;
Let us not burden our remembrances
With a heavineſs that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or ſhould have ſpoke ere this. Look down, you gods,

And

ſomething leſs than the world, for *twenty kingdoms*, and I wiſh you well enough to allow you, after a little *wrangle*, that your play was fair. So likewiſe Dr. Grey. JOHNSON.

And on this couple drop a bleſſed crown;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I ſay, amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thruſt from Milan, that his iſſue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and ſet it down
With gold on laſting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her huſband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himſelf was loſt; Proſpero his dukedom,
In a poor iſle; and all of us, ourſelves,
When no man was his own.[7]

Alon. Give me your hands:
[*To* FER. *and* MIR.
Let grief and ſorrow ſtill embrace his heart,
That doth not wiſh you joy!

Gon. Be't ſo! Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL, *with the* Maſter *and* Boatſwain *amazedly following.*

O look, ſir, look, ſir; here are more of us!
I propheſy'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown:—Now, blaſphemy,
That ſwear'ſt grace o'erboard, not an oath on ſhore?
Haſt thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The beſt news is, that we have ſafely found
Our king, and company: the next, our ſhip,—
Which, but three glaſſes ſince, we gave out ſplit,—
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We firſt put out to ſea.

Ari. Sir, all this ſervice
Have I done ſince I went. [*Aſide.*

Pro. My trickſy ſpirit![8] [*Aſide.*

Alon.

7 For *when* perhaps ſhould be read—*where.* JOHNSON.

When is certainly right; i. e. *at a time when* no one was in his ſenſes, Shakſpeare could not have written *where*, [i. e. in the iſland,] becauſe the mind of Proſpero, who lived in it, had not been diſordered. It is ſtill ſaid, in colloquial language, that a madman *is not his own man*, i. e. is not maſter of himſelf. STEEVENS.

8 *My trickſy ſpirit!*] Is, I believe, my clever, adroit ſpirit. STEEVENS.

Alon. Theſe are not natural events; they ſtrengthen,
From ſtrange to ſtranger:—Say, how came you hither?
Boats. If I did think, ſir, I were well awake,
I'd ſtrive to tell you. We were dead of ſleep,
And (how, we know not,) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with ſtrange and ſeveral noiſes
Of roaring, ſhrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diverſity of ſounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; ſtraitway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freſhly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ſhip; our maſter
Cap'ring to eye her: On a trice, ſo pleaſe you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.
Ari. Was't well done? } [*Aſide.*
Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou ſhalt be free. }
Alon. This is as ſtrange a maze as e'er men trod:
And there is in this buſineſs more than nature
Was ever conduct of: [9] ſome oracle
Muſt rectify our knowledge.
Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infeſt your mind with beating on
The ſtrangeneſs of this buſineſs; at pick'd leiſure,
Which ſhall be ſhortly, ſingle I'll reſolve you
(Which to you ſhall ſeem probable,) [2] of every
Theſe happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—Come hither, ſpirit; [*Aſide.*
Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the ſpell. [*Exit* ARIEL.] How fares my gracious ſir?
There are yet miſſing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter

9 Conduct *for* conductor. REED.

Conduct is yet uſed in the ſame ſenſe: the perſon at Cambridge who reads prayers in King's and in Trinity College Chapels, is ſtill ſo ſtyled. HENLEY.

2 Theſe words ſeem, at the firſt view, to have no uſe; ſome lines are perhaps loſt with which they were connected. Or we may explain them thus: I will reſolve you, by yourſelf, which method, when you hear the ſtory [of Antonio's and Sebaſtian's plot], *ſhall ſeem probable*; that is, *ſhall deſerve your approbation.* JOHNSON.

Re-enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their ſtolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man ſhift for all the reſt, and let no man take care for himſelf; for all is but fortune :— Coragio, bully-monſter, Coragio!

Trin. If theſe be true ſpies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly ſight.

Cal. O Setebos, theſe be brave ſpirits, indeed!
How fine my maſter is! I am afraid
He will chaſtiſe me.

Seb. Ha, ha;
What things are theſe, my lord Antonio!
Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fiſh,[3] and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of theſe men, my lords,
Then ſay, if they be true:[4]— This miſ-ſhapen knave,——
His mother was a witch; and one ſo ſtrong
That could control the moon,[5] make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power:[6]

Theſe

Surely Proſpero's meaning is: "I will relate to you the means by which I have been enabled to accompliſh theſe ends; which means, though they now appear ſtrange and improbable, will then appear otherwiſe."
ANONYMUS.

3 That is, plainly, evidently a fiſh. M. MASON.
It is not eaſy to determine the ſhape which our author deſigned to beſtow on his monſter. That he has hands, legs, &c. we gather from the remarks of Trinculo, and other circumſtances in the play. How then is he *plainly a fiſh?* Perhaps Shakſpeare himſelf had no ſettled ideas concerning the form of *Caliban.* STEEVENS.

4 That is, *honeſt. A true man* is, in the language of that time, oppoſed to *a thief.* The ſenſe is, *Mark what theſe men wear, and ſay if they are honeſt.* JOHNSON.

5 *His mother was a witch; and one ſo* ſtrong
That could control the moon, &c.] This was the phraſeology of the times. After the ſtatute againſt *witches,* revenge or ignorance frequently induced people to charge thoſe againſt whom they harboured reſentment, or entertained prejudices, with the crime of witchcraft, which had juſt then been declared a capital offence. In our ancient reporters are ſeveral caſes where perſons charged in this manner ſought redreſs in the courts of law. And it is remarkable in all of them, to the ſcandalous imputation ſbeing *witches,* the term—a *ſtrong* one, is conſtantly added. In Michael-

Theſe three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a baſtard one,) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of theſe fellows you
Muſt know, and own; this thing of darkneſs I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I ſhall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where ſhould they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?—[7]
How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in ſuch a pickle, ſince I ſaw you laſt, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I ſhall not fear fly-blowing.[8]

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.[9]

Pro. You'd be king of the iſle, ſirrah?

Ste. I ſhould have been a ſore one then.

Alon. This is as ſtrange a thing as e'er I look'd on.

[*Pointing to* CALIBAN.

Pro.

mas Term, 9 Car. I. the point was ſettled that no action could be ſupported on ſo general a charge, and that the epithet *ſtrong* did not enforce the other words. In this inſtance, I believe, the opinion of the people at large was not in uniſon with the ſages in Weſtminſter-Hall. Several of theſe caſes are collected together in I. Viner, 422. REED.

6 I ſuppoſe Proſpero means, that Sycorax, with leſs general power than the moon, could produce the ſame effects on the ſea. STEEVENS.

7 Shakſpeare, to be ſure, wrote—grand 'LIXIR, alluding to the *grand* Elixir of the alchymiſts, which they pretend would reſtore youth and confer immortality. This, as they ſaid, being a preparation of gold, they called *Aurum potabile*; which Shakſpeare alluded to in the word *gilded*. But the joke here is to inſinuate, that, notwithſtanding all the boaſts of the chemiſts, ſack was the only reſtorer of youth and beſtower of immortality. WARBURTON.

As the alchymiſt's *Elixir* was ſuppoſed to be a liquor, the old reading may ſtand, and the alluſion holds good without any alteration. STEEVENS.

8 This pickle alludes to their plunge into the ſtinking pool; and *pickling* preſerves meat from *fly-blowing*. STEEVENS.

9 i. e. I am all over a *cramp*. Proſpero had ordered Ariel to *ſhorten up their ſinews with aged cramps*. *Touch me not* alludes to the *ſoreneſs* occaſioned by them. In his next ſpeech Stephano confirms this meaning by a quibble on the word *ſore*. STEEVENS.

Pro. He is as diſproportion'd in his manners,
As in his ſhape:—Go, ſirrah, to my cèll;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handſomely.
Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wiſe hereafter,
And ſeek for grace: What a thrice-double aſs
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worſhip this dull fool?
Pro. Go to; away!
Alon. Hence, and beſtow your luggage where you found it.
Seb. Or ſtole it, rather. [*Exeunt* CAL. STE. *and* TRIN.
Pro. Sir, I invite your highneſs, and your train,
To my poor cell: where you ſhall take your reſt
For this one night; which (part of it,) I'll waſte
With ſuch diſcourſe, as, I not doubt, ſhall make it
Go quick away: the ſtory of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by,
Since I came to this iſle: And in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ſhip, and ſo to Naples,
Where I have hope to ſee the nuptial
Of theſe our dear-beloved ſolemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought ſhall be my grave.
Alon. I long
To hear the ſtory of your life, which muſt
Take the ear ſtrangely.
Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promiſe you calm ſeas, auſpicious gales,
And ſail ſo expeditious, that ſhall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel;—chick,—
That is thy charge; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—[*aſide.*] Pleaſe you, draw near.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

NOW my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what ſtrength I have's mine own;
Which is moſt faint: now, 'tis true,
I muſt be here confin'd by you,
Or ſent to Naples: Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare iſland, by your ſpell;
But releaſe me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.[9]
Gentle breath of yours my ſails
Muſt fill, or elſe my project fails,
Which was to pleaſe: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is deſpair,
Unleſs I be reliev'd by prayer;[2]

9 By your applauſe, by clapping hands. JOHNSON.
Noiſe was ſuppoſed to diſſolve a ſpell. So twice before in this play:

"No tongue; all eyes; be ſilent."

Again:

"——huſh! be mute;
"Or elſe our *ſpell is marr'd.*" STEEVENS.

2 This alludes to the old ſtories told of the deſpair of necromancers in their laſt moments, and of the efficacy of the prayers of their friends for them. WARBURTON.

TWO GENTLEMEN

OF

VERONA.

*** Some of the incidents in this play may be ſuppoſed to have been taken from *The Arcadia*, Book I. chap. 6. where Pyrocles conſents to head the Helots. (The *Arcadia* was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 23d, 1588.) The love-adventure of Julia reſembles that of Viola in *Twelfth Night*, and is indeed common to many of the ancient novels. STEEVENS.

Mrs. *Lenox* obſerves, and I think not improbably, that the ſtory of *Proteus* and *Julia* might be taken from a ſimilar one in the *Diana* of *George* of *Montemayor*.——"This paſtoral romance," ſays ſhe, "was tranſlated from the *Spaniſh* in *Shakſpeare's* time." I have ſeen no earlier tranſlation than that of *Bartholomew Young*, who dates his dedication in *November* 1598; and *Meres*, in his *Wit's Treaſury*, printed the ſame year, expreſsly mentions the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Indeed *Montemayor* was tranſlated two or three years before, by one *Thomas Wilſon*; but this work, I am perſuaded, was never publiſhed *entirely*; perhaps ſome parts of it were, or the tale might have been tranſlated by others. However, Mr. Steevens ſays, very truely, that this kind of love-adventure is frequent in the old *noveliſts*. FARMER.

There is no earlier tranſlation of the *Diana* entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, than that of B. Younge, *Sept.* 1598. Many tranſlations, however, after they were licenſed, were capriciouſly ſuppreſſed. Among others, "The Decameron of Mr. John Boccace, Florentine," was "recalled by my lord of Canterbury's commands. STEEVENS.

It is obſervable (I know not for what cauſe,) that the ſtyle of this comedy is leſs figurative, and more natural and unaffected, than the greater part of this author's, though ſuppoſed to be one of the firſt he wrote. POPE.

It may very well be doubted whether Shakſpeare had any other hand in this play than the enlivening it with ſome ſpeeches and lines thrown in here and there, which are eaſily diſtinguiſhed, as being of a different ſtamp from the reſt. HANMER.

To this obſervation of Mr. Pope, which is very juſt, Mr. Theobald has added, that this is one of Shakſpeare's *worſt plays, and is leſs corrupted than any other*. Mr. Upton peremptorily determines, *that if any proof can be drawn from manner and ſtyle, this play muſt be ſent packing, and ſeek for its parent elſewhere. How otherwiſe*, ſays he, *do painters diſtinguiſh copies from originals? and have not authors their peculiar ſtyle and manner, from which a true critic can form as unerring judgment as a painter?* I am afraid this illuſtration of a critic's ſcience will not prove what is deſired. A painter knows a copy from an original by rules ſomewhat reſembling thoſe by which critics know a tranſlation, which if it be literal, and literal it muſt be to reſemble the copy of a picture, will be eaſily diſtinguiſhed. Copies are known from originals, even when the painter copies his own picture; ſo, if an author ſhould literally tranſlate his work, he would loſe the manner of an original.

Mr. Upton confounds the copy of a picture with the imitation of a painter's manner. Copies are eaſily known; but good imitations are not detected with equal certainty, and are, by the beſt judges, often miſtaken.

Nor is it true that the writer has always peculiarities equally diſtinguiſhable with thoſe of the painter. The peculiar manner of each ariſes from the deſire, natural to every performer, of facilitating his ſubſequent work by recurrence to his former ideas; this recurrence produces that repetition which is called habit. The painter, whoſe work is partly intellectual and partly manual, has habits of the mind, the eye, and the hand; the writer has only habits of the mind. Yet ſome painters have differed as much from themſelves as from any other; and I have been told, that there is little reſemblance between the firſt works of Raphael and the laſt. The ſame variation may be expected in writers; and if it be true, as it ſeems, that they are leſs ſubject to habit, the difference between their works may be yet greater.

But by the internal marks of a compoſition we may diſcover the author with probability, though ſeldom with certainty. When I read this play, I cannot but think that I find, both in the ſerious and ludicrous ſcenes, the language and ſentiments of Shakſpeare. It is not indeed one of his moſt powerful effuſions; it has neither many diverſities of character, nor ſtriking delineations of life; but it abounds in *γνωμαί* beyond moſt of his plays, and few have more lines or paſſages, which, ſingly conſidered, are eminently beautiful. I am yet inclined to believe that it was not very ſucceſsful, and ſuſpect that it has eſcaped corruption, only becauſe, being ſeldom played, it was leſs expoſed to the hazards of tranſcription.

JOHNSON.

This Comedy, I believe, was written in 1595. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke of Milan, *father to* Silvia.
Valentine, } *Gentlemen of* Verona.
Proteus,[2] }
Antonio, *father to* Proteus.
Thurio, *a ſcoliſh rival to* Valentine.
Eglamour, *agent for* Silvia *in her eſcape.*
Speed, *a clowniſh ſervant to* Valentine.
Launce, *ſervant to* Proteus.
Panthino,[3] *ſervant to* Antonio.
Hoſt, where Julia *lodges in* Milan.
Out-laws.

Julia, *a lady of* Verona, *beloved by* Proteus.
Silvia, *the duke's daughter, beloved by* Valentine.
Lucetta, *waiting-woman to* Julia.

Servants, muſicians.

SCENE, ſometimes in Verona; *ſometimes in* Milan; *and on the frontiers of* Mantua.

[2] The old copy has—Prot*h*eus; but this is merely the antiquated mode of ſpelling *Proteus.* Shakſpeare's character was ſo called, from his diſpoſition to change. STEEVENS.

[3] In the enumeration of characters in the old copy, this attendant on Antonio is called *Panthion*, but in the play, always *Panthino.* STEEVENS.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open place in Verona.

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Val. Ceaſe to perſuade, my loving Proteus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the ſweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To ſee the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully ſluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with ſhapeleſs idleneſs.[4]
But, ſince thou lov'ſt, love ſtill, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, ſeeſt
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wiſh me partaker in thy happineſs,
When thou doſt meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my ſucceſs.

Pro. Upon ſome book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on ſome ſhallow ſtory of deep love,
How young Leander croſs'd the Helleſpont.[5]

Pro. That's a deep ſtory of a deeper love;
For he was more than over ſhoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never ſwam the Helleſpont.

Pro.

4 The expreſſion is fine, as implying that *idleneſs* prevents the giving any form or character to the manners. WARBURTON.

5 The poem of Muſæus, entitled HERO AND LEANDER, is meant. MALONE.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.[6]
Val. No, I'll not, for it boots thee not.
Pro. What?
Val. To be
In love, where ſcorn is bought with groans; coy looks,
With heart-ſore ſighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps, a haplefs gain;
If loſt, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly[7] bought with wit,
Or elſe a wit by folly vanquiſhed.
Pro. So, by your circumſtance, you call me fool.
Val. So, by your circumſtance, I fear, you'll prove.
Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not Love.
Val. Love is your maſter, for he maſters you;
And he that is ſo yoked by a fool,
Methinks ſhould not be chronicled for wiſe.
Pro. Yet writers ſay, As in the ſweeteſt bud
The eating canker dwells, ſo eating love
Inhabits in the fineſt wits of all.
Val. And writers ſay, As the moſt forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even ſo by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blaſting in the bud,
Loſing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes. But

6 A proverbial expreſſion, though now diſuſed, ſignifying, don't make a laughing ſtock of me; don't play with me. The French have a phraſe, *Bailler foin en corne*; which Cotgrave thus interprets, *To give one the boots*; to ſell him a bargain. THEOBALD.

Perhaps this expreſſion took its origin from a ſport the country people in Warwickſhire uſe at their harveſt home, where one ſits as judge to try miſdemeanors committed in harveſt, and the puniſhment for the men is to be laid on a bench, and ſlapped on the breech with a pair of *boots*. This they call *giving them the boots*. The *boots*, however, were an ancient engine of torture. STEEVENS.

The *boot* was an inſtrument of torture uſed only in Scotland. Biſhop Burnet in *The Hiſtory of his own Times*, Vol. I. p. 332, edit. 1754, mentions one Maccael, a preacher, who, being ſuſpected of treaſonable practices underwent the puniſhment ſo late as 1666. REED.

7 This love will end in a *fooliſh action*, to produce which you are long to ſpend your *wit*, or it will end in the loſs of your *wit*, which will be overpowered by the folly of love. JOHNSON.

But wherefore waſte I time to counſel thee,
That art a votary to fond deſire?
Once more adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to ſee me ſhipp'd.
Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.
Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
At Milan, let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy ſucceſs in love, and what news elſe
Betideth here in abſence of thy friend;
And I likewiſe will viſit thee with mine.
Pro. All happineſs bechance to thee in Milan!
Val. As much to you at home! and ſo, farewell!

[*Exit* VALENTINE.

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
I leave myſelf, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou haſt metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my ſtudies, loſe my time,
War with good counſel, ſet the world at nought;
Made wit with muſing weak, heart ſick with thought.

Enter SPEED.[8]

Speed. Sir Proteus, ſave you: Saw you my maſter?
Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.
Speed. Twenty to one then, he is ſhipp'd already;
And I have play'd the ſheep, in loſing him.
Pro. Indeed a ſheep doth very often ſtray,
An if the ſhepherd be awhile away.
Speed. You conclude, that my maſter is a ſhepherd then; and I a ſheep?
Pro. I do.
Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or ſleep.

Pro.

[8] This whole ſcene, like many others in theſe plays (ſome of which I believe were written by Shakſpeare, and others interpolated by the players) is compoſed of the loweſt and moſt trifling conceits, to be accounted for only from the groſs taſte of the age he lived in; *Populo ut placerent.* I wiſh I had authority to leave them out. POPE.

That this, like many other ſcenes, is mean and vulgar, will be univerſally allowed; but that it was interpolated by the players ſeems advanced without any proof, only to give a greater licence to criticiſm. JOHNSON.

Pro. A ſilly anſwer, and fitting well a ſheep.

Speed. This proves me ſtill a ſheep.

Pro. True; and thy maſter a ſhepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumſtance.

Pro. It ſhall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The ſhepherd ſeeks the ſheep, and not the ſheep the ſhepherd; but I ſeek my maſter, and my maſter ſeeks not me: therefore, I am no ſheep.

Pro. The ſheep for fodder follow the ſhepherd, the ſhepherd for food follows not the ſheep; thou for wages followeſt thy maſter, thy maſter for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a ſheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. But doſt thou hear? gav'ſt thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, ſir: I, a loſt mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; [9] and ſhe, a laced mutton, gave me, a loſt mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too ſmall a paſture for ſuch a ſtore of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were beſt ſtick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are aſtray; [2] 'twere beſt pound you.

Speed. Nay, ſir, leſs than a pound ſhall ſerve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You miſtake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what ſaid ſhe? did ſhe nod. [SPEED *nods.*

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I? why, that's noddy.[3]

Speed.

9 Speed calls himſelf a *loſt mutton*, becauſe he had loſt his maſter, and becauſe Proteus had been proving him a *ſheep*. But why does he call the lady a *laced mutton?* Wenchers are to this day called *mutton-mongers*; and conſequently the object of their paſſion muſt, by the metaphor, be the *mutton*. THEOBALD.

A *laced mutton* was in our author's time ſo eſtabliſhed a term for a courtezan, that a ſtreet in Clerkenwell, which was much frequented by women of the town, was then called *Mutton-lane*. MALONE.

2 From the word *aſtray* here, and *loſt mutton* above, it is obvious that the double reference was to the firſt ſentence of the General Confeſſion in the Prayer-book. HENLEY.

3 Noddy *was a game at cards.* STEEVENS.

Speed. You miſtook, ſir; I ſay, ſhe did nod: and you aſk me, if ſhe did nod; and I ſay, I.

Pro. And that ſet together, is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to ſet it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you ſhall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I muſt be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, ſir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, ſir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

Pro. Beſhrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your ſlow purſe.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: What ſaid ſhe?

Speed. Open your purſe, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, ſir, here is for your pains: What ſaid ſhe?

Speed. Truly, ſir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Could'ſt thou perceive ſo much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not ſo much as a ducat for delivering your letter: And being ſo hard to me that brought your mind, I fear, ſhe'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind. Give her no token but ſtones; for ſhe's as hard as ſteel.

Pro. What, ſaid ſhe nothing?

Speed. No, not ſo much as—*take this for thy pains.* To teſtify your bounty, I thank you, you have teſtern'd me;[4] in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourſelf: and ſo, ſir, I'll commend you to my maſter.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to ſave your ſhip from wreck;
Which cannot periſh,[5] having thee aboard,
Being deſtin'd to a drier death on ſhore:—

I muſt

4 You have gratified me with a *teſter*, *teſtern*, or *teſten*, that is, with a ſixpence. JOHNSON.

By the ſucceeding quotation from the *Fruitful Sermons preached by Hugh Latimer*, 1584. *fol.* 94. it appears that a *teſter* was of greater value than our *ſixpence*: "They brought him a *denari*, a piece of their current coyne that was worth *ten of our uſual pence*, *ſuch another piece as our teſterne*."

HOLT WHITE.

5 The ſame proverb has already been alluded to in the firſt and laſt ſcenes of *The Tempeſt*. REED.

I muſt go ſend ſome better meſſenger;
I fear, my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from ſuch a worthleſs poſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Garden of Julia's *houſe.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. But ſay, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'ſt thou then counſel me to fall in love?
Luc. Ay, madam; ſo you ſtumble not unheedfully.
Jul. Of all the fair reſort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthieſt love?
Luc. Pleaſe you, repeat their names, I'll ſhew my mind
According to my ſimple ſhallow ſkill.
Jul. What think'ſt thou of the fair Sir Eglamour? [6]
Luc. As of a knight well-ſpoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never ſhould be mine.[7]
Jul. What think'ſt thou of the rich Mercatio?
Luc. Well, of his wealth; but of himſelf, ſo, ſo.
Jul. What think'ſt thou of the gentle Proteus?
Luc. Lord, lord! to ſee what folly reigns in us!
Jul. How now! what means this paſſion at his name?
Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a paſſing ſhame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should cenſure thus on lovely gentlemen. [8]
Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the reſt?
Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him beſt.
Jul. Your reaſon?
Luc. I have no other but a woman's reaſon:
I think him ſo, becauſe I think him ſo.

Jul.

6 This *Sir Eglamour* muſt not be confounded with the *perſona dramatis* of the ſame name. The latter lived at Milan, and had vowed "pure chaſtity" upon the death of his "true love." RITSON.

7 Perhaps *Sir Eglamour* was once the common cant term for an inſignificant inamorato. STEEVENS.

8 To *cenſure*, means, in this place, to paſs ſentence. STEEVENS.

To *cenſure*, in our author's time, generally ſignified to give one's judgement or opinion. MALONE.

Jul. And would'ſt thou have me caſt my love on him?
Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not caſt away.
Jul. Why, he of all the reſt hath never mov'd me.
Luc. Yet he of all the reſt, I think, beſt loves ye.
Jul. His little ſpeaking ſhows his love but ſmall.
Luc. Fire, that is cloſeſt kept, burns moſt of all.
Jul. They do not love, that do not ſhow their love.
Luc. O, they love leaſt, that let men know their love.
Jul. I would, I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruſe this paper, madam.
Jul. *To Julia*,—Say, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will ſhew.
Jul. Say, Say, who gave it thee?
Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and ſent, I think, from Proteus:
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my modeſty, a goodly broker![9]
Dare you preſume to harbour wanton lines?
To whiſper and conſpire againſt my youth?
Now, truſt me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper, ſee it be return'd;
Or elſe return no more into my ſight.
Luc. To plead for love deſerves more fee than hate.
Jul. Will you be gone?
Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*
Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.
It were a ſhame, to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is ſhe, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids, in modeſty, ſay *No*, to that[2]
Which they would have the profferer conſtrue, *Ay*.
Fie, fie! how wayward is this fooliſh love,
That, like a teſty babe, will ſcratch the nurſe,
And preſently, all humbled, kiſs the rod!

9 A *broker* was uſed for matchmaker, ſometimes for a procureſs.
JOHNSON.

2 A paraphraſe on the old proverb, "Maids ſay *nay*, and take it."
STEEVENS.

Bayerische Staatsbibliothek München

How churliſhly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to ſmile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And aſk remiſſion for my folly paſt;—
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

What would your ladyſhip?

Luc. Is it near dinner-time?

Jul. I would it were;

That you might kill your ſtomach on your meat,[3]
And not upon your maid.

Luc. What is't you took up

So gingerly?

Jul. Nothing.

Luc. Why did'ſt thou ſtoop then?

Jul. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Luc. And is that paper nothing?

Jul. Nothing concerning me.

Luc. Then let it lie for thoſe that it concerns.

Jul. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unleſs it have a falſe interpreter.

Luc. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhime.

Jul. That I might ſing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyſhip can ſet.

Luc. As little by ſuch toys as may be poſſible:
Beſt ſing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.[4]

Jul. It is too heavy for ſo light a tune.

Luc. Heavy? belike, it hath ſome burden then.

Jul. Ay; and melodious were it, would you ſing it.

Luc. And why not you?

I cannot reach ſo high.

Jul. Let's ſee your ſong:—How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there ſtill, ſo you will ſing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune,

Jul. You do not?

Luc.

3 *Stomach* was uſed for *paſſion* or *obſtinacy*. JOHNSON.

4 This tune is given in a note on *Much ado about Nothing*, Act III. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

Stevens-Malone
Shakespeare
Collection

Luc. No, madam, it is too ſharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too ſaucy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harſh a deſcant :[5]
There wanteth but a mean [6] to fill a ſong.
Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly baſe.
Luc. Indeed, I bid the baſe for Proteus.[7]
Jul. This babble ſhall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with proteſtation ! — [*Tears the letter.*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.
Luc. She makes it ſtrange; but ſhe would be beſt pleas'd
To be ſo anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
Jul. Nay, would I were ſo anger'd with the ſame!
O hateful hands, to tear ſuch loving words!
Injurious waſps! to feed on ſuch ſweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your ſtings!
I'll kiſs each ſeveral paper for amends.
Look, here is writ—*kind Julia* ;—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name againſt the bruiſing ſtones,
Trampling contemptuouſly on thy diſdain.
Look, here is writ—*love-wounded Proteus :*
Poor wounded name! my boſom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I ſearch it with a ſovereign kiſs.
But twice or thrice, was Proteus written down?[8]
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that ſome whirlwind bear

5 *Deſcant* is a term in muſic. See Sir John Hawkins's note on the firſt ſpeech in *K. Richard III.* STEEVENS.

6 The *mean* is the *tenor* in muſic. STEEVENS.

7 The ſpeaker here turns the alluſion (which her miſtreſs employed) from the *baſe in muſic* to a country exerciſe, *Bid the baſe :* in which ſome purſue, and others are made priſoners. So that Lucetta would intend, by this, to ſay, Indeed I take pains to make you a captive to Proteus's paſſion. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton is not quite accurate. The game was not called *Bid* the Baſe, but *the Baſe.* To *bid the baſe* means here, I believe, *the challenge to a conteſt.* MALONE.

8 To *write down* is ſtill a provincial expreſſion for *to write.* HENLEY.

Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging ſea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
Poor forlorn Proteus, paſſionate Proteus,
To the ſweet Julia;—That I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, ſith ſo prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiſs, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your father ſtays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, ſhall theſe papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If you reſpect them, beſt to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they ſhall not lie, for catching cold.[9]
Jul. I ſee, you have a month's mind to them.[2]
Luc. Ay, madam, you may ſay what ſights you ſee;
I ſee things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come, will't pleaſe you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in Antonio's *Houſe.*

Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what ſad talk[3] was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloiſter?
Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your ſon.
Ant. Why, what of him?

Pan.

9 That is, as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves, *leſt they ſhould catch cold.* This mode of expreſſion (he adds) is not frequent in Shakſpeare, but occurs in every play of Beaumont and Fletcher. STEEVENS.

2 A *month's mind* was an *anniverſary* in times of popery; or, as Mr. Ray calls it, a leſs ſolemnity directed by the will of the deceaſed. There was alſo *a year's mind*, and *a week's mind*. GREY.

A month's mind, in the ritual ſenſe, ſignifies not deſire or inclination, but remembrance; yet I ſuppoſe this is the true original of the expreſſion. JOHNSON.

In Hampſhire, and other weſtern counties, for "I can't *remember* it," they ſay, "I can't *mind* it." BLACKSTONE.

3 *Sad* is the ſame as *grave* or *ſerious*. JOHNSON.

Pan. He wonder'd, that your lordſhip
Would ſuffer him to ſpend his youth at home;
While other men, of ſlender reputation,[4]
Put forth their ſons to ſeek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there,
Some, to diſcover iſlands far away; [5]
Some, to the ſtudious univerſities.
For any, or for all theſe exerciſes,
He ſaid, that Proteus, your ſon, was meet;
And did requeſt me, to impórtune you,
To let him ſpend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,[6]
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'ſt thou much impórtune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have conſider'd well his loſs of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by induſtry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the ſwift courſe of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I beſt to ſend him?

Pant. I think, your lordſhip is not ignorant,
How his companion youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.[7]

[4] i. e. who are thought ſlightly of, are of little conſequence. STEEVENS.

[5] In Shakſpeare's time, voyages for the diſcovery of the iſlands of America were much in vogue. And we find, in the journals of the travellers of that time, that the ſons of noblemen, and of others of the beſt families in England, went very frequently on theſe adventures. Such as the Forteſcues, Collitons, Thornhills, Farmers, Pickerings, Littletons, Willoughby's, Cheſters, Hawleys, Bromleys, and others. To this prevailing faſhion our poet frequently alludes, and not without high commendations of it. WARBURTON.

[6] *Impeachment*, as Mr. M. Maſon very juſtly obſerves, in this inſtance ſignifies *reproach* or *imputation*. STEEVENS.

[7] *Attends the emperor in his royal court.*] Shakſpeare has been guilty of no miſtake in placing the emperor's court at Milan in this play. Several of the firſt German emperors held their courts there occaſionally, it being, at that time, their immediate property, and the chief town of their Italian dominions. Some of them were crowned kings of Italy at Milan, before they received the imperial crown at Rome. Nor has the poet fallen into

any

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordſhip ſent him thither:
There ſhall he practice tilts and tournaments,
Hear ſweet diſcourſe, converſe with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exerciſe,
Worthy his youth and nobleneſs of birth.

Ant. I like thy counſel; well haſt thou advis'd:
And, that thou may'ſt perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it ſhall make known;
Even with the ſpeedieſt expedition
I will diſpatch him to the emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it pleaſe you, Don Alphonſo,
With other gentlemen of good eſteem,
Are journeying to ſalute the emperor,
And to commend their ſervice to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them ſhall Proteus go:
And, in good time,[8] — now will we break with him.[9]

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! ſweet lines! ſweet life!
Here is her hand the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To ſeal our happineſs with their conſents!
O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't pleaſe your lordſhip, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation ſent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me ſee what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,

And

any contradiction by giving a duke to Milan at the ſame time that the emperor held his court there. The firſt dukes of that, and all the other great cities in Italy, were not ſovereign princes, as they afterwards became; but were merely governors, or viceroys, under the emperors, and removeable at their pleaſure. Such was the *Duke of Milan* mentioned in this play. STEEVENS.

[8] *In good time* was the old expreſſion when ſomething happened that ſuited the thing in hand, as the French ſay, *à propos*. JOHNSON.

[9] That is, *break* the matter to him. M. MASON.

And daily graced by the emperor;
Wiſhing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how ſtand you affected to his wiſh?
Pro. As one relying on your lordſhip's will
And not depending on his friendly wiſh.
Ant. My will is ſomething ſorted with his wiſh:
Muſe not that I thus ſuddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am reſolv'd, that you ſhall ſpend ſome time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition [2] thou ſhalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readineſs to go:
Excuſe it not, for I am peremptory.
Pro. My lord, I cannot be ſo ſoon provided;
Pleaſe you, deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Look, what thou want'ſt, ſhall be ſent after thee;
No more of ſtay; to-morrow thou muſt go.—
Come on, Panthino; you ſhall be employ'd
To haſten on his expedition. [*Exeunt* ANT. *and* PANT.
Pro. Thus have I ſhunn'd the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the ſea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to ſhew my father Julia's letter,
Leſt he ſhould take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuſe
Hath he excepted moſt againſt my love.
O, how this ſpring of love reſembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now ſhows all the beauty of the ſun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
He is in haſte, therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thouſand times it anſwers, no. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *Like* exhibition——] i. e. allowance. STEEVENS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Milan. *An Apartment in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.
Val. Ha! let me ſee: ay, give it me, it's mine:—
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!
Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!
Val. How now, ſirrah?
Speed. She is not within hearing, ſir.
Val. Why, ſir, who bade you call her?
Speed. Your worſhip, ſir; or elſe I miſtook.
Val. Well, you'll ſtill be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was laſt chidden for being too ſlow.
Val. Go to, ſir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?
Speed. She that your worſhip loves?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?
Speed. Marry, by theſe ſpecial marks: Firſt, you have learn'd, like ſir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to reliſh a love-ſong, like a Robin-red-breaſt; to walk alone, like one that had the peſtilence; to ſigh, like a ſchool-boy that had loſt his A. B. C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to faſt, like one that takes diet;[3] to watch, like one that fears robbing; to ſpeak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.[4] You were wont, when you

3 To *take diet* was the phraſe for being under regimen for a diſeaſe mentioned in *Timon of Athens:*

"——— bring down the roſe-cheek'd youth
"To the tub-faſt and *the diet.*" STEEVENS.

4 This is about the feaſt of All-Saints, when winter begins, and the life of a vagrant leſs comfortable. JOHNSON.

It is worth remarking that on *All-Saints Day* the poor people in *Staffordſhire*, and perhaps in other country places, go from pariſh to pariſh *a ſouling* as they call it; i. e. begging and *puling* (or ſinging ſmall, as Bailey's Dict.

you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; [5] when you faſted, it was preſently after dinner; when you look'd ſadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphos'd with a miſtreſs, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my maſter.

Val. Are all theſe things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without you.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for, without you were ſo ſimple, none elſe would: [6] but you are ſo without theſe follies, that theſe follies are within you, and ſhine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye, that ſees you, but is a phyſician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, doſt thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She, that you gaze on ſo, as ſhe ſits at ſupper?

Val. Haſt thou obſerved that? even ſhe I mean.

Speed. Why, ſir, I know her not.

Val. Doſt thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'ſt her not?

Speed. Is ſhe not hard-favour'd, ſir?

Val. Not ſo fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What doſt thou know?

Speed. That ſhe is not ſo fair, as (of you) well favoured.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquiſite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's becauſe the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, ſir, ſo painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How eſteemeſt thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never ſaw her ſince ſhe was deformed.

Dict. explains *puling*) for *ſoul-cakes*, or any good thing to make them merry. This cuſtom is mentioned by *Peck*, and ſeems a remnant of Popiſh ſuperſtition to pray for departed ſouls, particularly thoſe of friends. The *ſouler's* ſong in *Staffordſhire*, is different from that which Mr. *Peck* mentions, and is by no means worthy publication. TOLLET.

5 If our author had not been thinking of the lions *in the Tower*, he would have written—"to walk like *a lion*." RITSON.

6 None elſe would *be ſo ſimple*. JOHNSON.

Val. How long hath ſhe been deformed?

Speed. Ever ſince you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever ſince I ſaw her; and ſtill I ſee her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot ſee her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Becauſe love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at ſir Proteus for going ungartered![7]

Val. What ſhould I ſee then?

Speed. Your own preſent folly, and her paſſing deformity: for he, being in love, could not ſee to garter his hoſe; and you, being in love, cannot ſee to put on your hoſe.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for laſt morning you could not ſee to wipe my ſhoes.

Speed. True, ſir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you ſwinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In concluſion, I ſtand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were ſet;[8] ſo, your affection would ceaſe.

Val. Laſt night ſhe enjoin'd me to write ſome lines to one ſhe loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:—Peace, here ſhe comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. O excellent motion![9] O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and miſtreſs, a thouſand good-morrows.

Speed. O, 'give you good even! here's a million of manners. [*Aſide.*

Sil.

7 This is enumerated by Roſalind in *As you like it*, Act III. ſc. ii. as one of the undoubted marks of love: "Then your hoſe ſhould be *ungartered*, your bonnet unbanded," &c. MALONE.

8 *Set* for *ſeated*, in oppoſition to *ſtand*, in the foregoing line. M. MASON.

9 *Motion*, in Shakſpeare's time, ſignified *puppet*. SIR J. HAWKINS.

Sil. Sir Valentine and ſervant,[2] to you two thouſand.
Speed. He ſhould give her intereſt; and ſhe gives it him.
Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the ſecret nameleſs friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyſhip.
Sil. I thank you, gentle ſervant: 'tis very clerkly done.[3]
Val. Now truſt me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.
Sil. Perchance you think too much of ſo much pains?
Val. No, madam; ſo it ſtead you, I will write,
Pleaſe you command, a thouſand times as much:
And yet,—
Sil. A pretty period! Well, I gueſs the ſequel;
And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again; and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.
Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet. [*Aſide.*
Val. What means your ladyſhip? do you not like it?
Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ;
But ſince unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.
Val. Madam, they are for you,
Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, ſir, at my requeſt;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.
Val. Pleaſe you, I'll write your ladyſhip another.
Sil. And, when it's writ, for my ſake read it over:
And, if it pleaſe you, ſo; if not, why, ſo.
Val. If it pleaſe me, madam! what then?
Sil. Why, if it pleaſe you, take it for your labour;
And ſo good-morrow, ſervant. [*Exit* SILVIA.
Speed. O jeſt unſeen, inſcrutable, inviſible,
As a noſe on a man's face, or a weathercock on a ſteeple!
My maſter ſues to her; and ſhe hath taught her ſuitor,

[2] Here Silvia calls her lover *ſervant*, and again below her *gentle ſervant*. This was the language of ladies to their lovers at the time when Shakſpeare wrote. SIR J. HAWKINS.

[3] i. e. like a ſcholar. STEEVENS.

He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my maſter, being ſcribe, to himſelf ſhould write the letter?

Val. How now, ſir? what are you reaſoning with yourſelf? [4]

Speed. Nay, I was rhiming; 'tis you that have the reaſon.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a ſpokeſman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourſelf: why, ſhe wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I ſhould ſay.

Val. Why, ſhe hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need ſhe, when ſhe made you write to yourſelf? Why, do you not perceive the jeſt?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, ſir: But did you perceive her earneſt?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, ſhe hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath ſhe deliver'd, and there an end. [5]

Val. I would, it were no worſe.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often you have writ to her; and ſhe, in modeſty,
Or elſe for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing elſe ſome meſſenger, that might her mind diſcover,
Herſelf hath taught her love himſelf to write unto her lover.—

All this I ſpeak in print; [6] for in print I found it.—
Why muſe you, ſir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, ſir: though the cameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nouriſhed by my victuals,

4 That is, *diſcourſing, talking.* An Italianiſm. JOHNSON.
5 i. e. there's the concluſion of the matter. STEEVENS.
6 *In print* means *with exactneſs.* STEEVENS.

victuals, and would fain have meat: O, be not like your miſtreſs; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Verona. *A Room in* Julia's *Houſe.*

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.
Jul. I muſt, where is no remedy.
Pro. When poſſibly I can, I will return.
Jul. If you turn not, you will return the ſooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's ſake. [*Giving a ring.*
Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.
Jul. And ſeal the bargain with a holy kiſs.
Pro. Here is my hand for my true conſtancy;
And when that hour o'er-ſlips me in the day,
Wherein I ſigh not, Julia, for thy ſake,
The next enſuing hour ſome foul miſchance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulneſs!
My father ſtays my coming; anſwer not;
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will ſtay me longer than I ſhould: [*Exit* JULIA.
Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?
Ay, ſo true love ſhould do: it cannot ſpeak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are ſtaid for.
Pro. Go; I come, I come:—
Alas! this parting ſtrikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A ſtreet.

Enter LAUNCE, *leading a dog.*

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault: I have received

ceived my proportion, like the prodigious ſon, and am going with ſir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the ſoureſt-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my ſiſter crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our houſe in great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur ſhed one tear: he is a ſtone, a very pebble-ſtone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have ſeen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herſelf blind at my parting. Nay, I'll ſhow you the manner of it: This ſhoe is my father;—no, this left ſhoe is my father;—no, no, this left ſhoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be ſo neither;—yes, it is ſo, it is ſo; it hath the worſer ſole: This ſhoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, ſir, this ſtaff is my ſiſter; for, look you, ſhe is as white as a lily, and as ſmall as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—no, the dog is himſelf, and I am the dog,[7]—O, the dog is me, and I am myſelf; ay, ſo, ſo. Now come I to my father; *Father, your bleſſing*; now ſhould not the ſhoe ſpeak a word for weeping; now ſhould I kiſs my father; well, he weeps on:—now come I to my mother, (O, that ſhe could ſpeak now!) like a wood woman;[8]—well, I kiſs her;—why there 'tis;

7 This paſſage is much confuſed, and of confuſion the preſent reading makes no end. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *I am the dog, no, the dog is himſelf and I am* me, *the dog is* the dog, *and I am myſelf.* This certainly is more reaſonable, but I know not how much reaſon the author intended to beſtow on Launce's ſoliloquy. JOHNSON.

8 The firſt folios agree in *would-woman:* for which, becauſe it was a myſtery to Mr. Pope, he has unmeaningly ſubſtituted *ould woman.* But it muſt be writ, or at leaſt underſtood, *wood woman*, i. e. crazy, frantic with grief; or diſtracted, from any other cauſe. The word is very frequently uſed in Chaucer; and ſometimes writ *wood*, ſometimes *wode.* THEOBALD.

Print thus: "Now come I to my mother, (O, that ſhe could ſpeak now!) like a wood woman."

Perhaps the humour would be heightened by reading—(O, that *the ſhoe* could *ſpeak* now!) BLACKSTONE.

Launce is deſcribing the melancholy parting between him and his family. In order to do this more methodically, he makes one of his ſhoes ſtand for his father, and the other for his mother. And when he has done taking leave of his father, he ſays, *Now come I to my mother*, turning

'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my ſiſter; mark the moan ſhe makes: now the dog all this while ſheds not a tear, nor ſpeaks a word; but ſee how I lay the duſt with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy maſter is ſhipped, and thou art to poſt after with oars. What's the matter? why weep'ſt thou, man? Away, aſs; you will loſe the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ty'd were loſt; for it is the unkindeſt ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pan. What's the unkindeſt tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt loſe the flood; and, in loſing the flood, loſe thy voyage; and, in loſing thy voyage, loſe thy maſter; and, in loſing thy maſter, loſe thy ſervice; and in loſing thy ſervice,—Why doſt thou ſtop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou ſhould'ſt loſe thy tongue.

Pan. Where ſhould I loſe my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?

Laun. Loſe thy tide, and the voyage, and the maſter, and the ſervice? the tide!—Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my ſighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was ſent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dareſt.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

to the ſhoe that is ſuppoſed to perſonate her. And in order to render the repreſentation more perfect, he expreſſes his wiſh that it could ſpeak like a woman frantic with grief! There could be no doubt about the ſenſe of the paſſage, had he ſaid—"O that *it* could ſpeak like a wood woman!" But he uſes the feminine pronoun in ſpeaking of the ſhoe, becauſe it is ſuppoſed to repreſent a woman. M. MASON.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Milan. *An Apartment in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

Sil. Servant—
Val. Miſtreſs?
Speed. Maſter, ſir Thurio frowns on you.
Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.
Speed. Not of you.
Val. Of my miſtreſs then.
Speed. 'Twere good, you knock'd him.
Sil. Servant, you are ſad.
Val. Indeed, madam, I ſeem ſo.
Thu. Seem you that you are not?
Val. Haply, I do.
Thu. So do counterfeits.
Val. So do you.
Thu. What ſeem I, that I am not?
Val. Wiſe.
Thu. What inſtance of the contrary?
Val. Your folly.
Thu. And how quote you my folly? [9]
Val. I quote it in your jérkin.
Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.
Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.
Thu. How?
Sil. What, angry, ſir Thurio? do you change colour?
Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.
Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.
Val. You have ſaid, ſir.
Thu. Ay, ſir, and done too, for this time.
Val. I know it well, ſir; you always end ere you begin.
Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly ſhot off.
Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.
Sil. Who is that, ſervant?
Val. Yourſelf, ſweet lady; for you gave the fire: ſir Thurio

[9] To *quote* is to *obſerve.* MALONE.

Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyſhip's looks, and ſpends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you ſpend word for word with me, I ſhall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, ſir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treaſure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beſet.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What ſay you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy meſſenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy eſtimation,
And not without deſert [2] ſo well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a ſon?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a ſon, that well deſerves
The honour and regard of ſuch a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him, as myſelf; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and ſpent our hours together:
And though myſelf have been an idle truant,
Omitting the ſweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath ſir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made uſe and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praiſes that I now beſtow,)
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke.

[2] And not dignified with ſo much reputation without proportionate merit. JOHNSON.

Duke. Beſhrew me, ſir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empreſs' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counſellor.
Well, ſir; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to ſpend his time a-while:
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wiſh'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth;
Silvia, I ſpeak to you; and you, ſir Thurio:—
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it:[2]
I'll ſend him hither to you preſently. [*Exit* DUKE.

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyſhip,
Had come along with me, but that his miſtreſs
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her cryſtal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now ſhe hath enfranchis'd them
Upon ſome other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, ſure, I think, ſhe holds them priſoners ſtill.

Sil. Nay, then he ſhould be blind; and, being blind,
How could he ſee his way to ſeek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They ſay, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To ſee ſuch lovers, Thurio, as yourſelf;
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Miſtreſs, I beſeech you,
Confirm his welcome with ſome ſpecial favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wiſh'd to hear from.

Val. Miſtreſs, it is: ſweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-ſervant to your ladyſhip.

Sil. Too low a miſtreſs for ſo high a ſervant.

Pro. Not ſo, ſweet lady; but too mean a ſervant
To have a look of ſuch a worthy miſtreſs.

Val. Leave off diſcourſe of diſability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your ſervant.

Pro. My duty will I boaſt of, nothing elſe.

Sil.

2. i. e. incite him to it. MALONE.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthleſs miſtreſs.
Pro. I'll die on him that ſays ſo, but yourſelf.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. No; that you are worthleſs.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would ſpeak with you.
Sil. I'll wait upon his pleaſure. [*Exit* Servant.
Come, ſir Thurio,
Go with me:—Once more, new ſervant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyſhip.

[*Exeunt* SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.
Val. And how do yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know, you joy not in a love-diſcourſe.
Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whoſe high imperious [3] thoughts have puniſh'd me
With bitter faſts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-ſore ſighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd ſleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's ſorrow.
O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord;
And hath ſo humbled me as, I confeſs,
There is no woe to his correction,[4]

Nor

3 For *whoſe* I read *thoſe*. I have contemned love and am puniſhed. *Thoſe* high thoughts, by which I exalted myſelf above human paſſions or frailties, have brought upon me faſts and groans. JOHNSON.

I believe the old copy is right. *Imperious* is an epithet very frequently applied to love by Shakſpeare and his contemporaries. MALONE.

4 No miſery that *can be compared to* the puniſhment inflicted by love. Herbert called for the prayers of the liturgy a little before his death, ſaying, *None* to *them*, *none* to *them*. JOHNSON.

Nor, to his ſervice, no ſuch joy on earth!
Now, no diſcourſe, except it be of love;
Now can I break my faſt, dine, ſup, and ſleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the idol that you worſhip ſo?

Val. Even ſhe; and is ſhe not a heavenly ſaint?

Pro. No; but ſhe is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praiſes.

Pro. When I was ſick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I muſt miniſter the like to you.

Val. Then ſpeak the truth of her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,[5]
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my miſtreſs.

Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except againſt my love.

Pro. Have I not reaſon to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She ſhall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train; leſt the baſe earth
Should from her veſture chance to ſteal a kiſs,
And, of ſo great a favour growing proud,
Diſdain to root the ſummer-ſwelling flower,
And make rough winter everlaſtingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardiſm is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing
To her, whoſe worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.[6]

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, ſhe is mine own;
And

5 The firſt or *principal* of women. So the old writers uſe *ſtate*. "*She is a lady, a great* ſtate." Latymer. JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Maſon thus judiciouſly paraphraſes the ſentiment of Valentine. "If you will not acknowledge her as divine, let her at leaſt be conſidered as an angel of the firſt order, ſuperior to every thing on earth." STEEVENS.

6 She ſtands by herſelf. There is none to be compared to her JOHNSON.

And I as rich in having ſuch a jewel,
As twenty ſeas, if all their ſand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Becauſe thou ſeeſt me dote upon my love.
My fooliſh rival, that her father likes,
Only for his poſſeſſions are ſo huge,
Is gone with her along; and I muſt after,
For love, thou know'ſt, is full of jealouſy.

Pro. But ſhe loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd;
Nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I muſt climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted; and 'greed on, for my happineſs.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In theſe affairs to aid me with thy counſel.

Pro. Go on before; I ſhall enquire you forth:
I muſt unto the road,[7] to diſembark
Some neceſſaries that I needs muſt uſe;
And then I'll preſently attend you.

Val. Will you make haſte?

Pro. I will.— [*Exit* VAL.
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by ſtrength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praiſe,[8]

Her

[7] The haven, where ſhips *ride* at anchor. MALONE.

[8] *Is it mine* eye, *or Valentinus' praiſe,*] The old copy reads—
"Is is mine or Valentine's praiſe?" STEEVENS.

Here Proteus queſtions with himſelf, whether it is his own praiſe, or Valentine's that makes him fall in love with Valentine's miſtreſs. But not to inſiſt on the abſurdity of falling in love through his own praiſes, he had not indeed praiſed her any farther than giving his opinion of her in three words, when his friend aſked it of him.

Proteus had juſt ſeen Valentine's miſtreſs, whom her lover had been laviſhly praiſing. His encomiums therefore heightened Proteus's ideas of her at the interview, it was the leſs wonder he ſhould be uncertain which had made the ſtrongeſt impreſſion, Valentine's praiſes, or his own view of her. WARBURTON.

Her true perfection, or my falſe trangreſſion,
That makes me, reaſonleſs, to reaſon thus?
She's fair; and ſo is Julia, that I love;—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainſt a fire,[9]
Bears no impreſſion of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal for Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that's the reaſon I love him ſo little.
How ſhall I dote on her with more advice,[2]
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture[3] I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reaſon's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reaſon but I ſhall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compaſs her I'll uſe my ſkill. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The ſame. A ſtreet.

Enter SPEED *and* LAUNCE.

Speed. Launce! by mine honeſty, welcome to Milan.

Laun. Forſwear not thyſelf, ſweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone, till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till ſome certain ſhot be paid, and the hoſteſs ſay, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the alehouſe with you preſently; where, for one ſhot of five pence, thou ſhalt have

9 Alluding to the figures made by witches, as repreſentatives of thoſe whom they deſigned to torment or deſtroy. STEEVENS.

King James aſcribes theſe images to the devil, in his treatiſe of Daemonologie. S. W.

2 *With more advice*, is *on further knowledge, on better conſideration.*

3 This is evidently a ſlip of attention, for he has ſeen her in the laſt ſcene, and in high terms offered her his ſervice. JOHNSON.

I believe Proteus means, that, as yet, he had only ſeen her outward form, without having known her long enough to have any acquaintance with her mind. STEEVENS.

have five thouſand welcomes. But, ſirrah, how did thy maſter part with madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they cloſed in earneſt, they parted very fairly in jeſt.

Speed. But ſhall ſhe marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fiſh.

Speed. Why then, how ſtands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it ſtands well with him, it ſtands well with her.

Speed. What an aſs art thou? I underſtand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canſt not? My ſtaff underſtands me.

Speed. What thou ſay'ſt?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my ſtaff underſtands me.

Speed. It ſtands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, ſtand under and underſtand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Aſk my dog: if he ſay, ay, it will; if he ſay, no, it will; if he ſhake his tail, and ſay nothing, it will.

Speed. The concluſion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou ſhalt never get ſuch a ſecret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it ſo. But, Launce, how ſay'ſt thou, that my maſter is become a notable lover?[4]

Laun. I never knew him otherwiſe.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reporteſt him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whorſon aſs, thou miſtakeſt me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy maſter.

Speed. I tell thee, my maſter is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himſelf in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-houſe, ſo; if

4 i. e. (as Mr. M. Maſon has elſewhere obſerved) What ſay'ſt thou to this circumſtance,—namely, that my maſter is become a notable lover? MALONE.

if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Chriſtian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Becauſe thou haſt not ſo much charity in thee, as to go to the ale [5] with a Chriſtian: Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.[6]

The ſame. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, ſhall I be forſworn;
To love fair Silvia, ſhall I be forſworn;
To wrong my friend, I ſhall be much forſworn;
And even that power, which gave me firſt my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me ſwear, and love bids me forſwear:
O ſweet-ſuggeſting love,[7] if thou haſt ſinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted ſubject, to excuſe it!
At firſt I did adore a twinkling ſtar,
But now I worſhip a celeſtial ſun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants reſolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whoſe ſovereignty ſo oft thou haſt preferr'd
With twenty thouſand ſoul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;

But

5 *Ales* are merry meetings inſtituted in country places. STEEVENS.

6 It is to be obſerved, that, in the folio edition there are no directions concerning the ſcenes; they have been added by the later editors, and may therefore be changed by any reader that can give more conſiſtency or regularity to the drama by ſuch alterations. I make this remark in this place, becauſe I know not whether the following ſoliloquy of Proteus is ſo proper in the ſtreet. JOHNSON.

The reader will perceive that the ſcenery has been changed, though Dr. Johnſon's obſervation has been continued. STEEVENS.

7 To *ſuggeſt* is to *tempt*, in our author's language. The ſenſe is, *O* tempting love, *if thou haſt* influenced me to ſin, *teach me to excuſe it*. JOHNSON.

But there I leave to love, where I ſhould love.
Julia I loſe, and Valentine I loſe:
If I keep them, I needs muſt loſe myſelf;
If I loſe them, thus find I by their loſs,
For Valentine, myſelf; for Julia, Sylvia.
I to myſelf am dearer than a friend;
For love is ſtill more precious in itſelf:
And Silvia, witneſs heaven, that made her fair!
Shews Julia but a ſwarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a ſweeter friend.
I cannot now preve conſtant to myſelf,
Without ſome treachery us'd to Valentine:—
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celeſtial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myſelf in counſel, his competitor:[8]
Now preſently I'll give her father notice
Of their diſguiſing, and pretended flight;[9]
Who, all enrag'd, will baniſh Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, ſhall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly croſs,
By ſome ſly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpoſe ſwift,
As thou haſt lent me wit to plot this drift![2] [*Exit.*

8 *Myſelf, who am his* competitor *or* rival, being admitted to his counſel.
JOHNSON.

Competitor is *confederate, aſſiſtant, partner.* STEEVENS.

9 *Pretended* flight is *propoſed* or *intended* flight.

Mr. M. Maſon juſtly obſerves, that the verb *pretendre* in French, has the ſame ſignification. STEEVENS.

2 I ſuſpect that the author concluded the act with this couplet, and that the next ſcene ſhould begin the third act; but the change, as it will add nothing to the probability of the action, is of no great importance.
JOHNSON.

SCENE VII.

Verona. *A room in* JULIA's *houſe.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. Counſel, Lucetta; gentle girl, aſſiſt me!
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are viſibly charácter'd and engrav'd,—
To leſſon me; and tell me ſome good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.
Luc. Alas! the way is wearifome and long.
Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To meaſure kingdoms with his feeble ſteps;
Much leſs ſhall ſhe, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one ſo dear,
Of ſuch divine perfection, as ſir Proteus.
Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.
Jul. O, know'ſt thou not, his looks are my ſoul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food ſo long a time.
Didſt thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'ſt as ſoon go kindle fire with ſnow,
As ſeek to quench the fire of love with words.
Luc. I do not ſeek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Leſt it ſhould burn above the bounds of reaſon.
Jul. The more thou dam'ſt it up, the more it burns;
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'ſt, being ſtopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair courſe is not hindered,
He makes ſweet muſick with the enamel'd ſtones,
Giving a gentle kiſs to every ſedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And ſo by many winding nooks he ſtrays,
With willing ſport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my courſe:
I'll be as patient as a gentle ſtream,

And make a paſtime of each weary ſtep,
Till the laſt ſtep have brought me to my love;
And there I'll reſt, as, after much turmoil,
A bleſſed ſoul doth in Elyſium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The looſe encounters of laſcivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with ſuch weeds
As may beſeem ſome well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyſhip muſt cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in ſilken ſtrings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantaſtic may become a youth
Of greater time than I ſhall ſhow to be.

Luc. What faſhion, madam, ſhall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my lord,
"What compaſs will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even that faſhion thou beſt lik'ſt, Lucetta.

Luc. You muſt needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.[3]

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta![4] that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hoſe, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unleſs you have a cod-piece to ſtick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'ſt me, let me have
What thou think'ſt meet, and is moſt mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking ſo unſtaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me ſcandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think ſo, then ſtay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's diſpleas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will ſcarce be pleas'd withal.

3 Whoever wiſhes to be acquainted with this particular, relative to dreſs, may conſult Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*, in which ſuch matters are very amply diſcuſſed.

Ocular inſtruction may be had from the armour ſhown as John of Gaunt's in the Tower of London. STEEVENS.

4 Dr. Percy obſerves, that this interjection is ſtill uſed in the North. STEEVENS.

Jul. That is the leaſt, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thouſand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And inſtances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All theſe are ſervants to deceitful men.

Jul. Baſe men, that uſe them to ſo baſe effect!
But truer ſtars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love ſincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure meſſengers ſent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven, he prove ſo, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'ſt me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deſerve my love, by loving him;
And preſently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I ſtand in need of,
To furniſh me upon my longing journey.[5]
All that is mine I leave at thy diſpoſe,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, diſpatch me hence:
Come, anſwer not, but to it preſently;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Milan. *An Anti-room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have ſome ſecrets to confer about.—— [*Exit* THURIO.
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would diſcover,
The law of friendſhip bids me to conceal:
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours

Done

5 Dr. Grey obſerves, that *longing* is a participle active, with a paſſive ſignification; for *longed*, wiſhed, or deſired.

Mr. M. Maſon ſuppoſes Julia to mean a journey which ſhe ſhall *paſs in longing*. STEEVENS.

Done to me, undeſerving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which elſe no worldly good ſhould draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, ſir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to ſteal away your daughter;
Myſelf am one made privy to the plot.
I know, you have determin'd to beſtow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And ſhould ſhe thus be ſtolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's ſake, I rather choſe
To croſs my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of ſorrows, which would preſs you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeleſs grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honeſt care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myſelf have often ſeen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me faſt aſleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But, fearing leſt my jealous aim [6] might err,
And ſo, unworthily, diſgrace the man,
(A raſhneſs that I ever yet have ſhunn'd,)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyſelf has now diſclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'ſt perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is ſoon ſuggeſted,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myſelf have ever kept;
And thence ſhe cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will aſcend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it preſently;
Where, if it pleaſe you, you may intercept him.

6 *Aim* is *gueſs*, in this inſtance, as in the following. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"I *aim'd* ſo near when I ſuppos'd you lov'd." STEEVENS.

But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at [7];
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.[8]

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; sir Valentine is coming. *Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter; stay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where [9] I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:

Then

7 ——— *be not* aimed *at*;] Be not *guessed*. JOHNSON.

8 Of this *claim* made to your daughter. JOHNSON.
Pretence is *design*. STEEVENS.

9 *Where*, in this instance, has the power of *whereas*. STEEVENS.

Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my poſſeſſions ſhe eſteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, ſir, in Milan, here,
Whom I affect; but ſhe is nice, and coy,
And nought eſteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long agone I have forgot to court;
Beſides, the faſhion of the time [2] is chang'd;)
How, and which way, I may beſtow myſelf,
To be regarded in her ſun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if ſhe reſpect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their ſilent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But ſhe did ſcorn a preſent that I ſent her.

Val. A woman ſometime ſcorns what beſt contents her:
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For ſcorn at firſt makes after love the more.
If ſhe do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If ſhe do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulſe, whatever ſhe doth ſay;
For, *get you gone*, ſhe doth not mean, *away*:
Flatter, and praiſe, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er ſo black, ſay, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I ſay, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But ſhe I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept ſeverely from reſort of men,
That no man hath acceſs by day to her.

Val. Why then I would reſort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept ſafe,
That no man hath recourſe to her by night.

Val. What lets, [3] but one may enter at her window?

[2] The modes of courtſhip, the acts by which men recommended themſelves to ladies. JOHNSON.

[3] *What* lets,] i. e. what hinders. So, in *Hamlet*, Act I. ſc. iv:
"By heaven I'll make a ghoſt of him that *lets* me." STEEVENS.

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;
And built ſo ſhelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To caſt up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would ſerve to ſcale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Adviſe me where I may have ſuch a ladder.

Val. When would you uſe it? pray, ſir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By ſeven o'clock I'll get you ſuch a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee; I will go to her alone;
How ſhall I beſt convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak, that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will ſerve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me ſee thy cloak;
I'll get me one of ſuch another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will ſerve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How ſhall I faſhion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this ſame? What's here?—*To Sylvia?*
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I'll be ſo bold to break the ſeal for once. [*reads.*
My thoughts do harbour with my Sylvia nightly;
And ſlaves they are to me, that ſend them flying:
O, could their maſter come and go as lightly,
Himſelf would lodge, where ſenſeleſs they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure boſom reſt them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curſe the grace that with ſuch grace hath bleſs'd them,
Becauſe myſelf do want my ſervants' fortune:
I curſe myſelf, for they are ſent by me,[4]
That they ſhould harbour where their lord ſhould be.
What's here?
Silvia, this night I will enfranchiſe thee:

'Tis

4 *For* is the ſame as *for that, ſince.* JOHNSON.

'Tis ſo; and here's the ladder for the purpoſe.—
Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' ſon,)[5]
Wilt thou aſpire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach ſtars, becauſe they ſhine on thee?
Go, baſe intruder! over-weening ſlave!
Beſtow thy fawning ſmiles on equal mates;
And think, my patience, more than thy deſert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have beſtow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than ſwifteſt expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath ſhall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyſelf.
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuſe,
But, as thou lov'ſt thy life, make ſpeed from hence.

[*Exit* DUKE.

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be baniſh'd from myſelf;
And Silvia is myſelf: baniſh'd from her,
Is ſelf from ſelf; a deadly baniſhment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not ſeen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unleſs it be, to think that ſhe is by,
And feed upon the ſhadow of perfection.[6]
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no muſick in the nightingale;
Unleſs I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my eſſence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept alive.

5 Thou art Phaëton in thy raſhneſs, but without his pretenſions; thou art not the ſon of a divinity, but a *terræ filius*, a low-born wretch; Merops is thy true father, with whom Phaëton was falſely reproached.
JOHNSON.

6 *And* feed *upon the ſhadow of perfection.*]
Animum picturâ *paſcit* inani. *Virg.* HENLEY.

I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom :[7]
Tarry I here, I but attend on death ;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and ſeek him out.

Laun. So-ho! ſo-ho!

Pro. What ſeeſt thou?

Laun. Him we go to find: there's not a hair [8] on's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his ſpirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing ſpeak? maſter, ſhall I ſtrike?

Pro. Whom would'ſt thou ſtrike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, ſir, I'll ſtrike nothing: I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I ſay, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are ſtopp'd, and cannot hear good news, So much of bad already hath poſſeſs'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb ſilence will I bury mine, For they are harſh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for ſacred Silvia!— Hath ſhe forſworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forſworn me!— What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vaniſh'd.

Pro

[7] *To fly his doom*, uſed for by *flying*, or in *flying*, is a galliciſm. The ſenſe is, By avoiding the execution of this ſentence I ſhall not eſcape death. If I ſtay here, I ſuffer myſelf to be deſtroyed; if I go away, I deſtroy myſelf. JOHNSON.

[8] Launce is ſtill quibbling. He is now running down the *hare* that he ſtarted when he entered. MALONE.

Pro. That thou art baniſhed, O, that's the news;
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.
Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now exceſs of it will make me ſurfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am baniſhed?
Pro. Ay, ay; and ſhe hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which, unrevers'd, ſtands in effectual force,)
A ſea of melting pearl, which ſome call tears:
Thoſe at her father's churliſh feet ſhe tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble ſelf;
Wringing her hands, whoſe whiteneſs ſo became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad ſighs, deep groans, nor ſilver-ſhedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompaſſionate ſire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, muſt die.
Beſides, her interceſſion chaf'd him ſo,
When ſhe for thy repeal was ſuppliant,
That to cloſe priſon he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.
Val. No more; unleſs the next word, that thou ſpeak'ſt,
Have ſome malignant power upon my life:
If ſo, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endleſs dolour.
Pro. Ceaſe to lament for that thou canſt not help,
And ſtudy help for that which thou lament'ſt.
Time is the nurſe and breeder of all good.
Here if thou ſtay, thou can'ſt not ſee thy love;
Beſides, thy ſtaying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's ſtaff; walk hence with that,
And manage it againſt deſpairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, ſhall be deliver'd
Even in the milk white boſom of thy love.[9]

9 Trifling as the remark may appear, before the meaning of this *addreſs of letters to the boſom of a miſtreſs* can be underſtood, it ſhould be known that women anciently had a pocket in the fore part of their ſtays, in which they not only carried love-letters and love-tokens, but even their money and materials for needle-work. In many parts of England the ruſtic damſels ſtill obſerve the ſame practice; and a very old lady informs

The time now ſerves not to expoſtulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'ſt Silvia, though not for thyſelf,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou ſeeſt my boy,
Bid him make haſte, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, ſirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapleſs Valentine!

Exeunt VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Laun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my maſter is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave.[2] He lives not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horſe ſhall not pluck[3] that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myſelf; and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet

forms me that ſhe remembers when it was the faſhion to wear prominent ſtays, it was no leſs the cuſtom for ſtratagem or gallantry to drop its literary favours within the front of them. STEEVENS.

2 Where is the ſenſe? or, if you won't allow the ſpeaker that, where is the humour of this ſpeech? Nothing had given the fool occaſion to ſuſpect that his maſter was become double, like Antipholis in *The Comedy of Errors*. The laſt word is corrupt. We ſhould read:

"——*if he be but one* KIND."

He thought his maſter was *a kind of a knave*; however, he keeps himſelf in countenance with this reflection, that if he was a knave *but of one kind*, he might paſs well enough amongſt his neighbours. This is truly humourous. WARBURTON.

This alteration is acute and ſpecious, yet I know not whether, in Shakſpeare's language, *one knave* may not ſignify a *knave on only one occaſion*, a *ſingle knave*. We ſtill uſe a *double* villain for a villain beyond the common rate of guilt. JOHNSON.

This paſſage has been altered, with little difference, by Dr. *Warburtn* and ſir *Tho. Hanmer* —Mr. *Edwards* explains it,— "if *he only* be a knave, if *I myſelf* be not found to be *another*." I agree with Dr. *Johnſon*, and will ſupport the old reading and his interpretation with indiſputable authority. In the old play of *Damon and Pythias*, *Ariſtippus* declares of *Cariſothus*, "you loſe money by him if you ſell him for *one knave*, for he ſerves for *twayne*." FARMER.

3 I ſee how Valentine ſuffers for telling his love-ſecrets, therefore I will keep mine cloſe. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Launce was not intended to ſhew ſo much ſenſe; but here indulges himſelf in talking contradictory nonſenſe. STEEVENS.

yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips :[4] yet 'tis a maid for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel;—which is much in a bare christian.[5] Here is the cat-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions.[6] Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry*. Why, a horse can do no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore, is she better than a jade. Item, *She can milk*; look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

Laun. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still: mistake the word: What news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou can'st not read.

Speed. Thou lies't, I can.

Laun. I will try thee: Tell me this: Who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother:[7] this proves, that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Laun. There; and saint Nicholas be thy speed![8]

Speed.

4 *Gossips* not only signify those who answer for a child in baptism, but the tattling women who attend lyings-in. The quibble between these is evident. STEEVENS.

5 *Bare* has two senses; *mere* and *naked*. STEEVENS.

6 —*her* conditions.] i. e. qualities. MALONE.

7 It is undoubtedly true that the mother only knows the legitimacy of the child. I suppose *Launce* infers, that if he could read, he must have read this well known observation. STEEVENS.

8 St. Nicholas presided over scholars, who were therefore called *St. Nicholas's clerks*. Hence, by a quibble between Nicholas and Old Nick, highwaymen, in *The First Part of Henry the Fourth*, are called *Nicholas's clerks*. WARBURTON.

That this saint presided over young scholars, may be gathered from Knight's *Life of Dean Colet*, p. 362. for by the statutes of Paul's school

Speed. Imprimis, *She can milk.*

Laun. Ay, that ſhe can.[9]

Speed. Item, *She brews good ale.*

Laun. And therefore comes the proverb,—Bleſſing o' your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, *She can ſew.*

Laun. That's as much as to ſay, Can ſhe ſo?

Speed. Item, *She can knit.*

Laun. What need a man care for a ſtock with a wench, when ſhe can knit him a ſtock.

Speed. Item, *She can waſh and ſcour.*

Laun. A ſpecial virtue; for then ſhe need not be waſhed and ſcoured.

Speed. Item, *She can ſpin.*

Laun. Then may I ſet the world on wheels, when ſhe can ſpin for her living.

Speed. Item, *She hath many nameleſs virtues.*

Laun. That's as much as to ſay, baſtard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Cloſe at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, *She is not to be kiſſed faſting, in reſpect of her breath.*

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfaſt: Read on.

Speed. Item, *She hath a ſweet mouth.*[2]

Laun. That makes amends for her four breath.

Speed. Item, *She doth talk in her ſleep.*

Laun. It's no matter for that, ſo ſhe ſleep not in her talk.

Speed.

there inſerted, the children are required to attend divine ſervice at the cathedral on his anniverſary. The reaſon I take to be, that the legend of this ſaint makes him to have been a biſhop, while he was a boy.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

9 Speed. Imprimis, *ſhe can milk.*

Laun. *Ay, that ſhe can.*] Theſe two ſpeeches ſhould evidently be omitted. There is not on y no attempt at humour in them, contrary to all the reſt in the ſame dialogue, but *Launce* clearly directs *Speed* to go on with the paper where he himſelf left off. See his preceding ſoliloquy.

FARMER.

2. This I take to be the ſame with what is now vulgarly called a *ſweet tooth*, a luxurious deſire of dainties and ſweetmeats. JOHNSON.

Speed. Item, *She is ſlow in words.*

Laun. O villain, that ſet this down among her vices! To be ſlow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, *She is proud.*

Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

Laun. I care not for that neither, becauſe I love cruſts.

Speed. Item, *She is curſt.*

Laun. Well; the beſt is, ſhe hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, *She will often praiſe her liquor.*[3]

Laun. If her liquor be good, ſhe ſhall: if ſhe will not, I will; for good things ſhould be praiſed.

Speed. Item, *She is too liberal.*[4]

Laun. Of her tongue ſhe cannot; for that's writ down ſhe is ſlow of: of her purſe ſhe ſhall not; for that I'll keep ſhut: now of another thing ſhe may; and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her: ſhe was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that laſt article: Rehearſe that once more.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,*—

Laun. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: The cover of the ſalt hides the ſalt, and therefore it is more than the ſalt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the leſs. What's next?

Speed. —*And more faults than hairs,*—

Laun. That's monſtrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. —*And more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious:[5] Well, I'll

3 That is, ſhew how well ſhe likes it by drinking often. JOHNSON.

4 *Liberal*, is licentious and groſs in language. JOHNSON.

5 *Gracious*, in old language, means *graceful.* STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation of the word *gracious* has been controverted, but it is right. We have the ſame ſentiment in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*:

" O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd *faults*
" Look *handſome* in *three hundred* pounds a year!" MALONE.

I'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impoſſible,—

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy maſter ſtays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath ſtaid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And muſt *I* go to him?

Laun. Thou muſt run to him, for thou haſt ſtaid ſo long, that going will ſcarce ſerve the turn.

Speed. Why didſt not tell me ſooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Laun. Now will he be ſwing'd for reading my letter: An unmannerly ſlave, that will thruſt himſelf into ſecrets!—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter DUKE *and* THURIO; PROTEUS *behind.*

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that ſhe will love you,
Now Valentine is baniſh'd from her ſight.

Thu. Since his exile ſhe hath deſpis'd me moſt,
Forſworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am deſperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impreſs of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice;[6] which with an hour's heat
Diſſolves to water, and doth loſe his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthleſs Valentine ſhall be forgot.—
How now, ſir Proteus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievouſly.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not ſo.—
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,

(For

[6] Cut, carved in ice. *Trancher*, to cut, French. JOHNSON.

(For thou haſt ſhown ſome ſign of good deſert,)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.
Duke. Thou know'ſt, how willingly I would effect
The match between ſir Thurio and my daughter.
Pro. I do, my lord.
Duke. And alſo, I think, thou art not ignorant
How ſhe oppoſes her againſt my will.
Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.
Duke. Ay, and perverſely ſhe perſévers ſo.
What might we do, to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love ſir Thurio?
Pro. The beſt way is, to ſlander Valentine
With falſhood, cowardice, and poor deſcent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but ſhe'll think, that it is ſpoke in hate.
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it muſt, with circumſtance,[7] be ſpoken
By one whom ſhe eſteemeth as his friend.
Duke. Then you muſt undertake to ſlander him.
Pro. And that, my lord, I ſhall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Eſpecially, againſt his very friend.
Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your ſlander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can ſpeak in his diſpraiſe,
She ſhall not long continue love to him.
But ſay, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that ſhe will love ſir Thurio.
Thu. Therefore as you unwind her love[8] from him,
Leſt it ſhould ravel, and be good to none,

You

7 With the addition of ſuch incidental particulars as may induce belief. JOHNSON.

8 As you wind off her love from him, make me the *bottom* on which you wind it. The houſewife's term for a ball of thread wound upon a central body, is a *bottom of thread*. JOHNSON.

You muſt provide to bottom it on me:
Which muſt be done, by praiſing me as much
As you in worth diſpraiſe ſir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare truſt you in this kind;
Becauſe we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot ſoon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant ſhall you have acceſs,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For ſhe is lumpiſh, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's ſake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, [9] by your perſuaſion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:—
But you, ſir Thurio, are not ſharp enough;
You muſt lay lime,[2] to tangle her deſires,
By wailful ſonnets, whoſe compoſed rhimes
Should be full fraught with ſerviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much the force of heaven-bred poeſy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You ſacrifice your tears, your ſighs, your heart:
Write, till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moiſt it again; and frame ſome feeling line,
That may diſcover ſuch integrity:[3]—
For Orpheus' lute was ſtrung with poets' ſinews;[4]

Whoſe

9 Mould her, like wax, to whatever ſhape you pleaſe. MALONE.

2 —— *lime,*] That is, *birdlime.* JOHNSON.

3 *Such integrity* may mean ſuch ardour and ſincerity as would be manifeſted by practiſing the directions given in the four preceding lines. STEEVENS.

4 This ſhews Shakſpeare's knowledge of antiquity. He here aſſigns Orpheus his true character of legiſlator. For under that of a poet only, or lover, the quality given to his lute is unintelligible. But, conſidered as a lawgiver, the thought is noble, and the imagery exquiſitely beautiful. For by his *lute*, is to be underſtood his *ſyſtem of laws*; and by the *poets' ſinews*, the power of numbers, which Orpheus actually employed in thoſe laws to make them received by a fierce and barbarous people. WARBURTON.

Proteus is deſcribing to Thurio the powers of poetry; and gives no quality to the lute of Orpheus, but thoſe uſually and vulgarly aſcribed to it. It would be ſtrange indeed if, in order to prevail upon the ignorant and

Whoſe golden touch could ſoften ſteel and ſtones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forſake unſounded deeps to dance on ſands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Viſit by night your lady's chamber-window
With ſome ſweet concert: to their inſtruments
Tune a deploring dump; [5] the night's dead ſilence
Will well become ſuch ſweet complaining grievance.
This, or elſe nothing, will inherit her.[6]

Duke. This diſcipline ſhows thou haſt been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice:
Therefore, ſweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city preſently
To ſort [7] ſome gentlemen well ſkill'd in muſick:
I have a ſonnet, that will ſerve the turn,
To give the onſet to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace, 'till after ſupper;
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you.[8] [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Foreſt, near Mantua.

Enter certain Out-laws.

1 *Out.* Fellows, ſtand faſt; I ſee a paſſenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, ſhrink not, but down with 'em.

and ſtupid Thurio to write a ſonnet to his miſtreſs, he ſhould enlarge upon the legiſlative powers of Orpheus, which were nothing to the purpoſe. Warburton's obſervations frequently tend to prove Skakſpeare more profound and learned than the occaſion required, and to make the Poet of Nature the moſt unnatural that ever wrote. M. Mason.

5 A *dump* was the ancient term for a *mournful elegy*. Steevens.

6 To *inherit*, is, by our author, ſometimes uſed, as in this inſtance, for *to obtain poſſeſſion* of, without any idea of acquiring *by inheritance*.

This ſenſe of the word was not wholly diſuſed in the time of Milton, who in his *Comus* has—" di*sinherit* Chaos,"—meaning only, *diſpoſſeſs* it. Steevens.

7 *To fort—*] *i. e.* to chooſe out. Steevens.

8 I will excuſe you from waiting. Johnson.

Enter

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

3 *Out.* Stand, ſir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we'll make you ſit, and riſle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone! theſe are the villains
That all the travellers do fear ſo much.

Val. My friends,—

1 *Out.* That's not ſo, ſir: we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we;
For he's a proper man.[9]

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to loſe;
A man I am, croſs'd with adverſity:
My riches are theſe poor habiliments,
Of which if you ſhould here diſfurniſh me,
You take the ſum and ſubſtance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long ſojourn'd there?

Val. Some ſixteen months; and longer might have ſtaid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you baniſh'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearſe:
I kill'd a man, whoſe death I much repent;
But yet I ſlew him manfully in fight,
Without falſe vantage, or baſe treachery.

1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done ſo:
But were you baniſh'd for ſo ſmall a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of ſuch a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or elſe I often had been miſerable.

3 *Out.*

9 i. e. a *well-looking* man; he has the appearance of a gentleman.

MALONE.

3 *Out.* By the bare ſcalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,[2]
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him: ſirs, a werd.

Speed. Maſter, be one of them;
It is an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!

2 *Out.* Tell us this: Have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that ſome of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thruſt from the company of awful men:[3]
Myſelf was from Verona baniſhed,
For practiſing to ſteal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.[4]

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I ſtabb'd unto the heart.[5]

1 *Out.* And I, for ſuch like petty crimes as theſe.

But

2 *Robin Hood* was captain of a band of robbers, and was much inclined to rob churchmen. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have miſunderſtood this paſſage. The ſpeaker does not ſwear by the ſcalp of ſome churchman who had been plundered, but by the ſhaven crown of Robin Hood's chaplain.—"We will live and die together, (ſays a perſonage in Peele's *Edward I.* 1593,) like Robin Hood, little John, *friar Tucke*, and Maide Marian." MALONE.

3 Reverend, worſhipful, ſuch as magiſtrates, and other principal members of civil communities. JOHNSON.

Awful is uſed by Shakſpeare in another place, in the ſenſe of *lawful*. TYRWHITT.

I believe we ſhould read—*lawful* men—i. e. *legales* homines. So, in *The Newe Boke of Juſtices*, 1560: "—commandinge him to the ſame to make an inqueſt and pannel of *lawful* men of his countie," For this remark I am indebted to Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

Awful men means men *well-governed, obſervant of law and authority; full of, or ſubject to awe.* In the ſame kind of ſenſe as we uſe *fearful*. RITSON.

4 A *niece*, or a *nephew*, did not always ſignify the daughter of a brother or ſiſter, but any remote deſcendant. STEEVENS.

Heir in our author's time (as it ſometimes is now) was applied to females, as well as males. MALONE.

5 *Whom, in my* mood, *I ſtabb'd unto the heart.*] Thus Dryden:

"Madneſs laughing in his ireful *mood*."

Again, Gray:

"*Moody* madneſs, laughing, wild." HENLEY.

Mood is anger or reſentment. MALONE.

But to the purpoſe,—(for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawleſs lives,)
And, partly, ſeeing you are beautify'd
With goodly ſhape; and by your own report
A linguiſt; and a man of ſuch perfection,
As we do in our quality [6] much want;—

2 *Out.* Indeed, becauſe you are a baniſh'd man,
Therefore, above the reſt, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of neceſſity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderneſs?

3 *Out.* What ſay'ſt thou? wilt thou be of our conſort?
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou ſcorn our courteſy, thou dieſt.

2 *Out.* Thou ſhalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On ſilly women, or poor paſſengers.[7]

3 *Out.* No, we deteſt ſuch vile baſe practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And ſhew thee all the treaſure we have got;
Which, with ourſelves, all reſt at thy diſpoſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Milan. *Court of the Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been falſe to Valentine,
And now I muſt be as unjuſt to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have acceſs my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthleſs gifts.

When

6 Our *quality* means our profeſſion, calling, or condition of life. Hamlet, ſpeaking of the young players, ſays, "will they purſue the *quality* no longer than they can ſing?" &c. &c. M. MASON.

7 This was one of the rules of Robin Hood's government. STEEVENS.

When I proteſt true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falſehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forſworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And, notwithſtanding all her ſudden quips,[8]
The leaſt whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, ſpaniel-like, the more ſhe ſpurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her ſtill.
But here comes Thurio: now muſt we to her window,
And give ſome evening muſic to her ear.

Enter THURIO, *and Muſicians.*

Thu. How now, ſir Proteus? are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love
Will creep in ſervice where it cannot go.[9]

Thu. Ay, but, I hope, ſir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or elſe I would be hence.

Thu. Whom? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your ſake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it luſtily a while.

Enter HOST, *at a diſtance; and* JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

Hoſt. Now, my young gueſt! methinks you're allycholly; I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine hoſt, becauſe I cannot be merry.

Hoſt. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you ſhall hear muſick, and ſee the gentleman that you aſk'd for.

Jul. But ſhall I hear him ſpeak?

Hoſt. Ay, that you ſhall.

Jul. That will be muſick. [*Muſick plays.*

Hoſt. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among theſe?

Hoſt. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

[8] That is, haſty paſſionate reproaches and ſcoffs. So Macbeth is in a kindred ſenſe ſaid to be *ſudden*; that is, iraſcible and impetuous.

JOHNSON.

9 Kindneſs will *creep* where it cannot *gang*, is to be found in Kelly's Collection of Scottiſh Proverbs, p. 226. REED.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admir'd be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness: [a]
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the musick likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty you?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in musick.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the musick!

Jul. Ay; that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this sir Proteus, that we talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host.

[a] Beauty without kindness *dies* unenjoyed, and undelighting.

JOHNSON.

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he loved her out of all nick.[3]

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to ſeek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his maſter's command, he muſt carry for a preſent to his lady.

Jul. Peace! ſtand aſide; the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you; I will ſo plead,
That you ſhall ſay, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At ſaint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt* THURIO *and Muſicians.*

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyſhip.

Sil. I thank you for your muſick, gentlemen:
Who is that, that ſpake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your ſervant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compaſs yours.

Sil. You have your wiſh; my will is even this,[4]—
That preſently you hie you home to bed.
Thou ſubtle, perjur'd, falſe, diſloyal man!
Think'ſt thou, I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſs,
To be ſeduced by thy flattery,
That haſt deceiv'd ſo many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I ſwear,
I am ſo far from granting thy requeſt,
That I deſpiſe thee for thy wrongful ſuit;
And by and by intend to chide myſelf,
Even for this time I ſpend in talking to thee.

Pro.

3 Beyond all reckoning or count. Reckonings are kept upon nicked or notched ſticks or tallies. WARBURTON.

As it is an inn-keeper who employs the alluſion, it is much in character. STEEVENS.

4 The word *will* is here ambiguous. He wiſhes to *gain* her *will*: ſhe tells him, if he wants her *will* he has it. JOHNSON.

Pro. I grant, ſweet love, that I did love a lady;
But ſhe is dead.

Jul. 'Twere falſe, if I ſhould ſpeak it;
For, I am ſure, ſhe is not buried. [*Aſide.*

Sil. Say, that ſhe be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyſelf art witneſs,
I am betroth'd: And art thou not aſham'd
To wrong him with thy importúnacy?

Pro. I likewiſe hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And ſo, ſuppoſe, am I; for in his grave
Aſſure thyſelf, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;
Or, at the leaſt, in her's ſepulchre thine.

Jul. He heard not that. [*Aſide.*

Pro. Madam, if your heart be ſo obdúrate,
Vouchſafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll ſpeak, to that I'll ſigh and weep:
For, ſince the ſubſtance of your perfect ſelf
Is elſe devoted, I am but a ſhadow;
And to your ſhadow will I make true love.

Jul. If 'twere a ſubſtance, you would, ſure, deceive it.
And make it but a ſhadow, as I am. [*Aſide.*

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, ſir;
But, ſince your falſehood ſhall become you well [5]
To worſhip ſhadows, and adore falſe ſhapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll ſend it:
And ſo, good reſt.

Pro. As wretches have o'er-night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* PROTEUS; *and* SILVIA, *from above.*

Jul. Hoſt, will you go?

Hoſt.

5 This is hardly ſenſe. We may read, with very little alteration,
"But ſince *you're falſe*, it ſhall become you well."
JOHNSON.

There is no occaſion for any alteration, if we only ſuppoſe that *it* is underſtood here, as in ſeveral other places. Or indeed, in this place, *To worſhip ſhadows*, &c. may be conſidered as the nominative caſe to *ſhall become*. TYRWHITT.

Hoſt. By my hallidom,[6] I was faſt aſleep.
Jul. Pray you, where lies ſir Proteus?
Hoſt. Marry, at my houſe: Truſt me, I think, 'tis almoſt day.
Jul. Not ſo; but it hath been the longeſt night
That e'er I watch'd, and the moſt heavieſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind;
There's ſome great matter ſhe'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

Sil. Who calls?
Egl. Your ſervant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyſhip's command.
Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thouſand times good-morrow.
Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourſelf.
According to your ladyſhip's impoſe,[7]
I am thus early come, to know what ſervice
It is your pleaſure to command me in.
Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not, I flatter, for, I ſwear, I do not,)
Valiant, wiſe, remorſeful,[8] well accompliſh'd.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the baniſh'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very ſoul abhorr'd.
Thyſelf haſt lov'd; and I have heard thee ſay,
No grief did ever come ſo near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,

6 i. e. my ſentence at the general reſurrection, or, as I hope to be ſaved: halizdom, Saxon. RITSON.

7 *Impoſe* is *injunction, command.* A taſk ſet at college, in conſequence of a fault, is ſtill called an *impoſition.* STEEVENS.

8 *Remorſeful* is pitiful. STEEVENS.

Upon whoſe grave thou vowd'ſt pure chaſtity.[9]
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to paſs,
I do deſire thy worthy company,
Upon whoſe faith and honour I repoſe.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the juſtice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a moſt unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune ſtill reward with plagues.
I do deſire thee, even from a heart
As full of ſorrows as the ſea of ſands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have ſaid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;[2]
Which ſince I know they virtuouſly are plac'd,
I give conſent to go along with you;
Recking as little[3] what betideth me,
As much I wiſh all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where ſhall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confeſſion.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyſhip:
Good-morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good-morrow, kind ſir Eglamour. [*Exeunt.*

9 It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chaſtity in honour of their deceaſed wives or huſbands. In Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickſhire*, page 1013, there is the form of a commiſſion by the biſhop of the dioceſe for taking a vow of chaſtity made by a widow. It ſeems that, beſides obſerving the vow, the widow was, for life, to wear a veil and a mourning habit. Some ſuch diſtinction we may ſuppoſe to have been made in reſpect of male votariſts; and therefore this circumſtance might inform the players how ſir Eglamour ſhould be dreſt; and will account for Silvia's having choſen him as a perſon in whom ſhe could confide without injury to her own character.

STEEVENS.

2 Sorrows, ſorrowful affections. JOHNSON.

3 Recking *as little* —] To *reck* is to care for. STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

The ſame.

Enter LAUNCE, *with his dog.*

When a man's ſervant ſhall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I ſaved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and ſiſters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would ſay preciſely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was ſent to deliver him, as a preſent to miſtreſs Silvia, from my maſter; and I came no ſooner into the dining-chamber, but he ſteps me to her trencher, and ſteals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himſelf [4] in all companies! I would have, as one ſhould ſay, one that takes upon him to be a dog [5] indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't; ſure as I live, he had ſuffer'd for't: you ſhall judge. He thruſts me himſelf into the company of three or four gentlemen-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bleſs the mark) a piſſing while,[6] but all the chamber ſmelt him. *Out with the dog*, ſays one; *What cur is that?* ſays another; *Whip him out*, ſays the third; *Hang him up*, ſays the duke. I, having been acquainted with the ſmell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: [7] *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of.* He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many maſters would do this for their ſervant? Nay, I'll be ſworn, I have ſat in the ſtocks for puddings he hath ſtolen, otherwiſe he had been executed: I have ſtood on the pillory for geeſe he hath kill'd, otherwiſe

4 ——keep *himſelf*——] i. e. reſtrain himſelf. STEEVENS.

5 I believe we ſhould read—*I would have*, &c. *one that takes upon him to be a dog*, to be a dog *indeed, to be*, &c. JOHNSON.

6 This expreſſion is uſed in Ben Jonſon's *Magnetic Lady*: "—have patience but a *piſſing while*." It appears from Ray's Collection, that it is proverbial. STEEVENS.

7 This appears to have been part of the office of an *uſher of the table*. STEEVENS.

wiſe he had ſuffer'd for't: thou think'ſt not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you ſerved me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia;[8] did not I bid thee ſtill mark me, and do as I do? When didſt thou ſee me heave up my leg, and make water againſt a gentlewoman's farthingale? didſt thou ever ſee me do ſuch a trick?

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Sebaſtian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in ſome ſervice preſently.

Jul. In what you pleaſe;—I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt.—How now, you whoreſon peaſant? [*To* LAUNCE.
Where have you been theſe two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, ſir, I carry'd miſtreſs Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what ſays ſhe to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, ſhe ſays, your dog was a cur; and tells you, curriſh thanks is good enough for ſuch a preſent.

Pro. But ſhe receiv'd my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, ſhe did not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didſt thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, ſir; the other ſquirrel was ſtolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place: and then I offer'd her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my ſight.
Away, I ſay; Stay'ſt thou to vex me here?
A ſlave, that, ſtill an end,[9] turns me to ſhame.

[*Exit* LAUNCE.

Sebaſtian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of ſuch a youth,

That

[8] Perhaps we ſhould read of madam *Julia*. It was *Julia* only of whom a formal leave could have been taken. STEEVENS.

[9] i. e. *in the end*, at the concluſion of every buſineſs he undertakes. STEEVENS.

Still an end, and *moſt an end*, are vulgar expreſſions, and mean commonly, generally. M. MASON.

That can with ſome diſcretion do my buſineſs,
For 'tis no truſting to yon fooliſh lowt;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour;
Which (if my augury deceive me not,)
Witneſs good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go preſently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia:
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.[2]

Jul. It ſeems, you lov'd her not, to leave her token:[3]
She's dead, belike.[4]

Pro. Not ſo; I think, ſhe lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why doſt thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot chooſe but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore ſhould'ſt thou pity her?

Jul. Becauſe, methinks, that ſhe lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You dote on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity, love ſhould be ſo contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
I claim the promiſe for her heavenly picture.
Your meſſage done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou ſhalt find me ſad and ſolitary. [*Exit* PROTEUS.

Jul. How many women would do ſuch a meſſage?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou haſt entertain'd
A fox, to be the ſhepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart deſpiſeth me?
Becauſe he loves her, he deſpiſeth me;

2 i. e. She, *who* delivered it to me, lov'd me well. MALONE.

3 Proteus does not properly leave his lady's token, he gives it away. JOHNSON.

To *leave*, is uſed with equal licence, in a former ſcene, for to *ceaſe*. "I *leave* to be," &c. MALONE.

4 This is ſaid in reference to what Proteus had aſſerted to Silvia in a former ſcene; viz. that both *Julia* and Valentine were dead. STEEVENS.

Becauſe I love him, I muſt pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now am I (unhappy meſſenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refus'd;
To praiſe his faith, which I would have diſprais'd.[5]
I am my maſter's true confirmed love;
But cannot be true ſervant to my maſter,
Unleſs I prove falſe traitor to myſelf.
Yet will I woo for him; but yet ſo coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him ſpeed.

Enter SILVIA, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to ſpeak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be ſhe?

Jul. If you be ſhe, I do entreat your patience
To hear me ſpeak the meſſage I am ſent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my maſter, ſir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O!—he ſends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Urſula, bring my picture there. [*Picture brought.*
Go, give your maſter this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this ſhadow.

Jul. Madam, pleaſe you peruſe this letter.—
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I ſhould not;
This is the letter to your ladyſhip.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.
I will not look upon your maſter's lines:
I know, they are ſtuff'd with proteſtations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As eaſily as I do tear his paper.

Jul.

[5] The ſenſe is, to go and preſent that which I wiſh to be not accepted, to praiſe him whom I wiſh to be diſpraiſed. JOHNSON.

Jul. Madam, he ſends your ladyſhip this ring.
Sil. The more ſhame for him that he ſends it me;
For, I have heard him ſay a thouſand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his falſe finger hath profan'd the ring,
Mine ſhall not do his Julia ſo much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.
Sil. What ſay'ſt thou?
Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my maſter wrongs her much.
Sil. Doſt thou know her?
Jul. Almoſt as well as I do know myſelf:
To think upon her woes, I do proteſt,
That I have wept an hundred ſeveral times.
Sil. Belike, ſhe thinks that Proteus hath forſook her.
Jul. I think ſhe doth; and that's her cauſe of ſorrow.
Sil. Is ſhe not paſſing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than ſhe is:
When ſhe did think my maſter lov'd her well,
She, in my judgement, was as fair as you;
But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking-glaſs,
And threw her ſun-expelling maſk away,
The air hath ſtarv'd the roſes in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,[6]
That now ſhe is become as black as I.
Sil. How tall was ſhe?[7]
Jul. About my ſtature: for, at Pentecoſt,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown;
Which ſerved me as fit, by all men's judgement,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know ſhe is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a good,[8]

[6] The colour of a part *pinched*, is livid, as it is commonly termed, *black and blue*. The weather may therefore be juſtly ſaid to *pinch* when it produces the ſame viſible effect. I believe this is the reaſon why the cold is ſaid to *pinch*. JOHNSON.

[7] We ſhould read—"How tall *is* ſhe?" For that is evidently the queſtion which Silvia means to aſk. RITSON.

[8] i. e. in good earneſt. *Tout de bon.* Fr. STEEVENS.

For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For 'Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight; [9]
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!—
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. [*Exit* SILVIA.

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.—
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope

[9] The history of this twice-deserted lady is too well known to need an introduction here; nor is the reader interrupted on the business of Shakspeare: but I find it difficult to refrain from making a note the vehicle for a conjecture which I may have no better opportunity of communicating to the public.—The subject of a picture of Guido (commonly supposed to be Ariadne deserted by Theseus and courted by Bacchus) may possibly have been hitherto mistaken. Whoever will examine the fabulous history critically, as well as the performance itself, will acquiesce in the truth of the remark. Ovid, in his *Fasti*, iii. 465. tells us, that Bacchus (who left Ariadne to go on his Indian expedition) found too many charms in the daughter of one of the kings of that country.

In this picture he appears as if just returned from India, bringing with him his new favourite, who hangs on his arm, and whose presence only causes those emotions so visible in the countenance of Ariadne, who had been hitherto represented on this occasion:

"———— as passioning
"For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight."

From this painting a plate was engraved by Giacomo Freij, which is generally a companion to the Aurora of the same master. The print is so common, that the curious may easily satisfy themselves concerning the propriety of a remark which has intruded itself among the notes on Shakspeare.

To passion is used as a verb, by writers contemporary with Shakspeare. In *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, printed 1598, we meet with the same expression. STEEVENS.

On her being deserted by Theseus in the night, and left on the island of Naxos. MALONE.

I hope, my maſter's ſuit will be but cold,
Since ſhe reſpects my miſtreſs love ſo much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itſelf!
Here is her picture: Let me ſee; I think,
If I had ſuch a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unleſs I flatter with myſelf too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me ſuch a colour'd periwig.[2]
Her eyes are grey as glaſs; and ſo are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low,[3] and mine's as high.
What ſhould it be, that he reſpects in her,
But I can make reſpective[4] in myſelf,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, ſhadow, come, and take this ſhadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou ſenſeleſs form,
Thou ſhalt be worſhip'd, kiſs'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And, were there ſenſe in his idolatry,
My ſubſtance ſhould be ſtatue in thy ſtead.
I'll uſe thee kindly for thy miſtreſs' ſake,
That us'd me ſo; or elſe, by Jove I vow,
I ſhould have ſcratch'd out your unſeeing eyes,
To make my maſter out of love with thee. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The ſame. An Abbey.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The ſun begins to gild the weſtern ſky;
And now it is about the very hour

[2] It ſhould be remembered, that falſe hair was worn by the ladies, long before *wigs* were in faſhion. Theſe falſe coverings, however, were called *periwigs*. So, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607: "There is a new trade come up for caſt gentlewomen, of *perriwig-making*: let your wife ſet up in the Strand." "*Perwickes*," however, are mentioned by Churchyard in one of his earlieſt poems. STEEVENS.

[3] A high forehead was in our author's time accounted a feature eminently beautiful. JOHNSON.

[4] ——reſpective.] i. e. *reſpectable*. STEEVENS.

That Silvia, at Patrick's cell, ſhould meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unleſs it be to come before their time;
So much they ſpur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See, where ſhe comes: Lady, a happy evening.

Sil. Amen, amen! go on good Eglamour,
Out at the poſtern by the abbey-wall;
I fear, I am attended by ſome ſpies.

Egl. Fear not: the foreſt is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are ſure enough.[5] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. An Apartment in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what ſays Silvia to my ſuit?

Pro. O, ſir, I find her milder than ſhe was;
And yet ſhe takes exceptions to your perſon.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it ſomewhat rounder.

Pro. But love will not be ſpurr'd to what it loaths.

Thu. What ſays ſhe to my face?

Pro. She ſays, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old ſaying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.[6]

Jul. 'Tis true, ſuch pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aſide.*

Thu. How likes ſhe my diſcourſe?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I diſcourſe of love and peace.

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [*Aſide.*

Thu. What ſays ſhe to my valour?

Pro.

5 *Sure* is ſafe, out of danger. JOHNSON.

6 "A black man is a jewel in a fair woman's eye," is one of Ray's proverbial ſentences. MALONE.

Pro. O, ſir, ſhe makes no doubt of that.
Jul. She needs not, when ſhe knows it cowardice. [*Aſide.*
Thu. What ſays ſhe to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd.
Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aſide.*
Thu. Conſiders ſhe my poſſeſſions?
Pro. O, ay; and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. That ſuch an aſs ſhould owe them. [*Aſide.*
Pro. That they are out by leaſe.[7]
Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, ſir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you ſaw ſir Eglamour of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why, then ſhe's fled unto that peaſant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the foreſt:
Him he knew well, and gueſs'd that it was ſhe;
But, being maſk'd, he was not ſure of it:
Beſides, ſhe did intend confeſſion
At Patrick's cell this even; and there ſhe was not:
Theſe likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, ſtand not to diſcourſe,
But mount you preſently; and meet with me
Upon the riſing of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled:
Diſpatch,

[7] I ſuppoſe he means, becauſe Thurio's folly has let them on diſadvantageous terms. STEEVENS.

She pities ſir Thurio's poſſeſſions, becauſe they are let to others, and are not in his own dear hands. This appears to me to be the meaning of it. M. MASON.

"By Thurio's *poſſeſſions*, he himſelf underſtands his lands and eſtate. But Proteus chooſes to take the word in a figurative ſenſe, as ſignifying his *mental endowments:* and when he ſays they are *out by leaſe*, he means they are no longer enjoyed by their maſter (who is a fool,) but are leaſed out to another." STEEVENS.

Diſpatch, ſweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peeviſh girl,[8]
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
I'll after; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckleſs Silvia.[9] [*Exit.*

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*

Jul. And I will follow, more to croſs that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Frontiers of Mantua. *The Foreſt.*

Enter SILVIA, *and* Out-laws.

Out. Come, come;
Be patient, we muſt bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thouſand more miſchances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us,
But Moyſes, and Valerius, follow him.
Go thou with her to the weſt end of the wood,
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is beſet, he cannot 'ſcape.

1 *Out.* Come, I muſt bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not uſe a woman lawleſsly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the Foreſt.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How uſe doth breed a habit in a man!
This ſhadowy deſert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flouriſhing peopled towns:
Here can I ſit alone, unſeen of any,

And,

[8] *Peeviſh*, in ancient language, ſignifies *fooliſh*. STEEVENS.
[9] —— reckleſs *Silvia*.] i. e. careleſs, heedleſs. STEEVENS.

And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes.[2]
O thou that doſt inhabit in my breaſt,
Leave not the manſion ſo long tenantleſs;
Leſt, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was![3]
Repair me with thy preſence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cheriſh thy forlorn ſwain!—
What halloing, and what ſtir, is this to-day?
Theſe are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have ſome unhappy paſſenger in chace:
They love me well; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here?

[*Steps aſide.*

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this ſervice I have done for you,
(Though you reſpect not ought your ſervant doth,)
To hazard life, and reſcue you from him
That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchſafe me, for my meed,[4] but one fair look;
A ſmaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And leſs than this, I am ſure, you cannot give.
Val. How like a dream is this I ſee and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aſide.*
Sil. O miſerable, unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'ſt me moſt unhappy.
Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your preſence.

[*Aſide.*

Sil. Had I been ſeized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfaſt to the beaſt,
Rather than have falſe Proteus reſcue me.

O,

[2] To *record* anciently ſignified to *ſing*; and *Sir John Hawkins* informs me, that it is a term ſtill uſed by bird-fanciers, to expreſs the firſt eſſays of a bird in ſinging. STEEVENS.

[3] It is hardly poſſible to point out four lines, in any of the plays of Shakſpeare, more remarkable for eaſe and elegance. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*my* meed,] i. e. reward. STEEVENS.

O, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whoſe life's as tender to me as my ſoul,
And full as much (for more there cannot be,)
I do deteſt falſe perjur'd Proteus:
Therefore be gone, ſolicit me no more.
Pro. What dangerous action, ſtood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
O, 'tis the curſe in love, and ſtill approv'd,[5]
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.
Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy firſt beſt love,
For whoſe dear ſake thou did'ſt then rend thy faith
Into a thouſand oaths; and all thoſe oaths
Deſcended into perjury, to love me.
Thou haſt no faith left now, unleſs thou had'ſt two,
And that's far worſe than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!
Pro. In love,
Who reſpects friend?
Sil. All men but Proteus.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle ſpirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a ſoldier, at arms' end;
And love you 'gainſt the nature of love, force you.
Sil. O heaven!
Pro. I'll force thee yield to my deſire.
Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill faſhion!
Pro. Valentine!
Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;[6]
(For ſuch is a friend now,) treacherous man!
Thou haſt beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have perſuaded me: Now I dare not ſay
I have one friend alive; thou would'ſt diſprove me.
Who ſhould be truſted now, when one's right hand
Is perjur'd to the boſom? Proteus,

5 *Approv'd* is *felt, experienced.* MALONE.
6 *That's* is perhaps here uſed, not for *who is*, but for *id eſt, that is to ſay.* MALONE.

I am ſorry, I muſt never truſt thee more,
But count the world a ſtranger for thy ſake.
The private wound is deepeſt: O time, moſt curſt!
'Mongſt all foes, that a friend ſhould be the worſt!

Pro. My ſhame and guilt confounds me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty ſorrow
Be a ſufficient ranſom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly ſuffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honeſt:—
Who by repentance is not ſatisfy'd,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for theſe are pleas'd;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.[8]

Jul. O me, unhappy! [*Faints.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why wag! how now? what is the matter?

Look

[8] It is (I think) very odd, to give up his miſtreſs thus at once, without any reaſon alledged. But our author probably followed the ſtories juſt as he found them in his novels as well as hiſtories. POPE.

This paſſage either hath been much ſophiſticated, or is one great proof that the main parts of this play did not proceed from Shakſpeare; for it is impoſſible he could make Valentine act and ſpeak ſo much out of character, or give to Silvia ſo unnatural a behaviour, as to take no notice of this ſtrange conceſſion, if it had been made. HANMER.

Valentine, from ſeeing *Silvia* in the company of Proteus, might conceive ſhe had eſcaped with him from her father's court, for the purpoſes of love, though ſhe could not foreſee the violence which his villainy might offer, after he had ſeduced her under the pretence of an honeſt paſſion. If Valentine, however, be ſuppoſed to hear all that paſſed between them in this ſcene, I am afraid I have only to ſubſcribe to the opinions of my predeceſſors. STEEVENS.

——*I give thee.*] Transfer theſe two lines to the end of Thurio's ſpeech in page 163, and all is right. Why then ſhould Julia faint? It is only an artifice, ſeeing Silvia given up to Valentine, to diſcover herſelf to Proteus, by a pretended miſtake of the rings. One great fault of this play is the haſtening too abruptly, and without due preparation, to the denouëment, which ſhews that, if it be Shakſpeare's (which I cannot doubt,) it was one of his very early performances. BLACKSTONE.

Look up; ſpeak.

Jul. O good ſir, my maſter charg'd me
To deliver a ring to madam Silvia;
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [*Gives a ring.*

Pro. How! let me ſee:
Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry your mercy, ſir, I have miſtook;
This is the ring you ſent to Silvia. [*Shows another ring.*

Pro. But, how cam'ſt thou by this ring? at my depart,
I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herſelf did give it me;
And Julia herſelf hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft haſt thou with perjury cleft the root?[9]
O Proteus, let this habit make thee bluſh!
Be thou aſham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodeſt rayment; if ſhame live[2]
In a diſguiſe of love:
It is the leſſer blot, modeſty finds,
Women to change their ſhapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true: O heaven! were man
But conſtant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all ſins:
Inconſtancy falls off, ere it begins:
What is in Silvia's face, but I may ſpy
More freſh in Julia's with a conſtant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be bleſt to make this happy cloſe;
'Twere pity two ſuch friends ſhould be long foes.

Pro. Bear witneſs, heaven, I have my wiſh for ever.

Jul. And I have mine.

Enter

9 ——*cleft the* root?] i. e. of her heart. MALONE.

2 That is, *if it be any ſhame to wear diſguiſe for the purpoſes of love.*
JOHNSON.

Enter Out-laws, *with* DUKE *and* THURIO.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!
Val. Forbear, I ſay; it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man diſgrac'd,
Baniſhed Valentine.
Duke. Sir Valentine!
Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.
Val. Thurio give back, or elſe embrace thy death:
Come not within the meaſure[3] of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milan ſhall not behold thee. Here ſhe ſtands,
Take but poſſeſſion of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—
Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore ſhe is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and baſe art thou,
To make ſuch means for her as thou haſt done,[4]
And leave her on ſuch ſlight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my anceſtry,
I do applaud thy ſpirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empreſs' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,[5]
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
Plead a new ſtate in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus ſubſcribe,—ſir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou haſt deſerv'd her.
Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beſeech you, for your daughter's ſake,
To grant one boon that I ſhall aſk of you.
Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.
Val. Theſe baniſh'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities;

Forgive

3 The length of my ſword, the reach of my anger. JOHNSON.
4 i. e. to make ſuch intereſt for, to take ſuch diſingenuous pains about her. STEEVENS.
5 *Griefs* in old language frequently ſignified *grievances*, *wrongs*. MALONE.

Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou haſt prevail'd; I pardon them, and thee;
Diſpoſe of them, as thou know'ſt their deſerts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars [6]
With triumphs,[7] mirth, and rare ſolemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our diſcourſe to make your grace to ſmile:
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he bluſhes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that ſaying?

Val. Pleaſe you, I'll tell you as we paſs along,
That you will wonder, what hath fortuned.—
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The ſtory of your loves diſcovered:
That done, our day of marriage ſhall be yours;
One feaſt, one houſe, one mutual happineſs. [*Exeunt.*[8]

[6] To *include* is to *ſhut up*, to *conclude*. STEEVENS.

[7] *Triumphs* in this and many other paſſages of Shakſpeare, ſignify Maſques and Revels, &c. STEEVENS.

[8] In this play there is a ſtrange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence. The verſification is often excellent, the alluſions are learned and juſt; but the author conveys his heroes by ſea from one inland town to another in the ſame country; he places the emperor at Milan, and ſends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more; he makes Proteus, after an interview with Silvia, ſay he has only ſeen her picture; and, if we may credit the old copies, he has, by miſtaking places, left his ſcenery inextricable. The reaſon of all this confuſion ſeems to be, that he took his ſtory from a novel, which he ſometimes followed, and ſometimes forſook, ſometimes remembered, and ſometimes forgot.

That this play is rightly attributed to Shakſpeare, I have little doubt. If it be taken from him, to whom ſhall it be given? This queſtion may be aſked of all the diſputed plays except *Titus Andronicus*; and it will be found more credible, that Shakſpeare might ſometimes ſink below his higheſt flights, than that any other ſhould riſe up to his loweſt.

JOHNSON.

Johnſon's general remarks on this play are juſt, except that part in which he arraigns the conduct of the poet, for making Proteus ſay, that he had only ſeen the picture of Silvia, when it appears that he had had a perſonal

perſonal interview with her. This, however, is not a blunder of Shakſpeare's, but a miſtake of Johnſon's, who conſiders the paſſage alluded to in a more literal ſenſe than the author intended it. Sir Proteus, it is true, had ſeen Silvia for a few moments; but though he could form from thence ſome idea of her perſon, he was ſtill unacquainted with her temper, manners, and the qualities of her mind. He therefore conſiders himſelf as having ſeen her picture only.—The thought is juſt and elegantly expreſſed.—So, in *The Scornful Lady*, the elder Loveleſs ſays to her:

"I was mad once when I loved *pictures*;
"For what are ſhape and colours elſe, but *pictures*."

M. Mason.

MERRY

MERRY WIVES

OF

WINDSOR.

*** A few of the incidents in this comedy might have been taken from ſome old tranſlation of *Il Pecorone* by Giovanni Fiorentino. I have lately met with the ſame ſtory in a very contemptible performance, intitled, *The fortunate, the deceived, and the unfortunate Lovers*. Of this book, as I am told, there are ſeveral impreſſions; but that in which I read it, was publiſhed in 1632, quarto. A ſomewhat ſimilar ſtory occurs in *Piacevoli Notti di Straparola*, Nott. 4ª. Fav. 4ª.

This comedy was firſt entered at Stationers' Hall, Jan. 18, 1601, by John Buſby. STEEVENS.

This play ſhould be read between *K. Henry IV.* and *K. Henry V.*

JOHNSON.

A paſſage in the firſt ſketch of *The Merry Wives of Windſor* ſhews, I think, that it ought rather to be read between *the Firſt* and *the Second Part of King Henry IV.* in the latter of which young Henry becomes king. In the laſt act, Falſtaff ſays:

" Herne the hunter, quoth you? am I a ghoſt?
" 'Sblood, the fairies hath made a ghoſt of me.
" What, hunting at this time of night!
" I'le lay my life the mad *prince of Wales*
" Is ſtealing his father's deare."

and in this play, as it now appears, Mr. Page diſcountenances the addreſſes of Fenton to his daughter, becauſe " he keeps company with the wild *prince*, and with Poins."

The Fiſhwife's Tale of Brainford in WESTWARD FOR SMELTS, a book which Shakſpeare appears to have read, (having borrowed from it part of the fable of *Cymbeline*,) probably led him to lay the ſcene of Falſtaff's love-adventures at *Windſor*. It begins thus: " In *Windſor* not long agoe dwelt a ſumpterman, who had to wife a very faire but wanton creature, over whom, not without cauſe, he was ſomething *jealous*; yet had he never any proof of her inconſtancy."

The reader who is curious in ſuch matters, may find a reference to the ſtory of *The Lovers of Piſa*, mentioned by Dr. Farmer in the following note, at the end of this play. MALONE.

The adventures of *Falſtaff* in this play ſeem to have been taken from the ſtory of *The Lovers of Piſa*, in an old piece, called " *Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatorie.*" Mr. Capell pretended to much knowledge of this ſort; and I am ſorry that it proved only to be pretenſion.

Mr. *Warton* obſerves, in a note to the laſt *Oxford* edition, that the play was probably not written, as we now have it, before 1607, at the earlieſt. I agree with my very ingenious friend in this ſuppoſition, but yet the argument here produced for it may not be concluſive. *Slender* obſerves to maſter *Page*, that his *greyhound was out-run on Cotſale* [*Cotſwould-Hills* in *Glouceſterſhire*]; and Mr. *Warton* thinks, that the *games*, eſtabliſhed there by Captain *Dover* in the beginning of *K. James's* reign, are alluded to.—But perhaps, though the Captain be celebrated in the *Annalia Dubrenſia* as the *founder* of them, he might be the *reviver* only, or ſome way contribute to make them more famous; for in *The ſecond Part of Henry*

Henry IV. 1600, Juſtice *Shallow* reckons among the *Swinge-bucklers*, "*Will Squeele*, a *Cotſole man*."

In the firſt edition of the imperfect play, *ſir Hugh Evans* is called on the title page, the *Welch Knight*; and yet there are ſome perſons who ſtill affect to believe, that all our author's plays were originally publiſhed by himſelf. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer's opinion is well ſupported by "An eclogue on the noble aſſemblies *revived* on Cotſwold Hills, by Mr. Robert Dover." See Randolph's Poems, printed at Oxford, 4to. 1638, p. 114. The hills of *Cotſwold*, in *Glouceſterſhire*, are mentioned in *K. Richard II.* Act II. ſc. iii. and by Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, ſong 14. STEEVENS.

Queen Elizabeth was ſo well pleaſed with the admirable character of Falſtaff in *The Two Parts of Henry IV.* that, as Mr. Rowe informs us, ſhe commanded Shakſpeare to continue it for one play more, and to ſhew him in love. To this command we owe *The Merry Wives of Windſor*; which, Mr. Gildon ſays, [*Remarks* on Shakſpeare's plays, 8vo. 1710,] he was very well aſſured our author finiſhed in a fortnight. But this, muſt be meant only of the firſt imperfect ſketch of this comedy. An old quarto edition which I have ſeen, printed in 1602, ſays, in the title-page, —*As it hath been divers times acted before her majeſty, and elſewhere.* This, which we have here, was altered and improved by the author almoſt in every ſpeech. POPE. THEOBALD.

Mr. Gildon has likewiſe told us, "that our author's houſe at Stratford bordered on the Church-yard, and that he wrote the ſcene of the Ghoſt in *Hamlet* there." But neither for this, or the aſſertion that the play before us was written in a fortnight, does he quote any authority. The latter circumſtance was firſt mentioned by Mr. Dennis. "This comedy," ſays he, in his Epiſtle Dedicatory to *The Comical Gallant*, (an alteration of the preſent play,) 1702, "was written at her [Queen Elizabeth's] command, and by her direction, and ſhe was ſo eager to ſee it acted, that ſhe commanded it to be finiſhed in *fourteen days*; and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleaſed at the repreſentation." The information, it is probable, came originally from Dryden, who from his intimacy with Sir William Davenant had an opportunity of learning many particulars concerning our author.

At what period Shakſpeare new-modelled *The Merry Wives of Windſor* is unknown. I believe it was enlarged in 1603. See ſome conjectures on the ſubject in the *Attempt to aſcertain the order of hi plays*. MALONE.

It is not generally known, that the firſt edition of *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, in its preſent ſtate, is in the valuable folio, printed 1623, whence the quarto of the ſame play, dated 1630, was evidently copied. The two earlier quartos, 1602, and 1619, only exhibit this comedy as it was originally written, and are ſo far curious, as they contain Shakſpeare's firſt conceptions in forming a drama, which is the moſt complete ſpecimen of his comick powers. T. WARTON.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Sir John Falſtaff.
Fenton.
Shallow, *a country Juſtice.*
Slender, *couſin to* Shallow.
Mr. Ford, } *two gentlemen dwelling at* Windſor.
Mr. Page, }
William Page, *a boy, ſon to* Mr. Page.
Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welch parſon.*
Dr. Caius, *a French phyſician.*
Hoſt of the Garter Inn.
Bardolph, }
Piſtol, } *followers of Falſtaff.*
Nym, }
Robin, *page to* Falſtaff.
Simple, *ſervant to* Slender.
Rugby, *ſervant to* Dr. Caius.

Mrs. Ford.
Mrs. Page.
Mrs. Anne Page, *her daughter, in love with* Fenton.
Mrs. Quickly, *ſervant to* Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, *&c.*

SCENE, Windſor; *and the parts adjacent.*

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Windſor. *Before* Page's *Houſe.*

Enter Juſtice SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh[2], perſuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it:[3] if he were twenty ſir John Falſtaffs, he ſhall not abuſe Robert Shallow, eſquire.

Slen.

[2] *Sir Hugh,*] This is the firſt, of ſundry inſtances in our poet, where a parſon is called *ſir*. Upon which it may be obſerved, that anciently it was the common deſignation both of one in holy orders and a knight. Fuller ſomewhere in his Church Hiſtory ſays, that anciently there were in England more *ſirs* than *knights*; and ſo lately as temp. W. & Mar. in a depoſition in the Exchequer in a caſe of tythes, the witneſs ſpeaking of the curate, whom he remembered, ſtyles him, *ſir Giles*. Vide Gibſon's View of the churches of Door, Home-Lacy, &c. p. 36.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

Sir is the deſignation of a Bachelor of Arts in the Univerſities of Cambridge and Dublin; but is there always annexed to the ſurname;—Sir Evans, &c. In conſequence, however, of this, all the inferior Clergy in England were diſtinguiſhed by this title affixed to their chriſtian name for many centuries. Hence our author's *Sir* Hugh in the preſent play,—*Sir* Topas in *Twelfth Night*, *Sir* Oliver in *As you like it*, &c. MALONE.

Sir ſeems to have been a title formerly appropriated to ſuch of the inferior clergy as were only *Readers* of the ſervice, and not admitted to be preachers, and therefore were held in the loweſt eſtimation; as appears from a remarkable paſſage in Machell's Mſ. *Collections for the hiſtory of Weſtmoreland and Cumberland*, in ſix volumes, folio, preſerved in the Dean and Chapter's library at Carliſle. The reverend Thomas Machell, author of the Collections, lived temp. Car. II. Speaking of the little chapel of Martindale in the mountains of Weſtmoreland and Cumberland, the writer ſays, "There is little remarkable in or about it, but a neat chapel-yard, which by the peculiar care of the old Reader, *Sir Richard*,* is kept clean, and as neat as a bowling-green."—

"Within the limits of myne own memory all *Readers* in chapels were called *Sirs*,† and of old have been writ ſo; whence

* Richard Berket, Reader, Æt. 74. Mſ. note.

† In the margin is a Mſ. note ſeemingly in the hand-writing of Bp. Nicolſon, who gave theſe volumes to the library: "Since I can remember there was not a *reader* in any chapel but was called *Sir*."

Slen. In the county of Gloſter, juſtice of peace, and *coram.*

Shal. Ay, couſin Slender, and *Cuſt alorum.*[4]

Slen. Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, maſter parſon; who writes himſelf *armigero*;[5] in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero.*

Shal. Ay, that we do;[6] and have done[7] any time theſe three hundred years.

Slen.

whence, I ſuppoſe, ſuch of the laity as received the noble order of knighthood being called *Sirs* too, for diſtinction ſake had *Knight* writ after them; which had been ſuperfluous, if the title of *Sir* had been peculiar to them. But now this *Sir Richard* is the only *Knight Templar* (if I may ſo call him) that retains the old ſtyle, which in other places is much laid aſide, and grown out of uſe." PERCY.

See Mr. Douce's obſervations on the title "Sir," (as given to Eccleſiaſticks) at the end of Act V.—The length of this curious Memoir obliges me to disjoin it from the page to which it naturally belongs.

STEEVENS.

3 Ben Jonſon intimates, that the *Star-chamber* had a right to take cognizance of ſuch matters. See *The Magnetic Lady*, Act III. ſc. iv:

"There is a court above, of the *Star-chamber*,
"To puniſh *routs* and *riots*." STEEVENS.

4 —*Cuſt-alorum.*] This is, I ſuppoſe, intended for a corruption of *Cuſtos Rotulorum.* The miſtake was hardly deſigned by the author, who, though he gives Shallow folly enough, makes him rather pedantic than illiterate. If we read:

"Shal. *Ay, couſin Slender, and* Cuſtos Rotulorum."

It follows naturally:

"*Ay, and* Ratolorum *too.*" JOHNSON.

I think with Dr. *Johnſon*, that this blunder could ſcarcely be intended. *Shallow*, we know, had been bred to the law at *Clement's Inn.*—But I would rather read *cuſtos* only; then Slender adds naturally, "Ay, and *rotulorum* too." He had heard the words *cuſtos rotulorum*, and ſuppoſes them to mean different offices. FARMER.

Perhaps Shakſpeare might have intended to ridicule the abbreviations ſometimes uſed in writs and other legal inſtruments, with which his Juſtice might have been acquainted. In the old copy the word is printed *Cuſt-alorum*; as it is now exhibited in the text. If, however, this was intended, it ſhould be *Cuſt-ulorum*; and, it muſt be owned, abbreviation by cutting off the beginning of a word is not authorized by any precedent, except what we may ſuppoſe to have exiſted in Shallow's imagination.

MALONE.

5 Slender had ſeen the Juſtice's atteſtations, ſigned "—jurat' coram me, Roberto Shallow, *Armigero*;" and therefore takes the ablative for the nominative caſe of *Armiger.* STEEVENS.

6 The old copy reads—"That *I* do." The preſent emendation was ſuggeſted to me by Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

7 i. e.

Slen. All his ſucceſſors, gone before him, have done't; and all his anceſtors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louſes do become an old coat well; it agrees well, paſſant: it is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies—love.

Shal. The luce is the freſh fiſh; the ſalt fiſh is an old coat.[8]

Slen.

7 i. e. all the Shallows *have done.* Shakſpeare has many expreſſions equally licentious. MALONE.

8 That is, the *freſh fiſh* is the coat of an ancient family, and the *ſalt fiſh* is the coat of a merchant grown rich by trading over the ſea. JOHNSON.

I am not ſatisfied with any thing that has been offered on this difficult paſſage. All that Mr. *Smith* told us was a mere *gratis dictum*. [His note being worthleſs, is here omitted.] I cannot find that *ſalt fiſh* was ever really borne in heraldry. I fancy the latter part of the ſpeech ſhould be given to ſir *Hugh*, who is at croſs purpoſes with the *Juſtice*. *Shallow* had ſaid juſt before, the coat is an old one; and now, that it is the luce, the freſh fiſh.—No, replies the parſon, it cannot be *old* and freſh too—"the *ſalt fiſh* is an *old coat*." I give this with rather the more confidence, as a ſimilar miſtake has happened a little lower in the ſcene,—"*Slice*, I ſay!" cries out Corporal *Nym*, "*Pauca, pauca: Slice!* that's my humour." There can be no doubt, but *pauca, pauca*, ſhould be ſpoken by *Evans*:

Again, a little before this, the copies give us:

"*Slender.* You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

"*Shallow.* That he will not—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'tis a good dog."

Surely it ſhould be thus:

"*Shallow.* You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

"*Slender.* That he will not.

"*Shallow.* 'Tis your fault, 'tis your fault," &c. FARMER.

This fugitive ſcrap of Latin, *pauca*, &c. is uſed in ſeveral old pieces, by characters who have no more of literature about them, than *Nym*. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare ſeems to frolick here in his heraldry, with a deſign not to be eaſily underſtood. In Leland's Collectanea, Vol. I. P. II. p. 615. the arms of *Geffrey de Lucy* are "de goules *poudre* a croiſil dor a treis luz dor." Can the poet mean to quibble upon the word *poudré*, that is, *powdred*, which ſignifies *ſalted*; or ſtrewed and ſprinkled with any thing? TOLLET.

The *luce* is a *pike* or *jack*. In Ferne's *Blazon of Gentry*, 1586, quarto, the arms of the Lucy family are repreſented as an inſtance, that "ſigns of the coat ſhould ſomething agree with the name. It is the coat of

Slen. I may quarter, coz?
Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva.

Geffray Lord Lucy. He did bears Gules, three *lucies* hariant, Argent."

Mr. William Oldys, Norroy King at Arms, obſerves, that——" there was a very aged gentleman living in the neighbourhood of Stratford (where he died fifty years ſince), who had not only heard, from ſeveral old people in that town, of Shakſpeare's tranſgreſſion, but could remember the firſt ſtanza of that bitter ballad, which, repeating to one of his acquaintance, he preſerved it in writing; and here it is, neither better nor worſe, but faithfully tranſcribed from the copy which his relation very courteouſly communicated to me.

" A parliement member, a juſtice of peace,
" At home a poor ſcare-crowe, at London an aſſe,
" If lowſie is Lucy, as ſome volke miſcalle it,
" Then Lucy is lowſie whatever befall it:
" He thinks himſelf greate,
" Yet an aſſe in his ſtate,
" We allowe by his ears but with aſſes to mate.
" If Lucy is lowſie, as ſome volke miſcalle it,
" Sing lowſie Lucy, whatever befall it."

" Contemptible as this performance muſt now appear, at the time when it was written it might have had ſufficient power to irritate a vain, weak, and vindictive magiſtrate; eſpecially as it was affixed to ſeveral of his park-gates, and conſequently publiſhed among his neighbours.—It may be remarked likewiſe, that the jingle on which it turns, occurs in the firſt ſcene of *The Merry Wives of Windſor*."

I may add, that the veracity of the late Mr. Oldys has never yet been impeached; and it is not very probable that a ballad ſhould be forged, from which an undiſcovered wag could derive no triumph over antiquarian credulity. STEEVENS.

Our author here alludes to the arms of Sir Thomas Lucy, who is ſaid to have proſecuted him in the younger part of his life for a miſdemeſnor, and who is ſuppoſed to be pointed at under the character of Juſtice Shallow. The text however, by ſome careleſſneſs of the printer or tranſcriber, has been ſo corrupted, that the paſſage, as it ſtands at preſent, ſeems inexplicable. Dr. Farmer's regulation appears to me highly probable; and in further ſupport of it, it may be obſerved, that ſome other ſpeeches, beſide th ſe he has mentioned, are miſplaced in a ſubſequent part of this ſcene, as exhibited in the firſt folio. MALONE.

Perhaps we have not *yet* conceived the humour of Maſter *Shallow*. *Slender* has obſerved, that the family might give a dozen *white* Luces in their coat; to which the Juſtice adds, " It is an *old one*." This produces the *Parſon's* blunder, and *Shallow's* correction. " The *Luce* is not the *Louſe* but the *Pike*, the *freſh fiſh* of that name. Indeed our *Coat* is *old*, as I ſaid, and the fiſh cannot be *freſh*; and therefore we bear the *white*, i. e. the *pickled* or *ſalt-fiſh*."

In

Eva. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three ſkirts for yourſelf, in my ſimple conjectures: but that is all one: If ſir John Falſtaff have committed diſparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromiſes between you.

Shal. The council ſhall hear it; it is a riot.[9]

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, ſhall deſire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.[2]

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the ſword ſhould end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the ſword, and end it: and there is alſo another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot diſcretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to maſter George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Miſtreſs Anne Page? She has brown hair, and ſpeaks ſmall like a woman.[3]

Eva.

In the Northumberland Houſehold Book, we meet with "nine barrels of *white* herringe for a hole yere, 4. 10. 0:" and Mr. *Pennant* in the additions to his *London* ſays, "By the very high price of the *Pike*, it is probable that this fiſh had not yet been introduced into our ponds, but was imported as a luxury, *pickled*."

It will be ſtill clearer if we read—"*tho'* ſaltfiſh *in* an old coat."

FARMER.

9 By *the Council* is only meant the court of ſtar-chamber, compoſed chiefly of the king's council ſitting *in Camerâ ſtellatâ*, which took cognizance of atrocious riots. In the old quarto, "the council ſhall know it," follows immediately after "I'll make a ſtar-chamber matter of it."

BLACKSTONE.

2 *Adviſement* is now an obſolete word. STEEVENS.

3 He admires her for the ſweetneſs of her voice. But the expreſſion is highly humourous, as making her *ſpeaking* ſmall *like a woman* one of her marks of diſtinction; and the ambiguity of *ſmall*, which ſignifies *little* as well as *low*, makes the expreſſion ſtill more pleaſant.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has found more pleaſantry here than I believe was intended. *Small* was, I think, not uſed, as he ſuppoſes, in an ambiguous

Eva. It is that fery verſon for all the 'orld, as juſt as you will deſire; and ſeven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and ſilver, is her grandfire, upon his death's-bed, (Got deliver to a joyful reſurrections!) give, when ſhe is able to overtake ſeventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage between maſter Abraham, and miſtreſs Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandfire leave her ſeven hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; ſhe has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and poſſibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us ſee honeſt maſter Page: Is Falſtaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do deſpiſe a liar, as I do deſpiſe one that is falſe; or, as I deſpiſe one that is not true. The knight, ſir John, is there; and, I beſeech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*knocks*] for maſter Page. What, hoa! Got pleſs your houſe here!

Enter PAGE.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's pleſſing, and your friend, and juſtice Shallow: and here young maſter Slender; that, peradventures, ſhall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to ſee your worſhips well: I thank you for my veniſon, maſter Shallow.

Shal. Maſter Page, I am glad to ſee you; Much good do it your good heart! I wiſh'd your veniſon better; it was ill kill'd:—How doth good miſtreſs Page?—and I love you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal.

ſenſe, for, "*little*, as well as *low*," but ſimply for *weak*, *ſlender*, *feminine*; and the only pleaſantry of the paſſage ſeems to be, that poor Slender ſhould characteriſe his miſtreſs by a general quality belonging to her whole ſex. MALONE.

A *ſmall* voice is a *ſoft* and *melodious* voice.

When female characters were filled by boys, to *ſpeak ſmall like a woman* muſt have been a valuable qualification. HOLT WHITE.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to ſee you, good maſter Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, ſir? I heard ſay, he was out-run on Cotſale.[4]

Page. It could not be judg'd, ſir.

Slen. You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

Shal. That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:[5]—'Tis a good dog.

Page.

4 He means *Cotſwold*, in *Glouceſterſhire*. In the beginning of the reign of James the Firſt, by permiſſion of the king, one Dover, a publick-ſpirited attorney of Barton on the Heath, in Warwickſhire, inſtituted on the hills of *Cotſwold* an annual celebration of games, conſiſting of rural ſports and exerciſes. Theſe he conſtantly conducted in perſon, well mounted, and accoutred in a ſuit of his majeſty's old cloaths; and they were frequented above forty years by the nobility and gentry for ſixty miles round, till the grand rebellion aboliſhed every liberal eſtabliſhment. I have ſeen a very ſcarce book, entitled, "*Annalia Dubrenſia. Upon the yearly celebration of Mr. Robert Dover's Olympick games upon Cotſwold hills*," &c. *London*, 1636, 4to. There are recommendatory verſes prefixed, written by Drayton, Jonſon, Randolph, and many others, the moſt eminent wits of the times. The games, as appears from a curious frontiſpiece, were, chiefly, wreſtling, leaping, pitching the bar, handling the pike, dancing of women, various kinds of hunting, and particularly courſing the hare with greyhounds. Hence alſo we ſee the meaning of another paſſage, where Falſtaff, or Shallow, calls a ſtout fellow a *Cotſwoldman*. But from what is here ſaid, an inference of another kind may be drawn, reſpecting the age of the play. A meager and imperfect ſketch of this comedy was printed in 1602. Afterwards Shakſpeare new-wrote it entirely. This alluſion therefore to the *Cotſwold* games, not founded till the reign of James the Firſt, aſcertains a period of time beyond which our author muſt have made the additions to his original rough draft, or, in other words, compoſed the preſent comedy. James the Firſt came to the crown in the year 1603. And we will ſuppoſe that two or three more years at leaſt muſt have paſſed before theſe games could have been effectually eſtabliſhed. I would therefore, at the earlieſt, date this play about the year 1607. T. Warton.

The *Annalia Dubrenſia* conſiſts *entirely* of recommendatory verſes.

Douce.

The Cotſwold hills in Glouceſterſhire are a large tract of downs, famous for their fine turf, and therefore excellent for courſing. I believe there is no village of that name. Blackstone.

5 Perhaps Shallow means to ſay, that it is a known failing of Page's not to confeſs that his dog has been out-run. Or, the meaning may be,—'*tis your* misfortune *that he was out run on Cotſwold*; *he is, however, a good dog*. Malone.

Perhaps Shallow addreſſes theſe words to *Slender*, and means to tell *him*, "it

Page. A cur, ſir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; Can there be more ſaid? he is good, and fair.—Is ſir John Falſtaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is ſpoke as a chriſtians ought to ſpeak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, maſter Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſs it.

Shal. If it be confeſs'd, it is not redreſs'd; is not that ſo, maſter Page? He hath wrong'd me;—indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me;—Robert Shallow, Eſquire, ſaith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes ſir John.

Enter Sir John FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, *and* PISTOL.

Fal. Now, maſter Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.[6]

Fal. But not kiſs'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fal. I will anſwer it ſtraight;—I have done all this: That is now anſwer'd.

Shal. The Council ſhall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if it were known in counſel:[7] you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva.

" it was *his* fault to undervalue a dog whoſe inferiority in the chaſe was not aſcertained." STEEVENS.

[6] This probably alludes to ſome real incident, at that time well known. JOHNSON.

So probably Falſtaff's anſwer. FARMER.

[7] The old copies read—"*'Twere better for you, if 'twere known in* council. Perhaps it is an abrupt ſpeech, and muſt be read thus:—"*'Twere better for you——if 'twere known in council, you'll be laugh'd at. 'Twere better for you*, is, I believe, a menace JOHNSON.

Some of the modern editors arbitrarily read—if 'twere *not* known in council,—but I believe Falſtaff quibbles between *council* and *counſel*. The latter ſignifies *ſecrecy*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Ritſon ſuppoſes the preſent reading to be juſt, and quite in Falſtaff's

inſolent

Eva. Pauca verba, ſir John; good worts.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage.[8]—Slender, I broke your head; What matter have you againſt me?

Slen. Marry, ſir, I have matter in my head againſt you; and againſt your coney-catching raſcals,[9] Bardolph, Nym, and Piſtol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards pick'd my pocket.

Bar. You Banbury cheeſe![2]

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Piſt. How now, Mephoſtophilus?[3]

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay! *pauca, pauca*;[4] ſlice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, couſin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you! Now let us underſtand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I underſtand: that is—maſter Page, *fidelicet*, maſter Page; and there is myſelf, *fidelicet*, myſelf; and the three party is, laſtly and finally, mine hoſt of the Garter.

Page. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cauſe, with as great diſcreetly as we can.

Fal. Piſtol,——

Piſt. He hears with ears.

inſolent ſneering manner. "It would be much better, indeed, to have it known in the council, where you would only be laugh'd at." REED.

The ſpelling of the old quarto (*counſel,*) as well as the general purport of the paſſage, fully confirms Mr. Steevens's interpretation. MALONE.

8 *Worts* was the ancient name of all the cabbage kind. STEEVENS.

9 A *coney-catcher* was, in the time of Elizabeth, a common name for a cheat or ſharper. Green, one of the firſt among us who made a trade of writing pamphlets, publiſhed *A Detection of the Frauds and Tricks of Coney-catchers and Couzeners.* JOHNSON.

2 This is ſaid in alluſion to the thin carcaſe of Slender. STEEVENS.

3 This is the name of a ſpirit or familiar, in the old ſtory book of *Sir John Fauſtus*, or *John Fauſt*: to whom our author afterwards alludes, Act II. ſc. ii.

Piſtol means to call Slender a very ugly fellow. STEEVENS.

4 Dr. Farmer (ſee a former note,) would tranſfer the Latin words to Evans. But the old copy, I think, is right. Piſtol, in *K. Henry V.* uſes the ſame language. In the ſame ſcene Nym twice uſes the word *ſolus*.

MALONE.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phraſe is this,[5] *He hears with ear?* Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Piſtol, did you pick maſter Slender's purſe?

Slen. Ay, by theſe gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again elſe,) of ſeven groats in mill-ſixpences,[6] and two Edward ſhovel-boards,[7] that coſt me two ſhilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by theſe gloves.

Fal.

[5] Sir Hugh is juſtified in his cenſure of this paſſage by *Pecham*, who in his *Garden of Eloquence*, 1577, places this very mode of expreſſion under the article *Pleonaſmus*. HENDERSON.

[6] It appears from a paſſage in *Sir William Davenant's Newes from Plimouth*, that theſe *mill'd-ſixpences* were uſed by way of counters to caſt up money:

" ——— A few *mill'd-ſixpences*, with which
" My purſer caſts accompt." STEEVENS.

[7] One of theſe pieces of metal is mentioned in Middleton's comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

" ——— away ſlid I my man, like a *ſhovel-board ſhilling*," &c.
STEEVENS.

" *Edward Shovel-boards*," were the broad ſhillings of *Edw. VI.* Taylor, the water-poet, in his *Travel of Twelve-pence*, makes him complain:

" ——— the unthrift every day
" With my face downwards do at *ſhoave-board* play;
" That had I had a beard, you may ſuppoſe,
" They had worne it off, as they have done my noſe."

And in a note he tells us: " Edw. ſhillings for the moſt part are uſed at *ſhoave-board*." FARMER.

In the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* Falſtaff ſays, " Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a *ſhove-groat ſhilling*." This confirms Farmer's opinion, that pieces of coin were uſed for that purpoſe. M. MASON.

The following extract, for the notice of which I am indebted to Dr. Farmer, will aſcertain the ſpecies of coin mentioned in the text. " I muſt here take notice before I entirely quit the ſubject of theſe laſt-mentioned ſhillings, that I have alſo ſeen ſome other pieces of good ſilver, greatly reſembling the ſame, and of the ſame date 1547, that have been ſo much thicker as to weigh about *half an ounce*, together with ſome others that have weighed an ounce." *Folkes's Table of Engliſh ſilver Coins*, p. 32. The former of theſe were probably what coſt Maſter Slender two ſhillings and two-pence a-piece. REED.

It appears, that the game of *ſhovel-board* was played with the ſhillings of *Edward VI.* in Shadwell's time; for in his *Miſer*, Act III. ſc. i. Cheatly ſays, " She perſuaded him to play with hazard at Backgammon, and he has already loſt his *Edward ſhillings* that he kept for *Shovel-board*,

and

Fal. Is this true, Piſtol?

Eva. No; it is falſe, if it is a pick-purſe.

Piſt. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John, and maſter mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo: [8]
Word of denial in thy labras here; [9]
Word of denial: froth and ſcum, thou lieſt.

Slen. By theſe gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, ſir, and paſs good humours: I will ſay, *marry:*

and was pulling out broad pieces (that have not ſeen the ſun theſe many years) when I came away."

In Shadwell's *Lancaſhire Witches*, Vol. III. p. 232, the game is called *Shuffle-board.* It is ſtill played; and I lately heard a man aſk another to go into an alehouſe in the Broad Sanctuary, Weſtminſter, to play at it.

DOUCE.

That Slender means the broad *ſhilling* of one of our kings, appears from comparing theſe words with the correſponding paſſage in the old quarto: "Ay by this handkerchief did he;—two faire ſhovel-board *ſhillings*, beſides ſeven groats in mill ſixpences."

How twenty *eight* pence could be loſt in mill-*ſixpences*, Slender, however, has not explained to us. MALONE.

[8] Piſtol, ſeeing Slender ſuch a ſlim, puny wight, would intimate, that he is as thin as a plate of that compound metal, which is called *latten*: and which was, as we are told, the old *orichalc*. THEOBALD.

Latten is a mixed metal, made of copper and calamine. MALONE.

The ſarcaſm intended is, that Slender had neither courage nor ſtrength, as a latten ſword has neither edge nor ſubſtance. HEATH.

Latten may ſignify no more than *as thin as a lath.* The word in ſome counties is ſtill pronounced as if there was no *h* in it: and Ray, in his Dictionary of North Country Words, affirms it to be ſpelt *lat* in the north of England. Falſtaff threatens, in another play, to drive prince Henry out of his kingdom, with *a dagger of lath. A latten bilboe* means therefore, I believe, no more than *a blade as thin as a lath—a vice's dagger.* Theobald, however, is right in his aſſertion that *latten* was a metal.

STEEVENS.

I believe Theobald has given the true ſenſe of *latten*, though he is wrong in ſuppoſing, that the alluſion is to Slender's *thinneſs.* It is rather to his *ſoftneſs* or *weakneſs.* TYRWHITT.

[9] *Word of denial in* thy *labras* here;] I ſuppoſe it ſhould rather be read:

"*Word of denial in* my *labras* hear;"

that is, *hear* the word of denial in my *lips. Thou ly'ſt.* JOHNSON.

We often talk of giving the lie in a man's *teeth*, or in his *throat.* Piſtol chooſes to throw the word of denial in the *lips* of his adverſary, and is ſuppoſed to point to them as he ſpeaks. STEEVENS.

marry trap,[2] with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an aſs.

Fal. What ſay you, Scarlet and John?[3]

Bard. Why, ſir, for my part, I ſay, the gentleman had drunk himſelf out of his five ſentences.

Eva. It is his five ſenſes: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap,[4] ſir, was, as they ſay, caſhier'd; and ſo concluſions paſs'd the careires.[5]

Slen. Ay, you ſpake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilſt I live again, but in honeſt, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with thoſe that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal.

[2] When a man was caught in his own ſtratagem, I ſuppoſe the exclamation of inſult (was—*marry*) *trap!* JOHNSON.

[3] The names of two of Robin Hood's companions; but the humour conſiſts in the alluſion to Bardolph's *red face*; concerning which, ſee *The Second Part of Henry IV.* WARBURTON.

[4] I know not the exact meaning of this cant word, neither have I met with it in any of our old dramatic pieces, which have often proved the beſt comments on Shakſpeare's vulgariſms. Dr. Farmer, indeed, obſerves, that *to fib* is to *beat*; ſo that *being fap* may mean *being beaten*; and *caſhiered, turned out of company.* STEEVENS.

The word fap, is probably made from *vappa*, a drunken fellow, or a good-for-nothing fellow, whoſe virtues are all exhaled. Slender, in his anſwer, ſeems to underſtand that Bardolph had made uſe of a Latin word: "Ay, you ſpake in Latin then too;" as Piſtol had juſt before. S. W.

It is not probable that any cant term is from the Latin; nor that the word in queſtion was ſo derived, becauſe Slender *miſtook* it for Latin. The miſtake, indeed, is an argument to the contrary, as it ſhows his ignorance in that language. *Fap* however, certainly means *drunk*, as appears from the gloſſaries. DOUCE.

[5] I believe this ſtrange word is nothing but the French *cariere*; and the expreſſion means, that *the common bounds of good behaviour were overpaſſed.* JOHNSON.

—— *to paſs the cariere* was a military phraſe, or rather perhaps a term of the *manege.* STEEVENS.

Bardolph means to ſay, "and ſo in the *end* he reel'd about with a circuitous motion, like a horſe, *paſſing a carier.*" To *paſs a carier* was the technical term. MALONE.

Fal. You hear all theſe matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Miſtreſs ANNE PAGE *with wine; Miſtreſs* FORD *and Miſtreſs* PAGE *following.*

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit* ANNE PAGE.

Slen. O heaven! this is miſtreſs Anne Page.

Page. How now, miſtreſs Ford?

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good miſtreſs. [*kiſſing her.*

Page. Wife, bid this gentleman welcome:——Come, we have a hot veniſon paſty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we ſhall drink down all unkindneſs.

[*Exeunt all but* SHAL. SLENDER *and* EVANS.

Slen. I had rather than forty ſhillings, I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here: [6]

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I muſt wait on myſelf, muſt I? You have not *The Book of Riddles* [7] about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas laſt, a fortnight afore Michaelmas? [8]

Shal.

[6] It cannot be ſuppoſed that poor Slender was himſelf a poet. He probably means the Poems of Lord Surrey and others, which were very popular in the age of Queen Elizabeth. They were printed in 1567, with this title: "*Songes and Sonnettes*, written by the right honourable Lord Henry Howard, late Earle of Surrey, and others." Slender laments that he has not this faſhionable book about him, ſuppoſing it might have aſſiſted him in paying his addreſſes to Anne Page. MALONE.

Under the title mentioned by Slender, Churchyard very evidently points out this book in an enumeration of his own pieces, prefixed to a collection of verſe and proſe, called *Churchyard's Challenge*, 4to. 1593: "—and many things in the *booke of ſonges and ſonets* printed then, were of my making." By *then* he means "in Queene Maries raigne;" for Surrey was firſt publiſhed in 1557. STEEVENS.

[7] This appears to have been a popular book, and is enumerated with others in *The Engliſh Courtier, and Country Gentleman*, 4to. 1586. REED.

[8] Sure, Simple's a little out in his reckoning. Allhallowmas is almoſt five weeks *after* Michaelmas. But may it not be urged, it is deſigned

Simple

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we ſtay for you. A word with you coz: marry, this, coz; There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by ſir Hugh here;—Do you underſtand me?

Slen. Ay, ſir, you ſhall find me reaſonable; if it be ſo, I ſhall do that that is reaſon.

Shal. Nay, but underſtand me.

Slen. So I do, ſir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, maſter Slender: I will deſcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my couſin Shallow ſays: I pray you, pardon me; he's a juſtice of peace in his country, ſimple though I ſtand here.

Eva. But that is not the queſtion; the queſtion is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, ſir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to miſtreſs Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be ſo, I will marry her, upon any reaſonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philoſophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth;[9]—Therefore, preciſely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Couſin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, ſir,—I will do, as it ſhall become one that would do reaſon.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you muſt ſpeak poſſitable, if you can carry her your deſires towards her.

Shal.

Simple ſhould appear thus ignorant, to keep up the character? I think not. The ſimpleſt creatures (nay, even naturals) generally are very preciſe in the knowledge of feſtivals, and marking how the ſeaſons run: and therefore I have ventured to ſuſpect our poet wrote *Martlemas*, as the vulgar call it: which is near a fortnight after All-Saint's day, i. e. eleven days, both incluſive. THEOBALD.

This correction, thus ſeriouſly and wiſely enforced, is received by ſir Thomas Hanmer; but probably Shakſpeare intended to blunder. JOHNSON.

9 *Parcel*, in this place, ſeems to be uſed in the ſame ſenſe as it was both formerly and at preſent in conveyances. "Part, *parcel*, or member of any eſtate," are formal words ſtill to be found in various deeds. REED.

Shal. That you muſt: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your requeſt, couſin, in any reaſon.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, ſweet coz; what I do, is to pleaſure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, ſir, at your requeſt; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decreaſe it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occaſion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you ſay, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely diſſolved, and diſſolutely.

Eva. It is a fery diſcretion anſwer; ſave, the faul' is in the 'ort diſſolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, reſolutely;—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my couſin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or elſe I would I might be hang'd, la.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair miſtreſs Anne:—Would I were young, for your ſake, miſtreſs Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father deſires your worſhips' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair miſtreſs Anne.

Eva. Od's pleſſed will! I will not be abſence at the grace.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and Sir* H. EVANS.

Anne. Will't pleaſe your worſhip to come in, ſir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forſooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, ſir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forſooth:—Go, ſirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my couſin Shallow: [2] [*Exit* SIMPLE.] A juſtice of peace ſometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, [3] till my mother be dead: But what though? I yet live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne.

[2] This paſſage ſhews that it was formerly the cuſtom in England, as it is now in France, for perſons to be attended at dinner by their own ſervants, wherever they dined. M. MASON.

[3] As great a fool as the poet has made *Slender*, it appears, by his boaſting

Anne. I may not go in without your worſhip: they will not ſit, till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, ſir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my ſhin the other day with playing at ſword and dagger with a maſter of fence,[4] three veneys for a diſh of ſtew'd prunes;[5] and, by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meat ſince. Why do your dogs bark ſo? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think, there are, ſir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the ſport well; but I ſhall as ſoon quarrel at it,

ing of his wealth, his breeding and his courage, that he knew how to win a woman. This is a fine inſtance of Shakſpeare's knowledge of nature. WARBURTON.

4 *Maſter of defence*, on this occaſion, does not ſimply mean a profeſſor of the art of fencing, but a perſon who had taken his *maſter's degree* in it. I learn from one of the Sloanian MSS. (now in the Britiſh Muſeum, No. 2530, xxvi. D.) which ſeems to be the fragment of a regiſter formerly belonging to ſome of our ſchools where the "Noble Science of Defence," was taught from the year 1568 to 1583, that in this art there were three degrees, viz. a *Maſter's*, a Provoſt's, and a Scholar's. For each of theſe a prize was played, as exerciſes are kept in univerſities for ſimilar purpoſes. The weapons they uſed were the axe, the pike, rapier and target, rapier and cloke, two ſwords, the two-hand ſword, the baſtard ſword, the dagger and ſtaff, the ſword and buckler, the rapier and dagger, &c. The places where they exerciſed were commonly theatres, halls, or other encloſures ſufficient to contain a number of ſpectators; as Ely-Place in Holborn, the Bell Savage on Ludgate-hill, the Curtain in Holly-well, the Gray Friars within Newgate, Hampton Court, the Bull in Biſhopſgate Street, the Clink, Duke's Place, Sal ſbury-Court, Bridewell, the Artillery garden, &c. &c. &c. Among thoſe who diſtinguiſhed themſelves in this ſcience, I find *Tarlton* the Comedian, who "was allowed a maſter" the 23d of October, 1587 [I ſuppoſe, either as grand compounder, or by mandamus], he being "ordinary grome of her majeſties chamber," and Robert Greene, who "plaide his maiſter's prize at Leadenhall with three weapons." &c. The book from which theſe extracts are made, is a ſingular curioſity, as it contains the oaths, cuſtoms, regulations, prizes, ſummonſes, &c. of this once faſhionable ſociety. *K Henry VIII. K. Edward VI. Philip* and *Mary*, and queen *Elizabeth*, were frequent ſpectators of their ſkill and activity. STEEVENS.

5 i. e. three *venues*, French. Three different ſet-to's, *bouts*, (or *bits*, as Mr. Malone, perhaps more properly, explains the word,) a technical term. STEEVENS.

it, as any man in England :—You are afraid, if you ſee the bear looſe, are you not ?

Anne. Ay, indeed, ſir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now : [6] I have ſeen Sackerſon [7] looſe, twenty times ; and have taken him by the chain : but, I warrant you, the women have ſo cried and ſhriek'd at it, that it paſs'd : [8]—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em ; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle maſter Slender, come ; we ſtay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing ; I thank you, ſir.

Page. By cock and pye,[9] you ſhall not chooſe, ſir : come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, ſir.

Slen. Miſtreſs Anne, yourſelf ſhall go firſt.

Anne. Not I, ſir ; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go firſt ; truly, la : I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, ſir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troubleſome : you do yourſelf wrong, indeed, la. [*Exeunt.*

[6] Dekkar has this proverbial phraſe in his *Satiromaſtix* : "Yes faith, 'tis *meat and drink to me.*" WHALLEY.

[7] *Seckarſon* is likewiſe the name of a bear in the old comedy of *Sir Giles Gooſecap.* STEEVENS.

Sackerſon, or *Sacarſon*, was the name of a bear that was exhibited in our author's time at Paris-Garden in Southwark ; and probably had his name from his keeper. MALONE.

[8] *It paſs'd*, or *this paſſes*, was a way of ſpeaking cuſtomary heretofore, to ſignify the *exceſs*, or *extraordinary degree* of any thing. The ſentence completed would be, *This paſſes all expreſſion*, or perhaps, *This paſſes all things.* We ſtill uſe *paſſing well*, *paſſing ſtrange.* WARBURTON.

[9] This was a very popular adjuration, and occurs in many of our old dramatic pieces. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and aſk of Doctor Caius' houſe, which is the way: and there dwells one miſtreſs Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurſe, or his dry nurſe, or his cook, or his laundry, his waſher, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, ſir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet:——give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance [2] with miſtreſs Anne Page; and the letter is, to deſire and require her to ſolicit your maſter's deſires to miſtreſs Anne Page: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheeſe to come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF, Hoſt, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, *and* ROBIN.

Fal. Mine hoſt of the Garter,——

Hoſt. What ſays my bully-rook? [3] Speek ſchollarly, and wiſely.

Fal. Truly, mine hoſt, I muſt turn away ſome of my followers.

Hoſt. Diſcard, bully Hercules; caſhier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I ſit at ten pounds a week.

Hoſt. Thou 'rt an emperor, Cæſar, Keiſar, [4] and Pheezar. [5] I will entertain Bardolph; he ſhall draw, he ſhall tap: ſaid I well, bully Hector?

Fal.

[2] i. e. that *is altogether* acquainted. TYRWHITT.

[3] The latter part of this compound title is taken from the *rooks* at the game of cheſs. STEEVENS.

[4] The preface to Stowe's Chronicle obſerves, that the Germans uſe the K for C, pronouncing *Keyſar*, for *Cæſar*, their general word for an emperor. TOLLET.

[5] *Pheezar* was a made word from *pheeze*. MALONE.

Fal. Do ſo, good mine hoſt.

Hoſt. I have ſpoke! let him follow: Let me ſee thee froth, and lime: [6] I am at a word; follow. [*Exit* Hoſt.

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapſter is a good trade: An old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered ſervingman, a freſh tapſter: [7] Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have deſired; I will thrive. [*Exit* BARD.

Piſt. O baſe Gongarian wight! [8] wilt thou the ſpigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroick, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad, I am ſo acquit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unſkilful finger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to ſteal at a minute's reſt. [9]

Piſt.

[6] The Hoſt calls for an immediate ſpecimen of Bardolph's abilities as a tapſter; and *frothing* beer and *liming* ſack were tricks practiſed in the time of Shakſpeare. The firſt was done by putting ſoap into the bottom of the tankard when they drew the beer; the other, by mixing *lime* with the ſack (i. e. ſherry) to make it ſparkle in the glaſs. Falſtaff himſelf complains of *limed* ſack. STEEVENS.

[7] This is not improbably a parody on the old proverb—"A broken apothecary, a new doctor." See Ray's Proverbs. STEEVENS.

[8] *O baſe* Gongarian *wight!* &c.] This is a parody on a line taken from one of the old bombaſt plays, beginning,

"O baſe *Gongarian*, wilt thou the diſtaff wield?"

I had marked the paſſage down, but forgot to note the play. The folio reads *Hungarian*, which is likewiſe a cant term. STEEVENS.

The *Hungarians*, when infidels, over-ran Germany and France, and would have invaded England, if they could have come to it. Hence their name might become a proverb of baſeneſs. Stowe's Chronicle, in the year 1492, and Leland's Collectanea, Vol. I. p. 610, ſpell it *Hongarian* (which might be miſprinted *Gongarian*;) and this is right according to their own etymology. *Hongyars*, i. e. domus ſuæ ſtrenui defenſores. TOLLET.

The word is *Gongarian* in the firſt edition, and ſhould be continued, the better to fix the alluſion. FARMER.

[9] ——*at a* minute's *reſt.*] Our author probably wrote:

"——at a *minim's reſt.*" LANGTON.

This conjecture ſeems confirmed by a paſſage in *Romeo and Juliet*: "—*reſts his minim*," &c. It may, however, mean, that, like a ſkilful harquebuzier,

Piſt. Convey, the wiſe it call: Steal! foh; a fico for the phraſe!

Fal. Well, ſirs, I am almoſt out at heels.

Piſt. Why then, let kibes enſue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I muſt coney-catch; I muſt ſhift.

Piſt. Young ravens muſt have food.[2]

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Piſt. I ken the wight; he is of ſubſtance good.

Fal. My honeſt lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Piſt. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Piſtol; Indeed I am in the waiſt two yards about: but I am now about no waſte; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I ſpy entertainment in her; ſhe diſcourſes, ſhe carves,[3] ſhe gives the leer of invitation: I can conſtrue the action of her familiar ſtyle; and the hardeſt voice of her behaviour, to be Engliſh'd rightly, is, *I am ſir John Falſtaff's.*

Piſt. He hath ſtudy'd her well, and tranſlated her well; out of honeſty into Engliſh.

Nym. The anchor is deep:[4] Will that humour paſs?

Fal.

harquebuzier, he takes a good aim, though he has reſted his piece for a minute only. STEEVENS.

A *minim* was anciently, as the term imports, the ſhorteſt note in muſick. Its meaſure was afterwards, as it is now, as long as while two may be moderately counted. A minute contains ſixty ſeconds, and is a long time for an action ſuppoſed to be inſtantaneous. Nym means to ſay, that the perfection of ſtealing is to do it in the ſhorteſt time poſſible.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

[2] An adage. See Ray's *Proverbs.* STEEVENS.

[3] It ſhould be remembered, that anciently the young of both ſexes were inſtructed in *carving*, as a neceſſary accompliſhment. In 1508, Wynkyn de Worde publiſhed "A Boke of *Kerving.*" STEEVENS.

[4] I ſee not what relation *the anchor* has to *tranſlation.* Perhaps we may read—*the* author *is deep*; or perhaps the line is out of its place, and ſhould be inſerted lower, after Falſtaff has ſaid,

"Sail like my pinnace to thoſe golden ſhores."

It may be obſerved, that in the hands of that time *anchor* and *author* could hardly be diſtinguiſhed. JOHNSON.

"The anchor is deep," may mean—*his hopes are well founded.*

STEEVENS.

Dr. *Johnſon* very acutely propoſes "the *author* is deep." He reads

Fal. Now, the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her huſband's purſe; ſhe hath legions of angels.

Piſt. As many devils entertain;[5] and, *To her, boy*, ſay I.

Nym. The humour riſes; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with moſt judicious eyliads: ſometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, ſometimes my portly belly.

Piſt. Then did the ſun on dung-hill ſhine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.[6]

Fal. O, ſhe did ſo courſe o'er my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention,[7] that the appetite of her eye did ſeem to ſcorch me up like a burning glaſs! Here's another letter to her: ſhe bears the purſe too; ſhe is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty.[8] I will be cheater to them both, and they ſhall

with the firſt copy, "he hath ſtudied her *well*."—And from this equivocal word, *Nym* catches the idea of *deepneſs*. But it is almoſt impoſſible to aſcertain the diction of this whimſical character: and I meet with a phraſe in *Fenner's Comptor's Commonwealth*, 1617, which may perhaps ſupport the old reading: "Maſter *Decker's Bellman of London*, hath ſet forth the vices of the time ſo lively, that it is impoſſible the *anchor* of any other man's braine could ſound the ſea of a more deepe and dreadful miſcheefe."

FARMER.

Nym, I believe, only means to ſay, the ſcheme for debauching Ford's wife is deep;—well laid. MALONE.

[5] i. e. do you retain in your *ſervice* as many devils as ſhe has angels. MALONE.

[6] ——*that* humour.] What diſtinguiſhes the language of Nym from that of the other attendants on Falſtaff, is the conſtant repetition of this phraſe. In the time of Shakſpeare ſuch an affectation ſeems to have been ſufficient to mark a character. STEEVENS.

[7] i. e. eagerneſs of deſire. STEEVENS.

[8] If the tradition be true (as I doubt not but it is) of this play being wrote at Queen Elizabeth's command, this paſſage, perhaps, may furniſh a probable conjecture that it could not appear till after the year 1598. The mention of Guiana, then ſo lately diſcovered to the Engliſh, was a very happy compliment to ſir Walter Raleigh, who did not begin his expedition for South America till 1595, and returned from it in 1596, with an advantageous account of the great wealth of Guiana. Such an addreſs of the poet was likely, I imagine, to have a proper impreſſion on the people, when the intelligence of ſuch a golden country was freſh in their minds, and gave them expectations of immenſe gain. THEOBALD.

ſhall be exchequers to me ;[9] they ſhall be my Eaſt and Weſt Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to miſtreſs Page; and thou this to miſtreſs Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Piſt. Shall I ſir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my ſide wear ſteel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no baſe humour: here, take the humour letter; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, ſirrah, [*to* Rob.] bear you theſe letters tightly ;[2]
Sail like my pinnace [3] to theſe golden ſhores.—
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vaniſh like hail-ſtones, go;
Trudge, plod, away, o'the hoof; ſeek ſhelter, pack!
Falſtaff will learn the humour of this age,
French thrift, you rogues; myſelf, and ſkirted page.

[*Exeunt* Falstaff *and* Robin.

Piſt. Let vultures gripe thy guts! [4] for gourd, and fullam holds,
And high and low beguile the rich and poor:[5]

Teſter

9 The ſame joke is intended here, as in *The ſecond Part of Henry the Fourth*, Act II:

" —I will bar no honeſt man my houſe, nor no *cheater*."—

By which is meant *Eſcheatour*, an officer in the Exchequer, in no good repute with the common people. Warburton.

2 i. e. cleverly, adroitly. Malone.

No phraſe is ſo common in the eaſtern counties of this kingdom, and particularly in Suffolk, as *good tightly*, for *briſkly and effectually*. Henley.

3 A pinnace ſeems anciently to have ſignified a ſmall veſſel, or ſloop, attending on a larger. Steevens.

A *pinnace* is a ſmall veſſel with a ſquare ſtern, having ſails and oars, and carrying three maſts; chiefly uſed (ſays Rolt, in his *Dictionary of Commerce*,) as a *ſcout* for intelligence, and for landing of men. Malone.

4 This hemiſtitch is a burleſque on a paſſage in *Tamburlaine*, or *The Scythian Shepherd*. Steevens.

5 *Fullam* is a cant term for falſe dice, *high* and *low*. Torriano, in his Italian Dictionary, interprets *Piſe* by *falſe dice, high and low men, high fullams and low fullams*. Warburton.

In *The London Prodigal* I find the following enumeration of falſe dice.— " I bequeath two bale of falſe dice, videlicet, *high men* and *low men*, *fulloms*, ſtop cater-traies, and other bones of function." Steevens.

Gourds were probably dice in which a ſecret cavity had been made; *fullams*, thoſe which had been loaded with a ſmall bit of lead. *High men* and *low men*, which were likewiſe cant terms, explain themſelves. *High* numbers

Teſter I'll have in pouch, when thou ſhalt lack,
Baſe Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Piſt. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her ſtar!

Piſt. With wit, or ſteel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will diſcuſs the humour of this love to Page.

Piſt. And I to Ford ſhall eke unfold,
How Falſtaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his ſoft couch defile.

Nym. My humour ſhall not cool: I will incenſe Page [6] to deal with poiſon; I will poſſeſs him with yellowneſs,[7] for the revolt of mien [8] is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Piſt. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I ſecond thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Dr. Caius's *Houſe.*

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, *and* RUGBY.[9]

Quick. What; John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the caſement, and ſee if you can ſee my maſter, maſter Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the

numbers on the dice, at hazard, are from five to twelve, inclusive; *low*, from aces to four. MALONE.

High and low men were falſe dice, which, being chiefly made at *Fulham*, were thence called "high and low *Fulhams*." The high *Fulhams* were the numbers, 4, 5, and 6. DOUCE.

6 To *incenſe* has the ſame meaning as to *inſtigate*. STEEVENS.

7 *Yellowneſs* is jealouſy. JOHNSON.

8 *The revolt of mine* is the old reading. *Revolt of mein*, is *change of countenance*, one of the effects he has juſt been aſcribing to jealouſy. STEEVENS.

This, Mr. Steevens truly obſerves to be the old reading, and it is authority enough for *the revolt of mein* in modern orthography. "Know you that fellow that walketh there? ſays Eliot, 1593—he is an alchymiſt by his *mine*, and hath multiplied all to moonſhine." FARMER.

9 This domeſtic of Dr. Caius received his name from a town in Warwickſhire. STEEVENS.

houſe, here will be an old abuſing of God's patience, and the king's Engliſh.

Rug. I'll go watch. [*Exit* RUGBY.

Quick. Go; and we'll have a poſſet for't ſoon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a ſea-coal fire.[2] An honeſt, willing, kind fellow, as ever ſervant ſhall come in houſe withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate:[3] his worſt fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is ſomething peeviſh that way:[4] but nobody but has his fault;—but let that paſs. Peter Simple, you ſay your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And maſter Slender's your maſter?

Sim. Ay, forſooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forſooth: he hath but a little wee face,[5] with a little yellow beard; a Cain-colour'd beard.[6]

Quick.

2 That is, when my maſter is in bed. JOHNSON.

3 *Bate* is an obſolete word, ſignifying ſtrife, contention. STEEVENS.

4 *Peeviſh* is fooliſh. STEEVENS.

I believe, this is one of dame Quickly's blunders, and that ſhe means *preciſe*. MALONE.

5 *Wee*, in the northern dialect, ſignifies very little. Thus, in the Scottiſh proverb that apologizes for a little woman's marriage with a big man: "—A *wee* mouſe will creep under a mickle cornſtack."

COLLINS.

Little wee implies ſomething extremely diminutive, and is a very common vulgar idiom in the north. *Wee* alone, has only the ſignification of *little*. Thus *Cleveland*:

"A Yorkſhire *wee bit*, longer than a mile."

The proverb is a mile and a *wee bit*; about a league and a half.

RITSON.

6 Cain and Judas, in the tapeſtries and pictures of old, were repreſented with *yellow* beards. THEOBALD.

In an age, when but a ſmall part of the nation could read, ideas were frequently borrowed from repreſentations in painting or tapeſtry. A *cane*-colour'd beard however, [the reading of the quarto,] might ſignify a beard of the colour of *cane*, i. e. a ſickly yellow; for *ſtraw*-coloured beards are mentioned in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*. STEEVENS.

The words of the quarto,—a *whey*-colour'd beard, ſtrongly favour this reading; for *whey* and *cane* are nearly of the ſame colour. MALONE.

The new edition of Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol. V. p. 295, aſſerts, that painters conſtantly repreſented *Judas* the traytor with a *red head*. Dr. Plot's

Quick. A ſoftly-ſprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forſooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands,[7] as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How ſay you?—O, I ſhould remember him; Does he not hold up his head, as it were? and ſtrut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven ſend Anne Page no worſe fortune! Tell maſter parſon Evans, I will do what I can for your maſter: Anne is a good girl, and I wiſh—

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my maſter.

Quick. We ſhall all be ſhent:[8] Run in here, good young man; go into this cloſet. [*Shuts* Simple *in the cloſet.*] He will not ſtay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I ſay!—Go, John, go enquire for my maſter; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—*and down, down, adown-a,*[9] &c. [*ſings.*

Plot's *Oxfordſhire*, p. 153, ſays the ſame. This conceit is thought to have ariſen in England, from our ancient grudge to the *red-haired* Danes. TOLLET.

7 Perhaps this is an alluſion to the jockey meaſure, *ſo many hands high*, uſed by grooms when ſpeaking of horſes. *Tall*, in our author's time, ſignified not only height of ſtature, but ſtoutneſs of body. The ambiguity of the phraſe ſeems intended. PERCY.

The *tall man* of the old dramatic writers, was a man of a bold, intrepid diſpoſition, and inclined to quarrel; ſuch as is deſcribed by Steevens in the ſecond ſcene of the third act of this play. M. MASON.

"A tall man of his hands" ſometimes meant quick-handed, active; and as Simple is here commending his maſter for his gymnaſtick abilities, perhaps the phraſe is here uſed in that ſenſe. "Nimble or quick-handed; a tall man of his hands." MALONE.

8 i. e. Scolded, roughly treated. STEEVENS.

9 To deceive her maſter, ſhe ſings as if at her work. SIR J. HAWKINS.

This appears to have been the burden of ſome ſong then well known. In *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609, ſign. E 1. one of the characters ſays, "Hey good boies! i'faith now a three man's ſong, *or the old downe adowne*: well things muſt be as they may; fil's the other quart: muſkadine with an egge is fine, there's a time for all things, bonos nochios." REED.

Enter Doctor CAIUS.[2]

Caius. Vat is you ſing? I do not like deſe toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my cloſet *un boitier verd*;[3] a box, a green-a box; Do intend vat I ſpeak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forſooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himſelf: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aſide.*

Caius. *Fe, fe fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la Cour,—la grande affaire.*

Quick. Is it this, ſir?

Caius. Ouy; *mette le au mon* pocket; *Depeche*, quickly:—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, ſir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, ſir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long:——Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is ſome ſimples in my cloſet, dat I vill not for the varld I ſhall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my cloſet?—Villainy! *larron!* [*Pulling* Simple *out.*] Rugby, my rapier.

Quick.

2 It has been thought ſtrange, that our author ſhould take the name of *Caius* [an eminent phyſician who flouriſhed in the reign of Elizabeth, and founder of Caius College in our univerſity] for his Frenchman in this comedy; but Shakſpeare was little acquainted with literary hiſtory; and without doubt, from this unuſual name, ſuppoſed him to have been a foreign quack. Add to this, that the doctor was handed down as a kind of Roſicrucian: Mr. Ames had in MS. one of the "*Secret Writings of Dr. Caius.*" FARMER.

This character of *Dr. Caius* might have been drawn from the life; as in *Jacke of Dover's Queſt of Enquirie*, 1604, (perhaps a republication,) a ſtory called *The Foole of Windſor* begins thus: "Upon a time there was in *Windſor* a certain ſimple *outlandiſhe doctor of Phiſicke* belonging to the deane," &c. STEEVENS.

3 *Boitier* in French ſignifies a caſe of ſurgeon's inſtruments. GREY.

I believe it rather means a *box of ſalve*, or caſe to hold *ſimples*, for which Caius profeſſes to ſeek. STEEVENS.

Quick. Good maſter, be content.

Caius. Verefore ſhall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honeſt man.

Caius. Vat ſhall de honeſt man do in my cloſet? dere is no honeſt man dat ſhall come in my cloſet.

Quick. I beſeech you, be not ſo flegmatick; hear the truth of it: He came of an errand to me from parſon Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forſooth, to deſire her to——

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue:—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To deſire this honeſt gentlewoman, your maid, to ſpeak a good word to miſtreſs Anne Page for my maſter, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh ſend-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me ſome paper: Tarry you a little-a while. [*writes.*

Quick. I am glad he is ſo quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you ſhould have heard him ſo loud, and ſo melancholy;—But notwithſtanding, man, I'll do your maſter what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French Doctor, my maſter,—I may call him my maſter, look you, for I keep his houſe; and I waſh, wring, brew, bake, ſcour, dreſs meat and drink,† make the beds, and do all myſelf;—

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avis'd o' that? you ſhall find it a great charge: and to be up early, and down late;—but notwithſtanding, (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it;) my maſter himſelf is in love with miſtreſs Anne Page: but notwithſtanding that,—I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a ſhallenge: I vill cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a ſcurvy jack-a-nape prieſt to meddle or make:—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—

† Dr. Warburton thought the word *drink* ought to be expunged; but by *drink* Dame Quickly might have intended potage and ſoup, of which her maſter may be ſuppoſed to have been as fond as the reſt of his countryman. MALONE.

by gar, I vill cut all his two ſtones; by gar, he ſhall not have a ſtone to trow at his dog. [*Exit* SIMPLE.

Quick. Alas, he ſpeaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I ſhall have Anne Page for myſelf?—by gar, I vill kill de Jack prieſt;[5] and I have appointed mine hoſt of *de Jarterre* to meaſure our weapon:—by gar, I vill myſelf have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all ſhall be well: we muſt give folks leave to prate: What, the good-jer![6]

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me;—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I ſhall turn your head out of my door:—Follow my heels, Rugby. [*Exeunt* CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Quick. You ſhall have An fools-head[7] of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windſor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who's within there, ho?

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the houſe, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman; how doſt thou?

Quick. The better, that it pleaſes your good worſhip to aſk.

Fent. What news? how does pretty miſtreſs Anne?

Quick. In truth, ſir, and ſhe is pretty, and honeſt, and gentle: and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praiſe heaven for it.

Fent.

5 *Jack* in our author's time was a term of contempt: So, ſaucy *Jack*, &c. MALONE.

6 She means to ſay—"the *goujere*, i. e. *morbus Gallicus.*"

Mrs. Quickly ſcarcely ever pronounces a hard word rightly. *Goal-jer* and *Good-year* were in our author's time common corruptions of *goujere*; and in the books of that age the word is as often written one way as the other. MALONE.

7 Mrs. Quickly, I believe, intends a quibble between *ann*, ſounded broad, and *one*, which was formerly ſometimes pronounced *on*, or with nearly the ſame ſound. In the Scottiſh dialect *one* is written, and I ſuppoſe pronounced, *ane*.—In 1630, was publiſhed "*Ane* verie excellent and delectable Treatiſe, intitulit *Philotus*." &c. MALONE.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkeſt thou? Shall I not loſe my ſuit?

Quick. Troth, ſir, all is in his hands above: but notwithſtanding, maſter Fenton, I'll be ſworn on a book, ſhe loves you:—Have not your worſhip a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, it is ſuch another Nan;—but, I deteſt,[8] an honeſt maid as ever broke bread:—We had an hour's talk of that wart;—I ſhall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, ſhe is given too much to allicholly[9] and muſing: But for you—Well, go to.

Fent. Well, I ſhall ſee her to-day: Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: If thou ſeeſt her before me, commend me—

Quick. Will I? i'faith, that we will: and I will tell your worſhip more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haſte now. [*Exit.*

Quick. Farewell to your worſhip.—Truly, an honeſt gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does:—Out upon't! what have I forgot?[2] [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before Page's *Houſe.*

Enter Miſtreſs PAGE, *with a letter.*

Mrs. Page. What! have I 'ſcaped love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a ſubject for them? Let me ſee: [*reads.*

8 She means—I *proteſt.* MALONE.

The ſame intended miſtake occurs in *Meaſure for Meaſure,* Act II. ſc. i: "My wife, ſir, whom I *deteſt* before heaven and your honour," &c. STEEVENS.

9 And yet, in a former part of this very ſcene, Mrs. Quickly is made to utter the word—*melancholy,* without the leaſt corruption of it. STEEVENS.

2 This excuſe for leaving the ſtage, is rather too near Dr. Caius's "Od's me! qu'ay j'oublié?" in the former part of the ſcene. STEEVENS.

Aſk me no reaſon why I love you; for though love uſe reaſon for his preciſian, he admits him not for his counſellor:[3] *You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's ſympathy: you are merry, ſo am I; Ha! ha! then there's more ſympathy: you love ſack, and ſo do I; Would you deſire better ſympathy? Let it ſuffice thee, miſtreſs Page, (at the leaſt, if the love of a ſoldier can ſuffice,) that I love thee. I will not ſay, pity me, 'tis not a ſoldier-like phraſe; but I ſay, love me. By me,*

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight, John Falſtaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this?—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to ſhow himſelf a young gallant! What an unweigh'd behaviour hath this Flemiſh drunkard [4] pick'd (with the devil's name) out of my converſation, that he dares in this manner aſſay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What ſhould

3 This is obſcure: but the meaning is, *though love permit reaſon to tell what is fit to be done, he ſeldom follows its advice.*—By *preciſian*, is meant one who pretends to a more than ordinary degree of virtue and ſanctity. On which account they gave this name to the puritans of that time. WARBURTON.

Of this word I do not ſee any meaning that is very appoſite to the preſent intention. Perhaps Falſtaff ſaid, *Though love uſe reaſon as his* phyſician, *he admits him not for his counſellor.* This will be plain ſenſe. Aſk not the *reaſon* of my love; the buſineſs of *reaſon* is not to aſſiſt love, but to *cure* it. There may however be this meaning in the preſent reading. *Though love*, when he would ſubmit to regulation, may *uſe reaſon as his preciſian*, or director in nice caſes, yet when he is only eager to attain his end, he takes not reaſon for *his counſellor*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon wiſhes to read *phyſician*; and this conjecture becomes almoſt a certainty from a line in our author's 147th ſonnet:

"My reaſon the *phyſician* to my love," &c. FARMER.

The character of a *preciſian* ſeems to have been very generally ridiculed in the time of Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

If *phyſician* be the right reading, the meaning may be this: A lover uncertain as yet of ſucceſs, never takes reaſon for his counſellor, but, when deſperate, applies to him as his phyſician. MUSGRAVE.

4 It is not without reaſon that this term of reproach is here uſed. Sir

ſhould I ſay to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth: [5]—heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men.[6] How ſhall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Miſtreſs FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Miſtreſs Page! truſt me, I was going to your houſe.

Mrs. Page. And, truſt me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to ſhow to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I ſay, I could ſhow you to the contrary: O, miſtreſs Page, give me ſome counſel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling reſpect, I could come to ſuch honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it?——diſpenſe with trifles;—what is it?

Sir John Smythe in *Certain Diſcourſes*, &c. 4to 1590, ſays, that the habit of drinking to exceſs was introduced into England from the Low Countries "by ſome of our ſuch men of warre within theſe very few years: whereof it is come to paſſe that now-a-dayes there are very fewe feaſtes where our ſaid men of warre are preſent, but that they do invite and procure all the companie, of what calling ſoever they be, to carowſing and quaffing; and, becauſe they will not be denied their challenges, they, with many new conges, ceremonies, and reverences, drinke to the health and proſperitie of princes; to the health of counſellors, and unto the health of their greateſt friends both at home and abroad: in which exerciſe they never ceaſe till they be dead drunke, or, as the *Flemings* ſay, *Doot dronken.*" He adds, "And this aforeſaid deteſtable vice hath within theſe ſixe or ſeven yeares taken wonderful roote amongeſt our Engliſh Nation, that in times paſt was wont to be of all other nations of Chriſtendome one of the ſobereſt." REED.

5 By breaking this ſpeech into exclamations, the text may ſtand; but I once thought it muſt be read, If *I was* not *then frugal of my mirth*, &c. JOHNSON.

6 The expreſſion, *putting down*, is a common phraſe of our municipal law. MALONE.

The *putting down* of men, may only ſignify *the humiliation* of them, the *bringing them to ſhame.* STEEVENS.

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal mo ment, or ſo, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou lieſt!—Sir Alice Ford!——— Theſe knights will hack; and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy gentry.[7]

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light:[8]—here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I ſhall think the worſe of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking:[9] And yet he would not ſwear; prais'd women's modeſty:

[7] The puniſhment of a recreant, or undeſerving knight, was to *back* off his ſpurs: the meaning therefore is; it is not worth the while of a gentlewoman to be made a knight, for we'll degrade all theſe knights in a little time, by the uſual form of *hacking* off their ſpurs, and thou, if thou art knighted, ſhalt be hacked with the reſt. JOHNSON.

Sir T. Hanmer ſays, to *back*, means to turn hackney, or proſtitute. I ſuppoſe he means—*Theſe knights will degrade themſelves, ſo that ſhe will* acquire no honour by being connected with them.

It is not, however, impoſſible that Shakſpeare meant by—*theſe knights will back*—theſe knights will ſoon become *backney'd* characters.——So many knights were made about the time this play was amplified (for the paſſage is neither in the copy 1602, nor 1619) that ſuch a ſtroke of ſatire might not have been unjuſtly thrown in. STEEVENS.

Theſe knights will *back* (that is, become cheap or vulgar,) and therefore ſhe adviſes her friend not to ſully her gentry by becoming one. The whole of this diſcourſe about knighthood is added ſince the firſt edition of this play [in 1602]; and therefore I ſuſpect this is an oblique reflection on the prodigality of James I. in beſtowing theſe honours, and erecting in 1611 a new order of knighthood, called Baronets; which few of the ancient gentry would condeſcend to accept. See another ſtroke at them in *Othello*, Act III. ſc. iv. BLACKSTONE.

Sir W Blackſtone ſuppoſes that the order of Baronets (created in 1611) was likewiſe alluded to. But it appears to me highly probable that our author amplified the play before us at an earlier period. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Article, *Merry Wives of Windſor*.

Between the time of King James's arrival at Berwick in April 1603, and the 2d of May, he made two hundred and thirty-ſeven knights; and in the July following between three and four hundred. It is probable that the play before us was enlarged in that or the ſubſequent year, when this ſtroke of ſatire muſt have been highly reliſhed by the audience. MALONE.

[8] i. e. we have more proof than we want. STEEVENS.

I think, the meaning rather is, we are waſting time in idle talk, when we ought to read the letter; reſembling thoſe who waſte candles by burning them in the day-time. MALONE.

9 i. e. men's condition of body. Thus in the Book of Job. "Their young ones are in good *liking*." STEEVENS.

modeſty: and gave ſuch orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomelineſs, that I would have ſworn his diſpoſition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth pſalm to the tune of *Green ſleeves.*[2] What tempeſt, I trow, threw this whale, with ſo many tuns of oil in his belly, aſhore at Windſor? How ſhall I be revenged on him? I think, the beſt way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of luſt have melted him in his own greaſe.——Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this myſtery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit firſt; for, I proteſt, mine never ſhall. I warrant, he hath a thouſand of theſe letters, writ with blank ſpace for different names, (ſure more,) and theſe are of the ſecond edition: He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the preſs,[3] when he would put us two. I had rather be a gianteſs, and lie under mount Pelion.[4] Well, I will find you twenty laſcivious turtles, ere one chaſte man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very ſame; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almoſt ready to wrangle with mine own honeſty. I'll entertain myſelf like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, ſure, unleſs he knew ſome ſtrain in me, that I know not myſelf, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be ſure to keep him above deck.

2 This ſong was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in September 1580: "Licenſed unto Richard Jones, a newe northerne dittye of the lady *Green Sleeves.*" The ballad ſeems to have been very popular. STEEVENS.

3 *Preſs* is uſed ambiguouſly, for a *preſs* to print, and a *preſs* to ſqueeze. JOHNSON.

4 Mr. Warton judiciouſly obſerves, that in conſequence of Engliſh verſions from Greek and Roman authors, an inundation of claſſical pedantry very ſoon infected our poetry, and that perpetual alluſions to ancient fable were introduced, as in the preſent inſtance, without the leaſt regard to propriety; for Mrs. Page was not intended, in any degree, to be a learned or an affected lady. STEEVENS.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to ſea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a ſhow of comfort in his ſuit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horſes to mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will conſent to act any villainy againſt him, that may not ſully the charineſs of our honeſty.[5] O, that my huſband ſaw this letter![6] it would give eternal food to his jealouſy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealouſy, as I am from giving him cauſe; and that, I hope, is an unmeaſurable diſtance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's conſult together againſt this greaſy knight: Come hither. [*they retire.*

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, *and* NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not ſo.

Piſt. Hope is a curtail dog[7] in ſome affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, ſir, my wife is not young.

Piſt. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves thy gally-mawfry;[8] Ford, perpend.[9]

Ford. Love my wife?

Piſt. With liver burning hot:[2] Prevent, or go thou,

Like

[5] i. e. the *caution* which ought to attend on it. STEEVENS.

[6] Surely Mrs. Ford does not wiſh to excite the jealouſy of which ſhe complains. I think we ſhould read—O, *if* my huſband, &c. STEEVENS.

[7] That is, a dog that miſſes his game. The tail is counted neceſſary to the agility of a greyhound. JOHNSON.

That is, a dog of ſmall value;—what we now call a *cur*. MALONE.

[8] —— *gally-mawfry*;] i. e. A medley. STEEVENS.

[9] This is perhaps a ridicule on a pompous word too often uſed in the old play of *Cambyſes*:

"My ſapient words I ſay *perpend*."

Shakſpeare has put the ſame word into the mouth of Polonius. STEEVENS.

Piſtol again uſes it in *K. Henry V.*; ſo does the Clown in *Twelfth Night*: I do not believe therefore that any ridicule was here aimed at Preſton, the author of Cambyſes. MALONE.

[2] The *liver* was anciently ſuppoſed to be the inſpirer of amorous paſſions. STEEVENS.

Like Sir Actæon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels:—
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, ſir?

Piſt. The horn, I ſay: Farewel.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere ſummer comes, or cuckoo-birds do ſing.—
Away, ſir corporal Nym.——
Believe it, Page; he ſpeaks ſenſe.[3] [*Exit* PISTOL.

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true; [*to* Page.] I like not the humour of lying. He hath wrong'd me in ſome humours: I ſhould have borne the humour'd letter to her; but I have a ſword, and it ſhall bite upon my neceſſity. He loves your wife;[4] there's the ſhort and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I ſpeak, and I avouch. 'Tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falſtaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheeſe; and there's the humour of it. Adieu.

[*Exit* NYM.

Page. The humour of it, quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.

Ford. I will ſeek out Falſtaff.

Page. I never heard ſuch a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page.

[3] Nym, I believe, is out of place, and we ſhould read thus:

Away, ſir corporal.

Nym. *Believe it, Page; he ſpeaks ſenſe.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps Dr. Johnſon is miſtaken in his conjecture. He ſeems not to have been aware of the manner in which the author meant this ſcene ſhould be repreſented. Ford and Piſtol, Page and Nym, enter in pairs, each pair in ſeparate converſation; and while Piſtol is informing Ford of Falſtaff's deſign upon his wife, Nym is, during that time, talking *aſide* to Page, and giving information of the like plot againſt *him*.—When Piſtol has finiſhed, he calls out to Nym to come *away*; but ſeeing that he and Page are ſtill in cloſe debate, he goes aff alone, firſt aſſuring Page, he may depend on the truth of Nym's ſtory. *Believe it, Page*, &c. Nym then proceeds to tell the remainder of his tale out aloud. *And this is true*, &c. A little further on in this ſcene, Ford ſays to Page, *You heard what this knave* (i. e. Piſtol) *told me*, &c. Page replies, *Yes*; *And you heard what the other* (i. e. Nym) *told me*. STEEVENS.

[4] Nym, to gain credit, ſays, that he is above the mean office of carrying love-letters; he has nobler means of living; *he has a ſword, and upon his neceſſity*, that is, *when his need drives him to unlawful expedients*, his ſword *ſhall bite*. JOHNSON.

Page. I will not believe ſuch a Cataian,[5] though the prieſt o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good ſenſible fellow:[6] Well.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, ſweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. 'Faith, thou haſt ſome crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, miſtreſs Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—Look, who comes yonder: ſhe ſhall be our meſſenger to this paltry knight. [*Aſide to Mrs.* FORD.

[5] All the myſtery of the term *Cataian*, for a liar, is only this. China was anciently called *Cataia* or *Cathay*, by the firſt adventurers that travelled thither; ſuch as M. Paulo, and our Mandeville, who told ſuch incredible wonders of this new diſcovered empire (in which they have not been outdone even by the Jeſuits themſelves, who followed them,) that a notorious liar was uſually called a *Cataian*. WARBURTON.

"This fellow has ſuch an odd appearance, is ſo unlike a man civilized, and taught the duties of life, that I cannot credit him." To be a foreigner was always in England, and I ſuppoſe every where elſe, a reaſon of diſlike. So Piſtol calls Sir Hugh in the firſt act, a *mountain foreigner*; that is, a fellow uneducated, and of groſs behaviour; and again in his anger calls Bardolph, *Hungarian wight*. JOHNSON.

I believe that neither of the commentators is in the right, but am far from profeſſing, with any great degree of confidence, that I am happier in mine own explanation. It is remarkable, that in Shakſpeare, this expreſſion—*a true man*, is always put in oppoſition (as it is in this inſtance) to—*a thief*. So, in *Henry IV*. P. I:

"—— now the *thieves* have bound the *true men*."

The Chineſe (anciently called *Cataians*) are ſaid to be the moſt dexterous of all the nimble-finger'd tribe; and to this hour they deſerve the ſame character. Piſtol was known at Windſor to have a hand in picking Slender's pocket, and therefore might be called a *Cataian* with propriety, if my explanation be admitted.

That by a *Cataian* ſome kind of *ſharper* was meant, I infer from a paſſage in *Love and Honour*, a play by Sir William D'Avenant, 1649. STEEVENS.

[6] This, and the two preceding ſpeeches of Ford, are ſpoken to himſelf, and have no connection with the ſentiments of Page, who is likewiſe making his comment on what had paſſed, without attention to Ford. STEEVENS.

Enter Miſtreſs QUICKLY.

Mrs. Ford. Truſt me, I thought on her: ſhe'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to ſee my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forſooth; And, I pray, how does good miſtreſs Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and ſee; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* PAGE, *Mrs.* FORD, *and Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Page. How now, maſter Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, ſlaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but theſe that accuſe him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his diſcarded men; very rogues, now they be out of ſervice.[7]

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he ſhould intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her looſe to him; and what he gets more of her than ſharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not miſdoubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together: A man may be too confident; I would have nothing lie on my head:[8] I cannot be thus ſatisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting hoſt of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purſe, when he looks ſo merrily.—How now, mine hoſt?

Enter Hoſt, *and* SHALLOW.

Hoſt. How now, bully-rook? thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero-juſtice, I ſay.

Shal. I follow, mine hoſt, I follow.—Good even, and twenty,

[7] A *rogue* is a wanderer or *vagabond*, and, in its conſequential ſignification, a *cheat*. JOHNSON.

[8] Here ſeems to be an alluſion to Shakſpeare's favourite topick, the cuckold's horns. MALONE.

twenty, good maſter Page! Maſter Page, will you go with us? we have ſport in hand.

Hoſt. Tell him, cavalero-juſtice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between ſir Hugh the Welch prieſt, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine hoſt o' the Garter, a word with you.

Hoſt. What ſay'ſt thou, bully-rook? [*They go aſide.*

Shal. Will you [*to* Page] go with us to behold it? My merry hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their weapons; and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear, the parſon is no jeſter. Hark, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

Hoſt. Haſt thou no ſuit againſt my knight, my gueſt-cavalier?

Ford. None, I proteſt: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt ſack to give me recourſe to him, and tell him, my name is Brook; only for a jeſt.

Hoſt. My hand, bully: thou ſhalt have egreſs and regreſs; ſaid I well? and thy name ſhall be Brook: It is a merry knight.—Will you go on, hearts? [9]

Shal. Have with you, mine hoſt.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good ſkill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, ſir, I could have told you more: In theſe times you ſtand on diſtance, your paſſes, ſtoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, maſter Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have ſeen the time, with my long ſword,[2] I would have made you four tall fellows [3] ſkip like rats.

Hoſt.

9 The merry Hoſt has already ſaluted them ſeparately by titles of diſtinction; he therefore probably now addreſſes them collectively by a general one—*Will you go* on, heroes? or, as probably—*Will you go* on, hearts? He calls Dr. Caius *Heart of Elder*; and adds, in a ſubſequent ſcene of this play, *Farewell my hearts.* Again, in *The Midſummer Night's Dream*, Bottom ſays, "—Where are theſe *hearts?*" *My brave hearts*, or *my bold hearts*, is a common word of encouragement. A *heart of gold* expreſſes the more ſoft and amiable qualities, the *mores aurei* of Horace; and a *heart of oak* is a frequent encomium of rugged honeſty. STEEVENS.

2 Before the introduction of rapiers, the ſwords in uſe were of an enormous length, and ſometimes raiſed with both hands. Shallow, with an old man's vanity, cenſures the innovation by which lighter weapons were introduced, tells what he could once have done with his *long ſword*, and ridicules the terms and rules of the rapier. JOHNSON.

It

Host. Here, boys, here, here! ſhall we wag?

Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them ſcold than fight. [*Exeunt* Hoſt, SHALLOW, *and* PAGE.

Ford. Though Page be a ſecure fool, and ſtands ſo firmly [4] on his wife's frailty [5] yet I cannot put off my opinion ſo eaſily: She was in his company at Page's houſe; and, what they made there,[6] I know not. Well, I will look further into't. and I have a diſguiſe to ſound Falſtaff: If I find her honeſt, I loſe not my labour; if ſhe be otherwiſe, 'tis labour well beſtow'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Piſt. Why, then the world's mine oyſter,[7]

Which

It ſhould ſeem from a paſſage in Naſh's *Life of Jacke Wilton*, 1594, that *rapiers* were uſed in the reign of *Henry VIII*: "At that time I was no common ſquire, &c.—my *rapier* pendant like a round ſtick faſtned in the tacklings, for ſkippers the better to climbe by." Sig. C 4. RITSON.

3 A *tall fellow*, in the time of our author, meant a ſtout, bold, or courageous perſon. STEEVENS.

4 Thus all the copies. But Mr. Theobald has *no conception* how any man cou'd ſtand firmly on his wife's frailty. And why? Becauſe he had *no conception* how he could ſtand upon it, without knowing what it was. But if I tell a ſtranger, that the bridge he is about to croſs is rotten, and he believes it not, but will go on, may I not ſay, when I ſee him upon it, that he ſtands firmly on a rotten plank? Yet he has changed *frailty* for *fealty*, and the Oxford editor has followed him. But they took the phraſe, *to ſtand firmly on*, to ſignify *to inſiſt upon*; whereas it ſignifies *to reſt upon*, which the character of a *ſecure fool*, given to him, ſhews. So that the common reading has an elegance that would be loſt in the alteration. WARBURTON.

To *ſtand on any thing*, does ſignify *to inſiſt on it*. The *jealous Ford* is the ſpeaker, and all *chaſtity* in women appears to him as *frailty*. He ſuppoſes Page therefore to inſiſt on that *virtue* as ſteady, which he himſelf ſuſpects to be without foundation. STEEVENS.

5 i. e. has ſuch perfect confidence in his unchaſte wife. *His wife's frailty* is the ſame as—his frail wife. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, we meet with *death and honour*, for *an honourable death*. MALONE.

6 An obſolete phraſe ſignifying—what they *did* there. MALONE.

7 Dr. Grey ſuppoſes Shakſpeare to allude to an old proverb, "—The mayor

Which I with ſword will open.—
I will retort the ſum in equipage.[8]

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, ſir, you ſhould lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym;[9] or elſe you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell, for ſwearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good ſoldiers and tall fellows: and when miſtreſs Bridget loſt the handle of her fan,[1] I took't upon mine honour, thou hadſt it not.

Piſt.

mayor of Northampton opens *oyſters* with his dagger."—i. e. to keep them at a ſufficient diſtance from his noſe, that town being fourſcore miles from the ſea. STEEVENS.

[8] This means, I will pay you again in ſtolen goods. WARBURTON.

I rather believe he means, that he will pay him by waiting on him for nothing. That *equipage* ever meant *ſtolen goods*, I am yet to learn. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton may be right; for I find *equipage* was one of the cant words of the time. *In Davies' Papers Complaint*, (a poem which has erroneouſly been aſcribed to *Donne*) we have ſeveral of them:

"Embelliſh, blandiſhment, and *equipage*."

Which words, he tells us in the margin, *overmuch ſavour of witleſſe affectation*. FARMER.

Dr. Warburton's interpretation is, I think, right. *Equipage* indeed does not *per ſe* ſignify *ſtolen* goods, but ſuch goods as Piſtol promiſes to return, we may fairly ſuppoſe, would be ſtolen. *Equipage*, which, as Dr. Farmer obſerves, had been but newly introduced into our language, is defined by Bullokar in his *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616: "Furniture, or proviſion for horſemanſhip, eſpecially in triumphs or tournaments." Hence the modern uſe of this word. MALONE.

[9] i. e. he, who *draws* along with you; who is joined with you in all your knavery. So before, Page, ſpeaking of Nym and Piſtol, calls them a "*yoke* of Falſtaff's diſcarded men." MALONE.

[1] It ſhould be remembered, that *fans*, in our author's time, were more coſtly than they are at preſent, as well as of a different conſtruction. They conſiſted of oſtrich feathers (or others of equal length and flexibility,) which were ſtuck into handles. The richer ſort of theſe were compoſed of gold, ſilver, or ivory of curious workmanſhip.

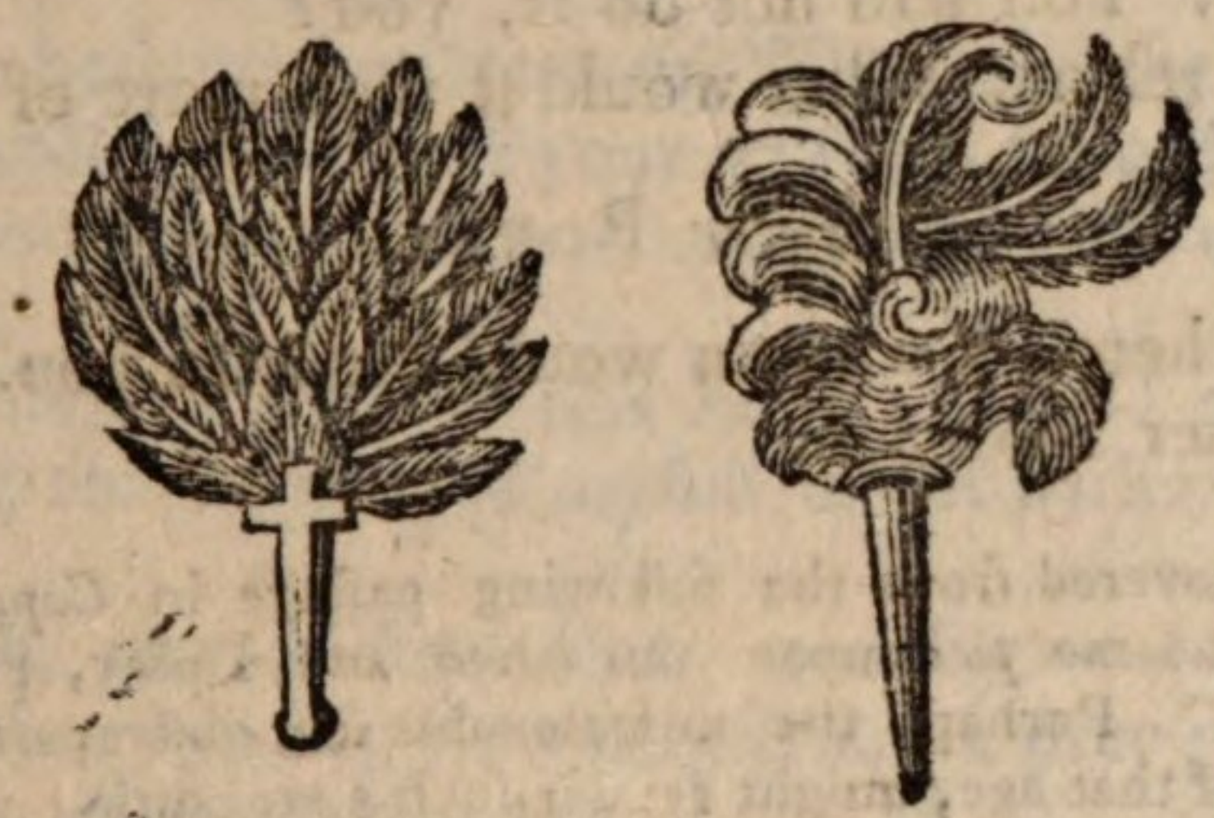
In the frontiſpiece to a play, called *Engliſhmen for my Money*, or *A pleaſant Comedy of a woman will have her Will*, 1616, is a portrait of a lady with one of theſe fans, which, after all, may prove the beſt commentary on the paſſage. The three other ſpecimens are taken from the *Habiti Antichi et Moderni di tutto il Mondo*, publiſhed at Venice, 1598, from the drawings of *Titian*, and *Ceſare Vecelli*, his brother. This faſhion

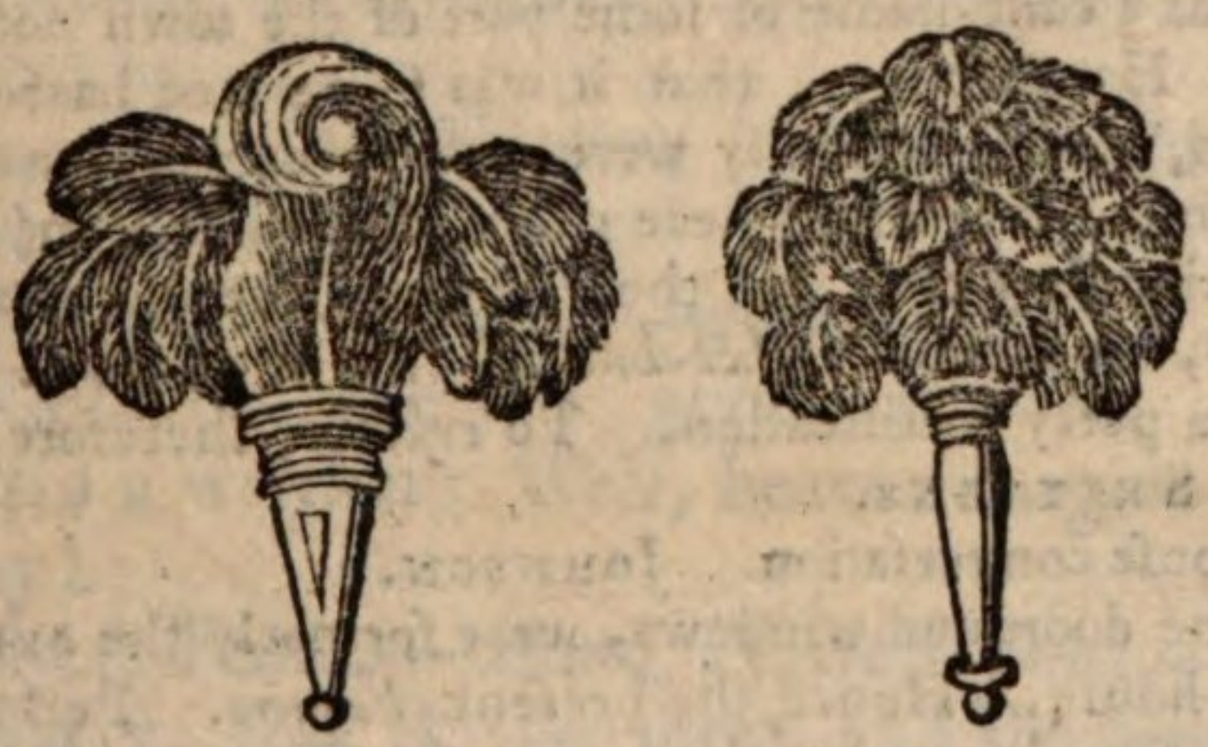
was

Piſt. Didſt thou not ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reaſon, you rogue, reaſon: Think'ſt thou, I'll endanger my ſoul *gratis?* At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A ſhort knife and a throng;[2] —to your manor of Pickt-hatch,[3] go.—You'll not bear a letter

was perhaps imported from Italy, together with many others, in the reign of King Henry VIII. if not in that of King Richard II.





STEEVENS.

In the Sidney papers, publiſhed by *Collins*, a fan is preſented to queen Elizabeth for a new year's gift, the handle of which was ſtudded with diamonds. T. WARTON.

2 ——*A ſhort knife and a* throng;] So Lear: "When cut-purſes come not to *throngs*." WARBURTON.

Theobald has *throng* inſtead of *thong*. The latter ſeems right.

LANGTON.

Greene, in his *Life of Ned Browne*, 1592, ſays; "I had no other fence but my *ſhort knife*, and a paire of *purſe-ſtrings*." STEEVENS.

Mr. Dennis reads—*thong*; which has been followed, I think, improperly, by ſome of the modern editors. MALONE.

3 *Pickt-hatch* was in *Turnbull ſtreet*. The derivation of the word may perhaps

ter for me, you rogue!—you ſtand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baſeneſs, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour preciſe. I, I, I myſelf ſometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my neceſſity, am fain to ſhuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will enſconce your rags, [4] your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phraſes, [5] and your bold-beating oaths, under the ſhelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Piſt. I do relent; What would'ſt thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would ſpeak to you.

Fal. Let her approach.

perhaps be diſcovered from the following paſſage in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607: "—Set ſome *picks* upon your *hatch*, and, I pray, profeſs to keep a bawdy-houſe." Perhaps the unſeaſonable and obſtreperous irruptions of the gallants of that age, might render ſuch a precaution neceſſary.

STEEVENS.

Pict-hatch was a cant-name of ſome part of the town noted for bawdy-houſes. Sir T. Hanmer ſays, that it was "a noted harbour for thieves and pickpockets," who certainly were proper companions for a man of Piſtol's profeſſion. But Falſtaff here more immediately means to ridicule another of his friend's vices; and there is ſome humour in calling Piſtol's favourite brothel, his manor of *Pict-hatch*. T. WARTON.

[4] A *ſconce* is a petty fortification. To *enſconce*, therefore, is to protect as with a fort. STEEVENS.

[5] Your ale-houſe converſation. JOHNSON.

Red lattice at the doors and windows, were formerly the external denotements of an ale-houſe. Hence the preſent *chequers*. Perhaps the reader will expreſs ſome ſurprize, when he is told that ſhops, with the ſign of the *chequers*, were common among the Romans. See a view of the left-hand ſtreet of Pompeii, (No. 9.) preſented by Sir William Hamilton, (together with ſeveral others, equally curious,) to the *Antiquary Society*.

STEEVENS.

In *King Henry IV.* P. II. Falſtaff's page, ſpeaking of Bardolph, ſays, "he called me even now, my lord, through a *red lattice*, and I could ſee no part of his face from the window." MALONE.

This deſignation of an ale-houſe is not altogether loſt, though the original meaning of the word is, the ſign being converted into a *green lettuce*; of which an inſtance occurs in Brownlow Street, Holborn.

DOUCE.

Enter

Enter Miſtreſs QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worſhip good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not ſo, an't pleaſe your worſhip.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be ſworn; as my mother was, the firſt hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the ſwearer: What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchſafe your worſhip a word or two?

Fal. Two thouſand, fair woman; and I'll vouchſafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one miſtreſs Ford, ſir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myſelf dwell with maſter doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Miſtreſs Ford, you ſay,——

Quick. Your worſhip ſays very true: I pray your worſhip, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they ſo? Heaven bleſs them, and make them his ſervants!

Fal. Well: miſtreſs Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, ſir, ſhe's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worſhip's a wanton: Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford;—come, miſtreſs Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the ſhort and the long of it; you have brought her into ſuch a canaries,[6] as 'tis wonderful. The beſt courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windſor,[7] could never have brought her to ſuch a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; ſmelling ſo ſweetly, (all muſk,) and ſo ruſhling, I warrant you, in ſilk and gold; and in ſuch alligant terms; and in ſuch wine and ſugar of the beſt, and the faireſt, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant

[6] This is the name of a briſk light dance, and is therefore properly enough uſed in low language for any hurry or perturbation. JOHNSON.

[7] i. e. *reſided* there. MALONE.

warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myſelf twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels, (in any ſuch ſort, as they ſay,) but in the way of honeſty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her ſo much as ſip on a cup with the proudeſt of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, penſioners;[8] but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what ſays ſhe to me? be brief, my good ſhe Mercury.

Quick. Marry, ſhe hath receiv'd your letter; for the which ſhe thanks you a thouſand times: and ſhe gives you to notify, that her huſband will be abſence from his houſe between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forſooth; and then you may come and ſee the picture, ſhe ſays, that you wot of;[9]— maſter Ford, her huſband, will be from home. Alas! the ſweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealouſy man; ſhe leads a very frampold[2] life with him, good heart.

Fal.

8 This may be illuſtrated by a paſſage in Gervaſe Holles's *Life of the Firſt Earl of Clare. Biog. Brit.* Art. HOLLES: "I have heard the Earl of Clare ſay, that when he was *penſioner* to the queen, he did not know a worſe man of the whole band than himſelf; and that all the world knew he had then an inheritance of 4000l. a year." TYRWHITT.

Penſioners were Gentlemen of the band of Penſioners.—"In the month of December," [1539] ſays Stowe, Annals, p. 973, edit. 1605, "were appointed to waite on the king's perſon fifty Gentlemen called *Penſioners*, or *Speares*, like as they were in the firſt yeare of the king; unto whom was aſſigned the ſumme of fiftie pounds, yerely, for the maintenance of themſelves, and everie man two horſes, or one horſe and a gelding of ſervice." Their dreſs was remarkably ſplendid, and therefore likely to attract the notice of Mrs. Quickly. Hence, [as both Mr. Steevens and Mr. T. Warton have obſerved] in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, our author has ſelected from all the tribes of flowers the *golden-coated* cowſlips to be *penſioners* to the Fairy Queen:

"The cowſlips tall her *penſioners* be,
"In their *gold coats* ſpots you ſee;" &c. MALONE.

9 To *wot* is to know. Obſolete. STEEVENS.

2 This word I have never ſeen elſewhere, except in Dr. Hacker's *Life of Archbiſhop Williams*, where a *frampul* man ſignifies a peeviſh troubleſome fellow. JOHNSON.

Ray, among his *South* and *Eaſt* country words, obſerves, that *frampald*, or *frampard*, ſignifies *fretful*, *peeviſh*, *croſs*, *froward*. As *froward* (he adds) comes from *from*; ſo may *frampard*. STEEVENS.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why you ſay well: But I have another meſſenger to your worſhip: Miſtreſs Page hath her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, ſhe's as fartuous a civil modeſt wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miſs you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windſor, whoe'er be the other: and ſhe bade me tell your worſhip, that her huſband is ſeldom from home; but, ſhe hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman ſo dote upon a man: ſurely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I aſſure thee; ſetting the attraction of my good parts aſide, I have no other charms.

Quick. Bleſſing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jeſt, indeed!—they have not ſo little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But miſtreſs Page would deſire you to ſend her your little page, of all loves;[3] her huſband has a marvellous infection to the little page: and, truly, maſter Page is an honeſt man. Never a wife in inWdſor leads a better life than ſhe does; do what ſhe will, ſay what ſhe will, take all, pay all, go to bed when ſhe liſt, riſe when ſhe liſt, all is as ſhe will; and, truly, ſhe deſerves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windſor, ſhe is one. You muſt ſend her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do ſo then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any caſe, have a nay-word,[4] that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to underſtand any thing: for 'tis not good that children ſhould know any wickedneſs: old folks, you know, have diſcretion, as they ſay, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my

Thus, in *The Iſle of Gulls*—"What a goodyer aile you mother? are you *frampull?* know you not your own daughter?" HENLEY.

[3] *Of all loves*, is an adjuration only, and ſignifies no more than if ſhe had ſaid, deſires you to ſend him *by all means*. STEEVENS.

[4] i. e. a *watch-word*. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene: "—We have a *nay-word* to know one another," &c. STEEVENS.

my purſe; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news diſtracts me!

Exeunt QUICKLY *and* ROBIN.

Piſt. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:—[5]
Clap on more ſails; purſue, up with your fights;[6]
Give fire; ſhe is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

Exit PISTOL.

Fal. Say'ſt thou ſo, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of ſo much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: Let them ſay, 'tis groſsly done; ſo it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one maſter Brook below would fain

[5] Punk is a plauſible reading, yet abſurd on examination. For are not all *punks Cupid's carriers?* Shakſpeare certainly wrote:

"*This* PINK *is one of Cupid's carriers:*

And then the ſenſe is proper, and the metaphor, which is all the way taken from the marine, entire. A *pink* is a veſſel of the ſmall craft, employed as a *carrier* (and ſo called) for merchants. Fletcher uſes the word in his *Tamer Tamed:*

"This PINK, this painted foiſt, this cockle-boat.

WARBURTON.

So, in *The Ladies' Privilege*, 1640: "Theſe gentlemen know better to cut a caper than a cable, or board a *pink* in the bordells, than a pinnace at ſea." A ſmall ſalmon is called a ſalmon *pink*.

Dr. Farmer, however, obſerves, that the word *punk* has been unneceſſarily altered to *pink*. In Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair*, juſtice Overdo ſays of the pig-woman; "She hath been before me, *punk*, *pinnace*, and bawd, any time theſe two and twenty years." STEEVENS.

[6] The word *fights*, was then, and, for aught I know, may be now, a common ſea-term. Sir Richard Hawkins in his Voyages, p. 66, ſays: "For once we cleared her deck; and had we been able to have ſpared but a dozen men, doubtleſs we had done with her what we would; for ſhe had no cloſe FIGHTS," i. e. if I underſtand it right, *no ſmall arms*. So that by *fights* is meant any manner of defence, either ſmall arms or cannon. So, Dryden, in his tragedy of *Amboyna*:

"Up with your FIGHTS,
"And your *nettings* prepare," &c. WARBURTON.

The quotation from Dryden might at leaſt have raiſed a ſuſpicion that *fights* were neither *ſmall arms*, nor *cannon*. *Fights* and *nettings* are properly joined. *Fights*, I find, are *cloaths* hung round the ſhip to conceal the men from the enemy; and *cloſe fights* are *bulk-heads*, or any other ſhelter that the fabrick of a ſhip affords. JOHNSON.

fain ſpeak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath ſent your worſhip a morning's draught of ſack.[2]

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, ſir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow ſuch liquor. Ah! ha! miſtreſs Ford and miſtreſs Page, have I encompaſs'd you? go to; *via!*[3]

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with* FORD *diſguiſed.*

Ford. Bleſs you, ſir.

Fal. And you, ſir: Would you ſpeak with me?

Ford. I make bold, to preſs with ſo little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.

Ford Sir, I am a gentleman that have ſpent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good maſter Brook, I deſire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good ſir John, I ſue for yours: not to charge you;[4] for I muſt let you underſtand, I think myſelf in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath ſomething emboldened me to this unſeaſon'd intruſion; for they ſay, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

[2] It ſeems to have been a common cuſtom at taverns, in our author's time, to ſend preſents of wine from one room to another, either as a memorial of friendſhip, or (as in the preſent inſtance) by way of introduction to acquaintance. Of the exiſtence of this practice the following anecdote of Ben Jonſon and the ingenious Biſhop Corbet furniſhes a proof. "Ben Jonſon was at a tavern, and in comes Biſhop Corbet (but not ſo then) into the next room. Ben Jonſon calls for a quart of *raw* wine, and gives it to the tapſter. 'Sirrah, ſays he, carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him, I ſacrifice my ſervice to him.' The fellow did, and in thoſe words. Friend, ſays Dr. Corbet, I thank him for his love; but 'pr'ythee tell him from me that he is miſtaken; for *ſacrifices* are always *burnt*." *Merry Paſſages and Jeaſts*, MSS. Harl. 6395. MALONE.

[3] Markham uſes this word as one of the vocal helps neceſſary for reviving a horſe's ſpirit, in galloping large rings, when he grows ſlothful. Hence this cant phraſe (perhaps from the Italian, *via*) may be uſed on other occaſions to quicken the pulſe or courage. TOLLET.

[4] That is, not with a purpoſe of putting you to expence, or *being burthenſome*. JOHNSON.

Fal. Money is a good ſoldier, ſir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, ſir John, take all, or half, for eaſing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deſerve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, ſir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good maſter Brook; I ſhall be glad to be your ſervant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a ſcholar,—I will be brief with you;——and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never ſo good means, as deſire, to make myſelf acquainted with you. I ſhall diſcover a thing to you, wherein I muſt very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good ſir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the regiſter of your own; that I may paſs with a reproof the eaſier, ſith you yourſelf know, how eaſy it is to be ſuch an offender.

Fal. Very well, ſir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her huſband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, ſir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I proteſt to you, beſtow'd much on her; follow'd her with a doting obſervance; engroſs'd opportunities to meet her; fee'd every ſlight occaſion, that could but niggardly give me ſight of her; not only bought many preſents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what ſhe would have given: briefly, I have purſued her, as love hath purſued me; which hath been, on the wing of all occaſions. But whatſoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am ſure, I have received none; unleſs experience be a jewel: that I have purchaſed at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to ſay this:

Love like a ſhadow flies, when ſubſtance love purſues;
Purſuing that that flies, and flying what purſues.

Fal. Have you received no promiſe of ſatisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to ſuch a purpoſe?

Ford. Never.

Fal.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair houſe, built upon another man's ground; ſo that I have loſt my edifice, by miſtaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpoſe have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some ſay, that, though ſhe appear honeſt to me, yet, in other places, ſhe enlargeth her mirth ſo far, that there is ſhrewd conſtruction made of her. Now, ſir John, here is the heart of my purpoſe: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable diſcourſe, of great admittance,[5] authentick in your place and perſon, generally allowed[6] for your many warlike, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, ſir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; ſpend it, ſpend it; ſpend more; ſpend all I have; only give me ſo much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable ſiege[7] to the honeſty of this Ford's wife: uſe your art of wooing, win her to conſent to you; if any man may, you may as ſoon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I ſhould win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you preſcribe to yourſelf very prepoſterouſly.

Ford. O, underſtand my drift! ſhe dwells ſo ſecurely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my ſoul dares not preſent itſelf; ſhe is too bright to be look'd againſt. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my deſires had inſtance and argument[8] to commend themſelves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity,[9] her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thouſand other her defences, which now are too ſtrongly embattled againſt me: What ſay you to't, ſir John?

5 i. e. admitted into all, or the greateſt companies. STEEVENS.
6 *Allowed* is *approved.* STEEVENS.
7 i. e. a ſiege of love. MALONE.
8 *Inſtance* is *example.* JOHNSON.
9 i. e. The *defence* of it. STEEVENS.

What Ford means to ſay is, that if he could once detect her in a crime, he ſhould then be able to drive her from thoſe *defences* with which ſhe would otherwiſe *ward* off his addreſſes, ſuch as her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, &c. M. MASON.

Fal. Maſter Brook, I will firſt make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and laſt, as I am a gentleman, you ſhall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good ſir!

Fal. Maſter Brook, I ſay you ſhall.

Ford. Want no money, ſir John, you ſhall want none.

Fal. Want no miſtreſs Ford, maſter Brook, you ſhall want none. I ſhall be with her (I may tell you,) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her aſſiſtant, or go-between, parted from me: I ſay, I ſhall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous raſcally knave, her huſband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you ſhall know how I ſpeed.

Ford. I am bleſt in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, ſir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they ſay, the jealous wittolly knave hath maſſes of money; for the which his wife ſeems to me well-favour'd. I will uſe her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there my harveſt-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, ſir; that you might avoid him, if you ſaw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical ſalt-butter rogue! I will ſtare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it ſhall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: maſter Brook, thou ſhalt know, I will predominate over the peaſant, and thou ſhalt lie with his wife.——Come to me ſoon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his ſtile;[2] thou, maſter Brook, ſhalt know him for knave and cuckold:—come to me ſoon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean raſcal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who ſays, this is improvident jealouſy? My wife hath ſent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a falſe woman! my bed ſhall be abuſed, my coffers ranſacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I ſhall not only receive this villainous wrong, but ſtand under

2 *Stile* is a phraſe from the Herald's office. Falſtaff means, that *he will add more titles to thoſe he already enjoys.* STEEVENS.

under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon ſounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbaſon,[3] well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol-cuckold![4] the devil himſelf hath not ſuch a name. Page is an aſs, a ſecure aſs; he will truſt his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather truſt a Fleming with my butter, parſon Hugh the Welchman with my cheeſe, an Iriſhman with my aqua-vitæ bottle,[5] or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herſelf: then ſhe plots, then ſhe ruminates, then ſhe deviſes: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praiſed for my jealouſy!—Eleven o'clock[6] the hour;—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falſtaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too ſoon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*

[3] The reader who is curious to know any particulars concerning theſe dæmons, may find them in Reginald Scott's *Inventarie of the Names, Shapes, Powers, Governement, and Effects of Devils and Spirits, of their ſeveral Segnories and Degrees: a ſtrange Diſcourſe worth the reading*, p. 377, &c. From hence it appears that *Amaimon* was *king of the Eaſt*, and *Barbatos* a great *countie or earle*. STEEVENS.

[4] One who knows his wife's falſehood, and is contented with it;—from *wittan*, Saxon, to know. MALONE.

[5] Heywood, in his *Challenge for Beauty*, 1636, mentions the love of *aqua-vitæ* as characteriſtick of the *Iriſh*:

"The Briton he metheglin quaffs,
"The *Iriſh aqua-vitæ*."

The Iriſh *aqua-vitæ*, I believe, was not brandy, but *uſquebaugh*, for which Ireland has been long celebrated. MALONE.

Dericke, in *The Image of Irelande*, 1581, Sign. F 2, mentions *Uſkebeaghe*, and in a note explains it to mean *aqua vitæ*. REED.

[6] Ford ſhould rather have ſaid *ten o'clock*: the time was between ten and eleven; and his impatient ſuſpicion was not likely to ſtay beyond the time. JOHNSON.

It was neceſſary for the plot that he ſhould miſtake the hour, and come too late. M. MASON.

It is neceſſary for the buſineſs of the piece that Falſtaff ſhould be at Ford's houſe before his return. Hence our author made him name the later hour. See Act III. ſc. ii:——"The clock gives me my cue;—there *I ſhall find Falſtaff*." When he ſays above, "I ſhall prevent *this*," he means, not the meeting, but his wife's effecting her purpoſe. MALONE.

SCENE III.

Windsor Park.

Enter CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew, your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER *and* PAGE.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slen. Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin,[7] to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock,[8] thy reverse, thy distance, thy montánt. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco?[9] ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder?[2] ha! is he dead, bully Stale?[3] is he dead?

Caius.

7 To *foin*, I believe, was the ancient term for making a thrust in fencing, or tilting. STEEVENS.

8 Stock is a corruption of *stocata*, Ital. from which language the technical terms that follow are likewise adopted. STEEVENS.

9 ——— *my* Francisco?] He means, my Frenchman. MALONE.

2 It should be remembered, to make this joke relish, that the *elder* tree has *no heart*. I suppose this expression was made use of in opposition to the common one, *heart of oak*. STEEVENS.

3 The reason why Caius is called bully *Stale*, and afterwards *Urinal*, must

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack prieſt of the vorld; he is not ſhow is face.

Hoſt. Thou art a Caſtilian [4] king, Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear vitneſs that me have ſtay ſix or ſeven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiſer man, maſter doctor: he is a curer of ſouls, and you a curer of bodies; if you ſhould fight, you go againſt the hair [5] of your profeſſions: is it not true, maſter Page?

Page. Maſter Shallow, you have yourſelf been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, maſter Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I ſee a ſword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are juſtices, and doctors, and churchmen,

muſt be ſufficiently obvious to every reader, and eſpecially to thoſe whoſe credulity and weakneſs have enrolled them among the patients of the preſent *German* empiric, who calls himſelf *Doctor* Alexander Mayerſbach.

STEEVENS.

4 *Caſtilian* and *Ethiopian*, like *Cataian*, appear in our author's time to have been cant terms. STEEVENS.

I believe this was a popular ſlur upon the Spaniards, who were held in great contempt after the buſineſs of the *Armada*. Thus we have a *Treatiſe Paræneticall, wherein is ſhewed the right way to reſiſt the* Caſtilian king: and a ſonnet, prefixed to *Lea's Anſwer to the Untruths publiſhed in Spain, in glorie of their ſuppoſed Victory atchieved againſt our Engliſh Navie*, begins:

"Thou fond *Caſtilian king!*"—and ſo in other places.

FARMER.

Dr. Farmer's obſervation is juſt. Don Philip the Second affected the title of King of Spain; but the realms of Spain would not agree to it, and only ſtyled him King of *Caſtile* and Leon, &c. and ſo he wrote himſelf. His cruelty and ambitious views upon other ſtates, rendered him univerſally deteſted. The *Caſtilians*, being deſcended chiefly from Jews and Moors, were deemed to be of a malign and perverſe diſpoſition; and hence, perhaps, the term *Caſtilian* became opprobrious. I have extracted this note from an old pamphlet, called *The Spaniſh Pilgrime*, which I have reaſon to ſuppoſe is the ſame diſcourſe with the *Treatiſe Paræneticall*, mentioned by Dr. Farmer. TOLLET.

Dr. Farmer, I believe, is right. The hoſt, who, availing himſelf of the poor Doctor's ignorance of Engliſh phraſeology, applies to him all kind of opprobrious terms, here means to call him *a coward*. MALONE.

5 This phraſe is proverbial, and is taken from ſtroking the *hair* of animals a contrary way to that in which it grows. STEEVENS.

maſter Page, we have ſome ſalt of our youth in us: we are the ſons of women, maſter Page.

Page. 'Tis true, maſter Shallow.

Shal. It will be found ſo, maſter Page. Maſter doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am ſworn of the peace: you have ſhowed yourſelf a wiſe phyſician, and ſir Hugh hath ſhown himſelf a wiſe and patient churchman: you muſt go with me, maſter doctor.

Hoſt. Pardon, gueſt juſtice:—A word, monſieur Muck-water.[6]

Caius. Muck-vater! vat is dat?

Hoſt. Muck-water, in our Engliſh tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much muck-vater as de Engliſhman:——Scurvy jack-dog-prieſt! by gar, me vil cut his ears.

Hoſt. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Hoſt. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he ſhall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Hoſt. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Hoſt. And moreover, bully,—But firſt, maſter gueſt, and maſter Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aſide to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Hoſt. He is there: ſee what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page. Shal. and Slen. Adieu, good maſter doctor.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW *and* SLENDER.

Caius.

[6] The hoſt means, I believe, to reflect on the inſpection of urine, which made a conſiderable part of practical phyſick in that time; yet I do not well ſee the meaning of *mock-water*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Farmer judiciouſly propoſes to read—*muck-water*, i. e. the drain of a dunghill. STEEVENS.

I have inſerted Dr. Farmer's emendation in my text. Where is the humour or propriety of calling a *Phyſician*—*Make-water*? It is ſurely a term of general application. STEEVENS.

Muck-water, as explained by Dr. Farmer, is mentioned in *Evelyn's Philoſophical Diſcourſe on Earth*, 1676, p. 160. REED.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de prieſt; for he ſpeak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Hoſt. Let him die: but, firſt, ſheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where miſtreſs Anne Page is, at a farm-houſe a feaſting; and thou ſhall woo her: Cry'd game, ſaid I well? [7]

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I ſhall procure-a you de good gueſt, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Hoſt. For the which, I will be thine adverſary toward Anne Page; ſaid I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Eva. I pray you now, good maſter Slender's ſerving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for maſter Caius, that calls himſelf *Doctor of Phyſick?*

7 Mr. Theobald alters this nonſenſe to *try'd game*; that is, to nonſenſe of a worſe complexion. Shakſpeare wrote and pointed thus, CRY AIM, *ſaid I well?* i. e. conſent to it, approve of it. Have not I made a good propoſal? for *to cry aim* ſignifies to conſent to, or approve of any thing. So, again in this play: *And to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbours ſhall* CRY AIM, i. e. approve them. The phraſe was taken, originally, from archery. When any one had challenged another to ſhoot at the butts (the perpetual diverſion, as well as exerciſe, of that time,) the ſtanders-by uſed to ſay one to the other, *Cry aim*, i. e. accept the challenge. But the Oxford editor transforms it to *Cock o' the Game*; and his improvements of Shakſpeare's language abound with theſe modern elegances of ſpeech, ſuch as *mynheers*, *bull-baitings*, &c. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton is right in his explanation of *cry aim*, and in ſuppoſing that the phraſe was taken from *archery*; but is certainly wrong in the particular practice which he aſſigns for the original of it. It ſeems to have

Sim. Marry, ſir, the city-ward, [8] the park-ward, every way; old Windſor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I moſt fehemently deſire you, you will alſo look that way.

Sim. I will, ſir.

Eva. 'Pleſs my ſoul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I ſhall be glad, if he have deceived me:—how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's coſtard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork:—'pleſs my ſoul! [*Sings.*

To ſhallow rivers,[9] *to whoſe falls*
Melodious birds ſing madrigals;

There

have been the office of the *aim-crier*, to give notice to the *archer* when he was within a proper diſtance of his mark, or in a direct line with it, and to point out why he failed to ſtrike it. STEEVENS.

[8] The old editions read——the *Pittie-ward*, the modern editors the *Pitty-wary*. There is now no place that anſwers to either name at Windſor. The author might poſſibly have written (as I have printed) the *City-ward*, i. e. towards London.

In the Itinerarium, however, of *William de Worceſtre*, p. 251. the following account of diſtances in the City of Briſtol occurs. "*Via de Pyttey* a *Pyttey*-yate, porta vocata Nether *Pyttey*, uſque antiquam portam *Pyttey* uſque viam ducentem ad Wynch-ſtrete continet 140 greſſus," &c. &c. The word—*Pittey*, therefore, which ſeems unintelligible to us, might anciently have had an obvious meaning. STEEVENS.

[9] This is part of a beautiful little poem of the author's; which poem, and the anſwer to it, the reader will not be diſpleaſed to find here.

The Paſſionate Shepherd to his Love.

" Come live with me, and be my love,
" And we will all the pleaſures prove
" That hills and vallies, dale and field,
" And all the cragey mountains yield.
" There will we ſit upon the rocks,
" And ſee the ſhepherds feed their flocks,
" By ſhallow rivers, by whoſe falls
" Melodious birds ſing madrigals:
" There will I make thee beds of roſes
" With a thouſand fragrant poſies,
" A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
" Imbroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
" A gown made of the fineſt wool,
" Which from our pretty lambs we pull;

There will we make our peds of roſes,
And a thouſand fragrant poſies.
To ſhallow —— 'Mercy

" Fair lined ſlippers for the cold,
" With buckles of the pureſt gold;
" A belt of ſtraw, and ivy buds,
" With coral claſps, and amber ſtuds:
" And if theſe pleaſures may thee move,
" Come live with me, and be my love.
" Thy ſilver diſhes for thy meat,
" As precious as the gods do eat,
" Shall on an ivory table be
" Prepar'd each day for thee and me.
" The ſhepherd ſwains ſhall dance and ſing,
" For thy delight each May morning:
" If theſe delights thy mind may move,
" Then live with me, and be my love."

The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd.

" If that the world and love were young,
" And truth in every ſhepherd's tongue,
" Theſe pretty pleaſures might me move
" To live with thee, and be thy love.
" But time drives flocks from field to fold,
" When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
" And Philomel becometh dumb,
" And all complain of cares to come:
" The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
" To wayward winter reckoning yields.
" A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
" Is fancy's ſpring, but ſorrow's fall.
" Thy gowns, thy ſhoes, thy beds of roſes,
" Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy poſies,
" Soon break, ſoon wither, ſoon forgotten,
" In folly ripe, in reaſon rotten.
" Thy belt of ſtraw, and ivy buds,
" Thy coral claſps, and amber ſtuds;
" All theſe in me no means can move
" To come to thee, and be thy love.
" What ſhould we talk of dainties then,
" Of better meat than's fit for men?
" Theſe are but vain: that's only good
" Which God hath bleſs'd, and ſent for food.
" But could youth laſt, and love ſtill breed,
" Had joys no date, and age no need;
" Then theſe delights my mind might move
" To live with thee, and be thy love."

'Mercy on me! I have a great diſpoſitions to cry.

Melodious birds ſing madrigals;—
When as I ſat in Paby!on,[2]*——*
And a thouſand vagram poeſies.
To ſhallow——

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, ſir Hugh.
Eva. He's welcome:——

To ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls——

Heaven proſper the right!—What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, ſir: There comes my maſter, maſter Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the ſtile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or elſe keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Shal. How now, maſter parſon? Good-morrow, good ſir Hugh. Keep a gameſter from the dice, and a good ſtudent from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen.

Theſe two poems, which Dr. Warburton gives to Shakſpeare, are, by writers nearer that time, diſpoſed of, one to Marlow, the other to Raleigh. They are read in different copies with great variations. JOHNSON.

In *England's Helicon*, a collection of love-verſes printed in Shakſpeare's life-time, viz. in quarto, 1600, the firſt of them is given to Marlowe, the ſecond to *Ignoto*; and Dr. Percy, in the firſt volume of his *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, obſerves, that there is good reaſon to believe that (not Shakſpeare, but) Chriſtopher Marlowe wrote the ſong, and Sir Walter Raleigh the *Nymph's Reply*.

In Shakſpeare's ſonnets, printed by Jaggard, 1599, this poem was imperfectly publiſhed, and attributed to Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

Evans in his panick miſ-recites the lines, which in the original run thus:——

" There will we ſit upon the rocks,
" And ſee the ſhepherds feed their flocks,
" *By* ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls
" Melodious birds ſing madrigals:
" There will *I* make *thee* beds of roſes
" *With* a thouſand fragrant poſies," &c.

In the modern editions the verſes ſung by Sir Hugh have been corrected, I think, improperly. His miſ-recitals were certainly intended.——He *ſings* on the preſent occaſion, to ſhew that he is not afraid. MALONE.

Slen. Ah, ſweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good ſir Hugh!

Eva. 'Pleſs you from his mercy ſake, all of you!

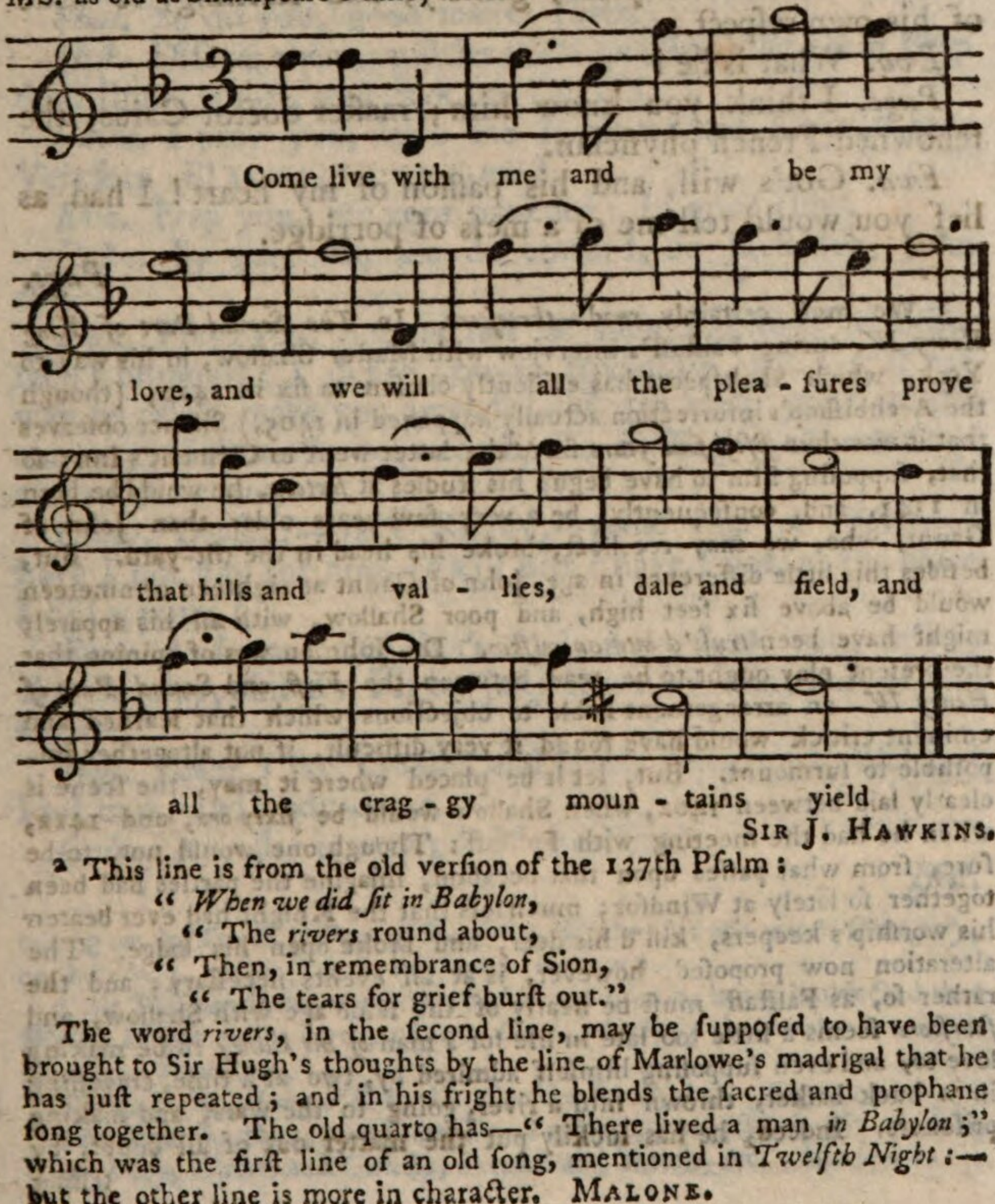
Shal. What! the ſword and the word! do you ſtudy them both, maſter parſon?

Page.

A late editor has obſerved that Evans in his panick ſings, like Bottom, to ſhew he is not afraid. It is rather to keep up his ſpirits: as he ſings in Simple's abſence, when he has "a great diſpoſitions to cry."

RITSON.

The tune to which the former was ſung, I have lately diſcovered in a MS. as old as Shakſpeare's time, and it is as follows:



SIR J. HAWKINS.

[a] This line is from the old verſion of the 137th Pſalm:

"*When we did ſit in Babylon,*
"The *rivers* round about,
"Then, in remembrance of Sion,
"The tears for grief burſt out."

The word *rivers*, in the ſecond line, may be ſuppoſed to have been brought to Sir Hugh's thoughts by the line of Marlowe's madrigal that he has juſt repeated; and in his fright he blends the ſacred and prophane ſong together. The old quarto has—"There lived a man *in Babylon*;" which was the firſt line of an old ſong, mentioned in *Twelfth Night*:—but the other line is more in character. MALONE.

Page. And youthful ſtill, in your doublet and hoſe, this raw rheumatick day?

Eva. There is reaſons and cauſes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, maſter parſon.

Eva. Fery well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a moſt reverend gentlemen, who belike, having received wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you ſaw.

Shal. I have lived fourſcore years, and upward;[3] I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, ſo wide of his own reſpect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; maſter doctor Caius, the renowned French phyſician.

Eva. Got's will, and his paſſion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a meſs of porridge.

Page.

[3] We muſt certainly read—*threeſcore.* In *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* during Falſtaff's interview with Maſter Shallow, in his way to York, which Shakſpeare has evidently choſen to fix in 1412, (though the Archbiſhop's inſurrection actually happened in 1405,) Silence obſerves that it was then *fifty-five years* ſince the latter went to Clement's Inn; ſo that, ſuppoſing him to have begun his ſtudies at *ſixteen*, he would be born in 1341, and, conſequently, be a very few years older than John of Gaunt, who, we may recollect, broke his head in the tilt-yard. But, beſides this little difference in age, John of Gaunt at eighteen or nineteen would be above ſix feet high, and poor Shallow, with all his apparel, might have been *truſs'd into an eelſkin.* Dr. Johnſon was of opinion that the preſent play ought to be read between the *Firſt* and *Second Part of Henry IV.* an arrangement liable to objections which that learned and eminent critick would have found it very difficult, if not altogether impoſſible to ſurmount. But, let it be placed where it may, the ſcene is clearly laid between 1402, when Shallow would be *ſixty one*, and 1412, when he had the meeting with Falſtaff: Though one would not, to be ſure, from what paſſes upon that occaſion, imagine the parties had been together ſo lately at Windſor; much leſs that the Knight had ever beaten his worſhip's keepers, kill'd his deer, and broke open his lodge. The alteration now propoſed, however, is at all events neceſſary; and the rather ſo, as Falſtaff muſt be nearly of the ſame age with Shallow, and *fourſcore* ſeems a little too late in life for a man *of his kidney* to be making love to, and even ſuppoſing himſelf admired by, two at a time, travelling in a buck-baſket, thrown into a river, going to the wars, and making priſoners. Indeed, he has luckily put the matter out of all doubt, by telling

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave beſides; a cowardly knave, as your would deſires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man ſhould fight with him.

Slen. O, ſweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears ſo, by his weapons:—Keep them aſunder;—here comes doctor Caius.

Enter HOST, CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good maſter parſon, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good maſter doctor.

Hoſt. Diſarm them, and let them queſtion; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our Engliſh.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me ſpeak a word vit your ear: Verefore vill you not meet a-me?

Eva. Pray you, uſe your patience: In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-ſtogs to other men's humours; I deſire you in friendſhip, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogs-comb, for miſſing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine *Hoſt de Jarterre*, have I not ſtay for him, to kill him? have I not, at the place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a chriſtian's ſoul, now, look you, this is the place appointed: I'll be judgement by mine hoſt of the Garter.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay, Guallia and Gaul, French and Welch;[4] ſoul curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Hoſt.

telling us, in *The Firſt Part of K. Henry IV.* that his age was "ſome *fifty*, or, by'r lady, *inclining to* THREE-*ſcore.* RITSON.

4 Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*Gallia* and *Wallia*: but it is objected that *Wallia* is not eaſily corrupted into *Gaul.* Poſſibly the word was written *Guallia.* FARMER.

Thus, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. *Gualtier* for *Walter.* STEEVENS.

The quarto, 1602, confirms Dr. Farmer's conjecture. It reads—Peace I ſay, *Gawle* and *Gawlia*, French and Welch, &c. MALONE.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay; hear mine hoſt of the Garter. Am I politick? am I ſubtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I loſe my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I loſe my parſon? my prieſt? my ſir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terreſtrial; ſo:—Give me thy hand, celeſtial; ſo.——Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your ſkins are whole, and let burnt ſack be the iſſue.—Come, lay their ſwords to pawn:—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Truſt me, a mad hoſt:—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, ſweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW, SLENDER, PAGE, *and* Hoſt.

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de ſot of us?[5] ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-ſtog.—I deſire you, that we may be friends; and let is knog our prains together, to be revenge on this ſame ſcall,[6] ſcurvy, cogging companion, the hoſt of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promiſe to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will ſmite his noddles:—Pray you follow.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſtreet in Windſor.

Enter Miſtreſs PAGE *and* ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your maſter's heels?

Rob.

[5] *Sot*, in French, ſignifies *a fool.* MALONE.

[6] *Scall* was an old word of reproach, as *ſcab* was afterwards. Chaucer imprecates on his *ſcrivener*:

"Under thy longe lockes mayeſt thou have the *ſcalle.*"

JOHNSON.

Scall, as Dr. J. interprets it, is a ſcab breaking out of the hair, and approaching nearly to the leproſy. It is uſed by other writers of Shakſpeare's time. You will find what was to be done by perſons afflicted with it, by looking into Leviticus, xiii. 30, 31, & ſeqq. WHALLEY.

Rob. I had rather, forſooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy; now, I ſee, you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, miſtreſs Page: Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, ſir, to ſee your wife: Is ſhe at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as ſhe may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your huſbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be ſure of that,—two other huſbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock.

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my huſband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, ſirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falſtaff.

Ford. Sir John Falſtaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name.—There is ſuch a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, ſhe is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, ſir;—I am ſick, 'till I ſee her.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* PAGE *and* ROBIN.

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure they ſleep; he hath no uſe of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as eaſy as a cannon will ſhoot point-blank twelve ſcore. He pieces-out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion, and advantage: and now ſhe's going to my wife, and Falſtaff's boy with her. A man may hear this ſhower ſing in the wind!—and Falſtaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives ſhare damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modeſty from the ſo ſeeming miſtreſs Page,[7] divulge Page himſelf for a ſecure and wilful Actæon; and to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbours ſhall cry aim.[8] [*Clock ſtrikes.*] The

7 *Seeming* is *ſpecious.* STEEVENS.

8 i. e. ſhall *encourage.*

The phraſe, as I have already obſerved, is taken from archery. STEEVENS.

The clock gives me my cue, and my aſſurance bids me ſearch; there I ſhall find Falſtaff: I ſhall be rather praiſed for this, than mocked; for it is as poſitive as the earth is firm, that Falſtaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, Hoſt, *Sir* HUGH EVANS, CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, maſter Ford.

Ford. Truſt me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I muſt excuſe myſelf, maſter Ford.

Slen. And ſo muſt I, ſir; we have appointed to dine with miſtreſs Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll ſpeak of.

Shal. We have linger'd [9] about a match between Anne Page and my couſin Slender, and this day we ſhall have our anſwer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, maſter Slender; I ſtand wholly for you:—but my wife, maſter doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nurſh-a Quickly tell me ſo muſh.

Hoſt. What ſay you to young maſter Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verſes, he ſpeaks holiday,[2] he ſmells April and May:[3] he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons;[4] he will carry't.

Page.

9 They have not linger'd very long. The match was propoſed by Sir Hugh but the day before. JOHNSON.

Shallow repreſents the affair as having been *long in hand*, that he may better excuſe himſelf and *Slender* from accepting *Ford's* invitation on the day when it was to be concluded. STEEVENS.

2 i. e. in an high-flown, fuſtian ſtile. It was called *a holy-day ſtile*, from the old cuſtom of acting their farces of the *myſteries* and *moralities*, which were turgid and bombaſt, on holy-days. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:—"I cannot woo in *feſtival terms*." And again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"Thou ſpend'ſt ſuch *high-day wit* in praiſing him." WARBURTON.

I ſuſpect that Dr. Warburton's ſuppoſition that this phraſe is derived from the ſeaſon of acting the old myſteries, is but an *holiday* hypotheſis; and have preſerved his note only for the ſake of the paſſages he quotes. Fenton is not repreſented as a talker of bombaſt.

He

Page. Not by my conſent, I promiſe you. The gentleman is of no having: [5] he kept company with the wild prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he ſhall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my ſubſtance; if he take her, let him take her ſimply; the wealth I have waits on my conſent, and my conſent goes not that way.

Ford. I beſeech you, heartily, ſome of you go home with me to dinner: beſides your cheer, you ſhall have ſport; I will ſhow you a monſter.——Maſter Doctor, you ſhall go;—ſo ſhall you, maſter Page;—and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:—we ſhall have the freer wooing at maſter Page's. [*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and* SLENDER.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit* RUGBY.

Hoſt. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honeſt knight Falſtaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit* HOST.

Ford. [*Aſide.*] I think, I ſhall drink in pipe-wine firſt with him; I'll make him dance.[6] Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to ſee this monſter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

He ſpeaks holiday, I believe, means only, his language is more *curious* and *affectedly choſen* than that uſed by ordinary men. MALONE.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"With many *holiday* and lady terms." STEEVENS.

To *ſpeak holiday* muſt mean to ſpeak out of the common road, ſuperior to the vulgar; alluding to the better dreſs worn on ſuch days. RITSON.

3 This was the phraſeology of the time; not "he ſmells *of* April," &c. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:—"he would mouth with a beggar of fifty, though ſhe *ſmelt brown bread and Garlick.*" MALONE.

4 Alluding to an ancient cuſtom among the country fellows, of trying whether they ſhould ſucceed with their miſtreſſes, by carrying the *bachelor's buttons* (a plant of the *Lychnis* kind, whoſe flowers reſemble a coat button in form) in their pockets. And they judged of their good or bad ſucceſs by their growing, or their not growing there. SMITH.

5 *Having* is the ſame as *eſtate* or *fortune*. JOHNSON.

6 Hoſt. *Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honeſt knight Falſtaff, and drink canary with him.*

Ford. [Aſide.] *I think, I ſhall drink* in pipe-*wine firſt with him; I'll make him dance.*] To *drink in* pipe-*wine* is a phraſe which I cannot underſtand. May we not ſuppoſe that Shakſpeare rather wrote, *I think I ſhall drink* HORN-PIPE *wine firſt with him: I'll make him* dance?

Canary is the name of a *dance*, as well as of a *wine*. Ford lays hold of both ſenſes; but for an obvious reaſon, makes the dance a *horn-pipe*.

It

SCENE III.

A Room in Ford's *Houſe.*

Enter Mrs. FORD *and Mrs.* PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!
Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the buck baſket—
Mrs. Ford. I warrant:—What, Robin, I ſay.

Enter Servants with a Baſket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.
Mrs. Ford. Here, ſet it down.
Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we muſt be brief.
Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brewhouſe; and when I ſuddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pauſe, or ſtaggering,) take this baſket on your ſhoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haſte, and carry it among the whitſters[7] in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, cloſe by the Thames' ſide.
Mrs. Page. You will do it?
Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are called.

[*Exeunt* Servants.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

It has been already remarked, that Shakſpeare has frequent alluſions to a *cuckold's horns.* TYRWHITT.

Pipe is known to be a veſſel of wine, now containing two hogſheads. *Pipe*-wine is therefore wine, not from the *bottle*, but the *pipe*; and the jeſt conſiſts in the ambiguity of the word, which ſignifies both a caſk of wine, and a muſical inſtrument. JOHNSON.

The jeſt here lies in a mere play of words. "I'll give him *pipe*-wine which ſhall make him *dance.*" *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

The phraſe,—"To drink *in* pipe wine"—always ſeemed to me a very ſtrange one, till I met with the following paſſage in King James's firſt ſpeech to his parliament, in 1604; by which it appears that "to drink *in*" was the phraſeology of the time: "——who either, being old, have retained their firſt drunken-*in* liquor," &c. MALONE.

[7] i. e. the blanchers of linen. DOUCE.

Enter

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-muſket?[8] what news with you?

Rob. My maſter ſir John is come in at your back-door, miſtreſs Ford; and requeſts your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent,[9] have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be ſworn: My maſter knows not of your being here; and hath threaten'd to put me into everlaſting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he ſwears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a tailor to thee, and ſhall make thee a new doublet and hoſe.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do ſo:—Go tell thy maſter, I am alone. Miſtreſs Page, remember you your cue. [*Exit* ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiſs me. [*Exit Mrs.* PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll uſe this unwholſome humidity, this groſs watry pumpion;—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught thee, *my heavenly jewel?*[2] Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough;[3] this is the period of my ambition: O this bleſſed hour!

Mrs. Ford.

[8] *Eyas* is a young unfledg'd hawk; I ſuppoſe from the Italian *Niaſo*, which originally ſignified any young bird taken from the neſt unfledg'd, afterwards a young hawk. The French, from hence, took their *niais*, and uſed it in both thoſe ſignifications; to which they added a third, metaphorically, *a ſilly fellow*; *un garçon fort niais*, *un niais*. *Muſket* ſignifies a *ſparrow hawk*, or the ſmalleſt ſpecies of hawks. This too is from the Italian *Muſchetto*, a ſmall hawk, as appears from the original ſignification of the word, namely, *a troubleſome ſtinging fly*. So that the humour of calling the little page an *eyas-muſket* is very intelligible. WARBURTON.

[9] A *Jack o' lent* was a puppet thrown at in Lent, like ſhrove-cocks. STEEVENS.

[2] *Have I caught my heavenly jewel?*] This is the firſt line of the ſecond ſong in Sidney's *Aſtrophel and Stella*. TOLLET.

[3] This ſentiment, which is of ſacred origin, is here indecently introduced. It appears again with ſomewhat leſs of profaneneſs, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV. and in *Othello*, Act II. STEEVENS.

Mrs. Ford. O ſweet ſir John!

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, miſtreſs Ford. Now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh: I would thy huſband were dead; I'll ſpeak it before the beſt lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, ſir John! alas, I ſhould be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France ſhow me ſuch another; I ſee how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou haſt the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ſhip-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance. [4]

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, ſir John: my brows become nothing elſe; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor [5] to ſay ſo: thou would'ſt make an abſolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a ſemi-circled farthingale.

[4] The ſpeaker tells his miſtreſs, ſhe had a face that would become all the head dreſſes in faſhion. The *ſhip-tire* was an open head dreſs, with a kind of ſcarf depending from behind. Its name of *ſhip-tire* was, I preſume, from its giving the wearer ſome reſemblance of *a ſhip* (as Shakſpeare ſays) *in all her trim*: with all her pennants out, and flags and ſtreamers flying.

This was an image familiar with the poets of that time. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in their play of *Wit without Money*:——"She ſpreads ſattens as the king's ſhips do canvas every where; ſhe may ſpace her miſen," &c. This will direct us to reform the following word of *tire-valiant*, which I ſuſpect to be corrupt, *valiant* being a very incongruous epithet for a woman's head-dreſs: I ſuppoſe Shakſpeare wrote *tire-vailant*. As the *ſhip-tire* was an *open* head-dreſs, ſo the *tire-vailant* was a *cloſe* one, in which the head and breaſt were covered as with a *veil*. And theſe were, in fact, the two different head-dreſſes then in faſhion, as we may ſee by the pictures of that time. One of which was ſo open, that the whole neck, breaſts, and ſhoulders, were opened to view: the other, ſo ſecurely incloſed in kerchiefs, &c. that nothing could be ſeen above the eyes, or below the chin. WARBURTON.

—— i. e. of a faſhion received or admitted from Venice. Dr. Farmer propoſes to read—"of Venetian *remittance*." STEEVENS.

In how much requeſt the *Venetian tyre* formerly was held, appears from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1624: "—let her have the Spaniſh gate [*gait*], the *Venetian tire*, Italian complements and endowments." MALONE.

May not the *tire-valiant* be ſo called from the air of boldneſs and confidence which it might give the wearer? REED.

[5] i. e. to thy own merit. STEEVENS.

farthingale. I ſee what thou wert, if fortune thy foe[6] were not; nature is thy friend: Come, thou canſt not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no ſuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that perſuade thee, there's ſomething extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and ſay, thou art this and that, like a many of theſe liſping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and ſmell like Bucklers-bury[7] in ſimple-time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deſerveſt it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, ſir; I fear, you love miſtreſs Page.

Fal. Thou might'ſt as well ſay, I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows, how I love you; and you ſhall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deſerve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you do; or elſe I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*within*] Miſtreſs Ford, miſtreſs Ford! here's miſtreſs Page at the door, ſweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs ſpeak with you preſently.

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me; I will enſconce me behind the arras.[8]

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do ſo; ſhe's a very tattling woman.—

[FALSTAFF *hides himſelf.*

6 ——*fortune thy foe*—] "was the beginning of an old ballad, in which were enumerated all the misfortunes that fall upon mankind, through the caprice of fortune." See note on *The cuſtom of the Country*, Act I. ſc. i. by Mr. Theobald. Mr. Ritſon obſerves, that "the tune is the identical air now known by the ſong of *Death and the Lady*, to which the metrical lamentations of extraordinary criminals have been uſually chanted for upwards of theſe two hundred years." REED.

7 *Buckler's-bury*, in the time of Shakſpeare, was chiefly inhabited by druggiſts, who ſold all kinds of herbs, green as well as dry. STEEVENS.

8 The ſpaces left between the walls and the wooden frames on which arras was hung, were not more commodious to our anceſtors than to the authors of their ancient dramatic pieces. Borachio in *Much ado about Nothing*: and Polonius in *Hamlet*, alſo avail themſelves of this convenient receſs. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Miſtreſs PAGE *and* ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O miſtreſs Ford, what have you done? You're ſhamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good miſtreſs Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, miſtreſs Ford! having an honeſt man to your huſband, to give him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cauſe of ſuſpicion?

Mrs. Page. What cauſe of ſuſpicion?—Out upon you! how am I miſtook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your huſband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windſor, to ſearch for a gentleman, that, he ſays, is here now in the houſe, by your conſent, to take an ill advantage of his abſence: You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder.[9]—[*Aſide.*]—'Tis not ſo, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not ſo, that you have ſuch a man here; but 'tis moſt certain your huſband's coming with half Windſor at his heels, to ſearch for ſuch a one. I come before to tell you: If you know yourſelf clear, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your ſenſes to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What ſhall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own ſhame, ſo much as his peril: I had rather than a thouſand pound, he were out of the houſe.

Mrs. Page. For ſhame, never ſtand *you had rather*, and *you had rather*; your huſband's here at hand, bethink you of ſome conveyance: in the houſe you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a baſket; if he be of any reaſonable ſtature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting-time,[2] ſend him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs.

[9] i. e. that Falſtaff who is retired may hear. STEEVENS.

[2] Bleaching time; ſpring. The ſeaſon when "maidens bleach their ſummer ſmocks." HOLT WHITE.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What ſhall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't! O let me ſee't! I'll in, I'll in;—follow your friend's counſel;—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! ſir John Falſtaff! Are theſe your letters knight?

Fal. I love thee, and none but thee; help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never—

[*He goes into the baſket; they cover him with foul linen.*]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your maſter, boy: Call your men, miſtreſs Ford:—You diſſembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John! [*Exit* Robin. *Re-enter* Servants.] Go take up theſe clothes here, quickly; Where's the cowl-ſtaff? [3] look, how you drumble; [4] carry them to the laundreſs in Datchet mead; [5] quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I ſuſpect without cauſe, why then make ſport at me, then let me be your jeſt; I deſerve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundreſs, forſooth.

[3] Is a ſtaff uſed for carrying a large tub or baſket with two handles. In Eſſex the word *cowl* is yet uſed for a tub. MALONE.

[4] The reverend Mr. Lambe, the editor of the ancient metrical hiſtory of the *Battle of Floddon*, obſerves, that—*look how you drumble*, means—*how confuſed you are*; and that in the North, *drumbled* ale is *muddy, diſturbed ale*. STEEVENS.

To *drumble*, in Devonſhire, ſignifies to mutter in a ſullen and inarticulate voice. No other ſenſe of the word will either explain this interrogation, or the paſſages adduced in Mr. Steevens's note. To *drumble and drone* are often uſed in connection. HENLEY.

A *drumble* drone, in the weſtern dialect, ſignifies a drone or humble-bee. Mrs. Page may therefore mean—How lazy and ſtupid you are! be more alert. MALONE.

[5] Mr. Dennis objects, with ſome degree of reaſon, to the probability of the circumſtance of Falſtaff's being carried to Datchet mead, and thrown into the Thames. "It is not likely (he obſerves) that Falſtaff would ſuffer himſelf to be carried in the baſket as far as Datchet mead, which is half a mile from Windſor, and it is plain that they could not carry him, if he made any reſiſtance." MALONE.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could waſh myſelf of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the ſeaſon too, it ſhall appear.[6] [*Exeunt* Servants *with the baſket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys; aſcend my chambers, ſearch, ſeek, find out: I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox:—Let me ſtop this way firſt:—So, now uncape.[7]

Page. Good maſter Ford, be contented: you wrong yourſelf too much.

Ford. True, maſter Page.—Up, gentlemen; you ſhall ſee ſport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Eva. This is fery fantaſtical humours, and jealouſies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de faſhion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; ſee the iſſue of his ſearch. [*Exeunt* Evans, Page, *and* Caius.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleaſes me better, that my huſband is deceived, or ſir John.

Mrs.

[6] Ford ſeems to allude to the cuckold's horns. So afterwards: "—and ſo buffets himſelf on the forehead, crying, *peer* out, *peer* out." *Of the ſeaſon* is a phraſe of the foreſt. Malone.

[7] A term in fox-hunting, which ſignifies to dig out the fox when earth'd. And here is as much as to ſay, take out the foul linen under which the adulterer lies hid. The Oxford editor reads *uncouple*, out of pure love to an emendation. Warburton.

Dr. Warburton ſeems to have forgot that the linen was already carried away. The alluſion in the foregoing ſentence is to the ſtopping every hole at which a fox could enter, before they *uncape* or turn him out of the bag in which he was brought. I ſuppoſe every one has heard of a *bag-fox*. Steevens.

Warburton, in his note on this paſſage, not only forgets that the foul linen had been carried away, but he alſo forgets that Ford did not at that time know that Falſtaff had been hid under it; and Steevens forgets that they had not Falſtaff in their poſſeſſion, as hunters have a bag-fox, but were to find out where he was hid. They were not to chaſe him, but to rouſe him. I therefore believe that Hanmer's amendment is right, and that we ought to read—*uncouple*.—Ford, like a good ſportſman, firſt ſtops the earths, and then uncouples the hounds. M. Mason.

Mr. M. Maſon alſo ſeems to forget that Ford at leaſt thought he had Falſtaff ſecure in his houſe, as in a bag, and therefore ſpeaks of him in terms applicable to a bag fox. Steevens.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd who was in the basket! [8]

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would, all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. Ay, ay, peace:—You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgement!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not

[8] We should read, *what* was in the basket: for though in fact Ford has asked no such question, he could never suspect there was either *man* or *woman* in it. The propriety of this emendation is manifest from a subsequent passage, where Falstaff tells Master Brook——"the jealous knave asked them once or twice *what* they had in their basket." RITSON.

have your diſtemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windſor Caſtle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, maſter Page: I ſuffer for it.

Eva. You ſuffer for a pad conſcience: your wife is as honeſt a 'omans, as I will deſires among five thouſand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt woman.

Ford. Well;—I promiſed you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, miſtreſs Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, truſt me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my houſe to breakfaſt; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the buſh: Shall it be ſo?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I ſhall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I ſhall make-a de turd.

Eva. In your teeth: [9] for ſhame.

Ford. Pray you go, maſter Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the louſy knave, mine hoſt.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A louſy knave; to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Page's *Houſe.*

Enter FENTON, *and Miſtreſs* ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I ſee, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore, no more turn me to him, ſweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou muſt be thyſelf.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my ſtate being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeek

9 This dirty reſtoration was made by Mr. Theobald. Evans's application of the doctor's words is not in the folio. STEEVENS.

I ſeek to heal it only by his wealth :
Beſides theſe, other bars he lays before me,——
My riots paſt, my wild ſocieties ;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven ſo ſpeed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confeſs, thy father's wealth [2]
Was the firſt motive that I woo'd thee, Anne :
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than ſtamps in gold, or ſums in ſealed bags ;
And 'tis the very riches of thyſelf
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle maſter Fenton,
Yet ſeek my father's love ; ſtill ſeek it, ſir :
If opportunity and humbleſt ſuit
Cannot attain it, why then,—Hark you hither.

[*They converſe apart.*

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, miſtreſs Quickly ; my kinſman ſhall ſpeak for himſelf.

Slen. I'll make a ſhaft or a bolt on't : [3] ſlid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not diſmay'd.

Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me ; I care not for that,—but that I am afeard.

[2] Some light may be given to thoſe who ſhall endeavour to calculate the increaſe of Engliſh wealth, by obſerving, that Latymer, in the time of Edward VI. mentions it as a proof of his father's proſperity, *That though but a yeoman, he gave his daughters five pounds each for her portion.* At the latter end of Elizabeth, ſeven hundred pounds were ſuch a temptation to courtſhip, as made all other motives ſuſpected. Congreve makes twelve thouſand pounds more than a counterbalance to the affectation of Belinda. No poet will now fly his favourite character at leſs than fifty thouſand.

JOHNSON.

[3] *To make a bolt or a ſhaft of a thing* is enumerated by *Ray*, amongſt others, in his collection of proverbial phraſes. REED.

The *ſhaft* was ſuch an arrow as ſkilful archers employed. The *bolt* in this proverb means, I think, the *fool's* bolt. MALONE.

A *Shaft* was a general term for an *arrow*. A *bolt* was a thick ſhort one, with a knob at the end of it. It was only employed to ſhoot birds with, and was commonly called a "bird-*bolt*." STEEVENS.

Quick. Hark ye; maſter Slender would ſpeak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handſome in three hundred pounds a year! [*Aſide.*

Quick. And how does good maſter Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadſt a father!

Slen. I had a father, miſtreſs Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jeſts of him:—Pray you, uncle, tell miſtreſs Anne the jeſt, how my father ſtole two geeſe out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Miſtreſs Anne, my couſin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Glo-ceſterſhire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail,[4] under the degree of a 'ſquire.

Shal.

[4] i. e. come *poor*, or *rich*, to offer himſelf as my rival. The following is ſaid to be the origin of the phraſe. According to the foreſt laws, the dog of a man, who had no right to the privilege of chace, was obliged to cut, or *law* his dog among other modes of diſabling him, by depriving him of his tail. A dog ſo cut was called *a cut*, or *curt-tail*, and by contraction *cur*. *Cut and long-tail* therefore ſignified the dog of a clown, and the dog of a gentleman. STEEVENS.

I can ſee no meaning in this phraſe. Slender promiſes to make his miſtreſs a gentlewoman, and probably means to ſay, he will deck her in a gown of the *court-cut*, and with a *long* train or *tail*. SIR J. HAWKINS.

This phraſe is often found in old plays, and ſeldom, if ever, with any variation. The change therefore propoſed by Sir John Hawkins cannot be received, without great violence to the text. Whenever the words occur, they always bear the ſame meaning, and that meaning is obvious enough without any explanation. The origin of the phraſe may however admit of ſome diſpute, and it is by no means certain that the account of it, here adopted by Mr. Steevens from Dr. Johnſon, is well-founded. That there ever exiſted ſuch a mode of diſqualifying dogs by the laws of the foreſt, as is here aſſerted, cannot be acknowledged without evidence, and no authority is quoted to prove that ſuch a cuſtom at any time prevailed. The writers on this ſubject are totally ſilent, as far as they have come to my knowledge. *Manwood*, who wrote on the Foreſt Laws before they were entirely diſuſed, mentions *expeditation* or cutting off three claws of the fore-foot, as the *only* manner of lawing dogs; and with his account,

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good maſter Shallow, let him woo for himſelf.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, maſter Slender.

Slen. Now, good miſtreſs Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heartlings, that's a pretty jeſt, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not ſuch a ſickly creature, I give heaven praiſe.

Anne. I mean, maſter Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, ſo; if not, happy man be his dole![5] They can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may aſk your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE, *and Miſtreſs* PAGE.

Page. Now, maſter Slender:——Love him, daughter Anne.—

account, the *Charter of the Foreſt* ſeems to agree. Were I to offer a conjecture, I ſhould ſuppoſe that the phraſe originally referred to horſes, which might be denominated *cut and long tail*, as they were curtailed of this part of their bodies, or allowed to enjoy its full growth; and this might be practiſed according to the difference of their value, or the uſes to which they were put. In this view, *cut and long tail* would include the whole ſpecies of horſes good and bad. In ſupport of this opinion it may be added, that formerly a *cut* was a word of reproach in vulgar colloquial abuſe, and I believe is never to be found applied to horſes, except to thoſe of the worſt kind. After all, if any authority can be produced to countenance Dr. Johnſon's explanation, I ſhall be very ready to retract every thing that is here ſaid. REED.

The laſt converſation I had the honour to enjoy with Sir William Blackſtone, was on this ſubject; and by a ſeries of accurate references to the whole collection of ancient *Foreſt Laws*, he convinced me of our repeated error, *expeditation and genuſciſſion*, being the only eſtabliſhed and technical modes ever uſed for diſabling the canine ſpecies. Part of the *tails* of ſpaniels indeed are generally *cut off* (*ornamenti gratiâ*) while they are puppies, ſo that (admitting a looſe deſcription) every kind of dog is comprehended in the phraſe of *cut and long-tail*, and every rank of people in the ſame expreſſion, if metaphorically uſed. STEEVENS.

[5] A proverbial expreſſion. STEEVENS.

Why, how now! what does maſter Fenton here?
You wrong me, ſir, thus ſtill to haunt my houſe:
I told you, ſir, my daughter is diſpos'd of.

Fent. Nay, maſter Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good maſter Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good maſter Fenton.
Come, maſter Shallow; come, ſon Slender; in:—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, maſter Fenton.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Quick. Speak to miſtreſs Page.

Fent. Good miſtreſs Page, for that I love your daughter
In ſuch a righteous faſhion as I do,
Perforce, againſt all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I muſt advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to 'yon fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I ſeek you a better huſband.

Quick. That's my maſter, maſter doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be ſet quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.[6]

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourſelf: Good maſter Fenton,
I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I queſtion how ſhe loves you,
And as I find her, ſo am I affected;
'Till then, farewell, ſir:—She muſt needs go in;
Her father will be angry. [*Exeunt Mrs.* PAGE *and* ANNE.

Fent. Farewell, gentle miſtreſs; farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing now;—Nay, ſaid I, will you caſt away your child on a fool, and a phyſician?[7] Look on maſter Fenton:—this is my doing.

Fent.

[6] This is a common proverb in the ſouthern counties. COLLINS.

[7] I ſhould read—*fool* or a *phyſician*, meaning Slender and Caius. JOHNSON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads according to Dr. Johnſon's conjecture. This may be right.——Or my Dame Quickly may allude to the proverb, a man of *forty* is either a *fool* or a *phyſician*; but ſhe aſſerts her maſter to be both. FARMER.

Mr. Dennis,

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night [8]
Give my ſweet Nan this ring: There's for thy pains. [*Exit.*

Quick. Now heaven ſend thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for ſuch a kind heart. But yet, I would my maſter had miſtreſs Anne; or I would maſter Slender had her; or, in ſooth, I would maſter Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for ſo I have promiſed, and I'll be as good as my word; but ſpeciouſly [9] for maſter Fenton. Well, I muſt of another errand to ſir John Falſtaff from my two miſtreſſes; What a beaſt am I to ſlack it? [2] [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I ſay,—
Bard. Here, ſir.
Fal. Go fetch me a quart of ſack; put a toaſt in't. [*Exit* BARD.] Have I lived to be carried in a baſket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well; if I be ſerved ſuch another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues ſlighted me into the river with as little remorſe as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind

 puppies,

Mr. Dennis, of iraſcible memory, who altered this play, and brought it on the ſtage, in the year 1702, under the title of *The Comical Gallant*, (when, thanks to the alterer, it was fairly damn'd,) has introduced the proverb at which Mrs. Quickly's alluſion appears to be pointed.

STEEVENS.

I believe the old copy is right, and that Mrs. Quickly means to inſinuate that ſhe had addreſſed *at the ſame time* both Mr. and Mrs. Page on the ſubject of their daughter's marriage, one of whom favoured Slender, and the other Caius: "—on a fool *or* a phyſician," would be more accurate, but *and* is ſufficiently ſuitable to dame Quickly, *referendo ſingula ſingulis.*

Thus: "You two are going to throw away your daughter on a fool and a phyſician; you, ſir, on the former, and you, madam, on the latter."

MALONE.

[8] i. e. *ſometime* to-night. STEEVENS.
[9] She means to ſay *ſpecially*. STEEVENS.
[2] i. e. neglect. STEEVENS.

puppies,[3] fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in ſinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I ſhould down. I had been drown'd, but that the ſhore was ſhelvy and ſhallow; a death that I abhor; for the water ſwells a man; and what a thing ſhould I have been, when I had been ſwell'd! I ſhould have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with the wine.*

Bard. Here's Miſtreſs Quickly, ſir, to ſpeak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in ſome ſack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had ſwallow'd ſnow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: Give your worſhip good-morrow.

Fal. Take away theſe chalices: Go brew me a pottle of ſack finely.

Bar. With eggs, ſir?

Fal. Simple of itſelf; I'll no pullet-ſperm in my brewage. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.]—How now?

Quick. Marry, ſir, I come to your worſhip from miſtreſs Ford.

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: ſhe does ſo take on with her men; they miſtook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a fooliſh woman's promiſe.

Quick. Well, ſhe laments, ſir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to ſee it. Her huſband goes this morning a birding; ſhe deſires you once more to come to her between eight and

[3] The old copy reads——"*a* blind bitch's *puppies.*" STEEVENS.

I have ventured to tranſpoſe the adjective here, againſt the authority of the printed copies. I know, in horſes, a colt from a blind ſtallion loſes much of the value it might otherwiſe have; but are *puppies* ever drown'd the ſooner, for coming from a *blind bitch?* The author certainly wrote, *as they would have drown'd a bit o' 's blind puppies.* THEOBALD.

and nine: I muſt carry her word quickly: ſhe'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will viſit her: Tell her ſo; and bid her think, what a man is: let her conſider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do ſo. Between nine and ten, ſay'ſt thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, ſir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miſs her.

Quick. Peace be with you, ſir. [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of maſter Brook; he ſent me word to ſtay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bleſs you, ſir!

Fal. Now, maſter Brook? you come to know what hath paſs'd between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, ſir John, is my buſineſs.

Fal. Maſter Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her houſe the hour ſhe appointed me.

Ford. And how ſped you, ſir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, maſter Brook.

Ford. How ſo, ſir? Did ſhe change her determination?

Fal. No, maſter Brook: but the peaking cornuto her huſband, maſter Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealouſy, comes me in the inſtant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiſs'd, proteſted, and, as it were, ſpoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and, forſooth, to ſearch his houſe for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he ſearch for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You ſhall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one miſtreſs Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's diſtraction, they convey'd me into a buck-baſket.[4]

4 As it does not appear that his being convey'd into the buck-baſket was owing to the ſuppoſed *diſtraction* of Mrs. Ford, I have no doubt but we ſhould read—"and Ford's wife's *direction*," which was the fact.

M. MASON.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket:[5] ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who ask'd them once or twice, what they had in their basket:[6] I quaked for fear lest the lunatic knave would have search'd it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffer'd the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-weather; next, to be compass'd, like a good bilbo,[7] in the circumference of a peck,[8] hilt

[5] By the Lord, *a buck-basket:*] Thus the old quarto. The editor of the first folio, to avoid the penalty of the statute of King James I. reads—*Yes*, &c. and the editor of the second, which has been followed by the moderns, has made Falstaff desert his own character, and assume the language of a Puritan. MALONE.

The second folio reads—*yea*; and I cannot discover why this affirmative should be considered as a mark of puritanism. *Yea*, at the time our comedy appeared, was in as frequent use as—*yes*; and is certainly put by Shakspeare into the mouths of many of his characters whose manners are widely different from those of canting purists. STEEVENS.

[6] So, before: "What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd who was in the basket!" but Ford had asked no such question. Our author seems seldom to have revised his plays. MALONE.

Falstaff, in the present instance, may purposely exaggerate his alarms, that he may thereby enhance his merit with Ford, at whose purse his designs are ultimately levelled. STEEVENS.

[7] A *bilbo* is a Spanish blade, of which the excellence is flexibleness and elasticity. JOHNSON.

Bilbo, from *Bilboa*, a city of Biscay, where the best blades are made. STEEVENS.

[8] Thus the folio. The old quarto reads—of a *pack*; and perhaps rightly. Pedlar's packs are sometimes of such a size as to admit of Fal-

hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be ſtopp'd in, like a ſtrong diſtillation, with ſtinking clothes that fretted in their own greaſe: think of that,—a man of my kidney,[9]—think of that; that am as ſubject to heat, as butter; a man of continual diſſolution and thaw; it was a miracle, to 'ſcape ſuffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half ſtew'd in greaſe, like a Dutch diſh, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that ſurge, like a horſe-ſhoe; think of that,—hiſſing hot,—think of that, maſter Brook.

Ford. In good faſneſs, ſir, I am ſorry that for my ſake you have ſuffer'd all this. My ſuit then is deſperate; you'll undertake her no more.

Fal. Maſter Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her huſband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embaſſy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, maſter Brook.

Ford. 'Tis paſt eight already, ſir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addreſs me[2] to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leiſure, and you ſhall know how I ſpeed; and the concluſion ſhall be crown'd with your enjoying her: Adieu. You ſhall have her, maſter Brook; maſter Brook, you ſhall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a viſion? is this a dream? do I ſleep? Maſter Ford, awake; awake, maſter Ford; there's a hole made in your beſt coat, maſter Ford. This 'tis to be married!

ſtaff's deſcription; but who but a Lilliputian could be "compaſſed in a *peck?*" MALONE.

Falſtaff deſignedly exaggerates the inconveniences of his ſituation. When he tells us, that formerly he "was not an eagle's talon in the waiſt, and could have crept through an alderman's thumb-ring," are we to ſuppoſe he has a literal meaning?—and may not ſome future critick enquire of us whether we ever ſaw any Pedlar's pack of ſuch a ſize as would contain a perſon of Falſtaff's bulk?"

Beſides;—to try the flexibility of ſwords, it might have been uſual to incurvate them within a wooden circuit like that of a *peck* meaſure; but who would have thought of making the ſame experiment within a *pedlar's pack?* STEEVENS.

9 *Kidney* in this phraſe now ſignifies *kind* or *qualities*, but Falſtaff means, *a man whoſe kidnies are as fat as mine.* JOHNSON.

2 i. e. make myſelf ready. STEEVENS.

married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baſkets!—Well, I will proclaim myſelf what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my houſe: he cannot 'ſcape me; 'tis impoſſible he ſhould; he cannot creep into a half-penny purſe, nor into a pepper-box: but, leſt the devil that guides him ſhould aid him, I will ſearch impoſſible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, ſhall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad.[3] [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.[4]

The Street.

Enter Mrs. PAGE, *Mrs.* QUICKLY, *and* WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at maſter Ford's already, think'ſt thou?

Quick. Sure, he is by this; or will be preſently: but truly, he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Miſtreſs Ford deſires you to come ſuddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to ſchool: Look, where his maſter comes; 'tis a playing-day, I ſee.

[3] There is no image which our author appears ſo fond of, as that of cuckold's horns. Scarcely a light character is introduced that does not endeavour to produce merriment by ſome alluſion to horned huſbands. As he wrote his plays for the ſtage rather than the preſs, he perhaps reviewed them ſeldom, and did not obſerve this repetition; or finding the jeſt, however frequent, ſtill ſucceſsful, did not think correction neceſſary. JOHNSON.

[4] This is a very trifling ſcene, of no uſe to the plot, and I ſhould think of no great delight to the audience; but Shakſpeare beſt knew what would pleaſe. JOHNSON.

We may ſuppoſe this ſcene to have been a very entertaining one to the audience for which it was written. Many of the old plays exhibit pedants inſtructing their ſcholars. Marſton has a very long one in his *What you Will*, between a ſchoolmaſter, and *Holofernes*, *Nathaniel*, &c. his pupils. The title of this play was perhaps borrowed by Shakſpeare, to join to that of *Twelfth Night*. *What you Will* appeared in 1607. *Twelfth Night* was firſt printed in 1623. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

How now, ſir Hugh? no ſchool to-day?

Eva. No; maſter Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Bleſſing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my huſband ſays, my ſon profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, aſk him ſome queſtions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, ſirrah; hold up your head; anſwer your maſter, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly I thought there had been one number more; becauſe they ſay, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is *fair*, William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, ſure.

Eva. You are a very ſimplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *Lapis*, William?

Will. A ſtone.

Eva. And what is a ſtone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis*; I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Eva. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog;—pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus:* Well, what is your *accuſative caſe?*

Will. Accuſativo, hinc.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accuſativo, hing, hang, hog.*

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative caſe, William?

Will. O—*vocativo*, O.

Eva, Remember, William; focative is, *caret.*

Quick. And that's a good root.
Eva. 'Oman, forbear.
Mrs. Page. Peace.
Eva. What is your *genitive caſe plural*, William?
Will. Genitive caſe?
Eva. Ay.
Will. Genitive,—horum, harum, horum.[5]
Quick. 'Vengeance of *Jenny's* caſe! fie on her!—never name her, child, if ſhe be a whore.
Eva. For ſhame, 'oman.
Quick. You do ill to teach the child ſuch words: he teaches him to hick and to hack,[6] which they'll do faſt enough of themſelves; and to call horum:—fie upon you!
Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? haſt thou no underſtandings for thy caſes, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as fooliſh chriſtian creatures, as I would deſires.
Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.
Eva. Shew me now, William, ſome declenſions of your pronouns.
Will. Forſooth, I have forgot.
Eva. It is *ki, kæ, cod*; if you forget your *kies*, your *kæs*,[7] and your *cods*, you muſt be preeches.[8] Go your ways, and play, go.
Mrs. Page. He is a better ſcholar than I thought he was.
Eva. He is a good ſprag [9] memory. Farewell, miſtreſs Page.

Mrs.

[5] Taylor, the water-poet, has borrowed this jeſt, ſuch as it is, in his character of a ſtrumpet:

"And come to *horum, harum, whorum*, then
"She proves a great proficient among men." STEEVENS.

[6] Sir William Blackſtone thought that this, in Dame Quickly's language, ſignifies "to ſtammer or heſitate, as boys do in ſaying their leſſons;" but Mr. Steevens, with more probability, ſuppoſes that it ſignifies, in her dialect, *to do miſchief.* MALONE.

[7] All this ribaldry is likewiſe found in Taylor the water-poet. STEEVENS.

[8] Sir Hugh means to ſay—you muſt be *breech'd*, i. e. flogg'd. To *breech* is to *flog*. STEEVENS.

[9] I am told that this word is ſtill uſed by the common people in the neighbourhood of Bath, where it ſignifies *ready, alert, ſprigbtly*, and is pronounced as if it was written——*ſprack.* STEEVENS.
A *ſpackt* lad or wench, ſays Ray, is *apt to learn, ingenious.* REED.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good ſir Hugh. [*Exit Sir* HUGH.] Get you home, boy.—Come, we ſtay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in FORD'S *Houſe.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and Mrs.* FORD.

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford, your ſorrow hath eaten up my ſufferance: I ſee, you are obſequious in your love,[2] and I profeſs requital to a hair's breadth; not only, miſtreſs Ford, in the ſimple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you ſure of your huſband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, ſweet ſir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within.*] What hoa, goſſip Ford! what hoa!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, ſir John.

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Enter Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, ſweetheart? who's at home beſides yourſelf?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly:—Speak louder. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am ſo glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your huſband is in his old lunes[3] again: he ſo takes on[4] yonder with my huſband; ſo rails againſt all married mankind; ſo curſes all Eve's daughters, of what complexion ſoever; and ſo buffets himſelf on the forehead, crying, *Peer-out, peer-out!*[5] that any madneſs, I ever yet

[2] So, in *Hamlet*:

"——— for ſome term
"To do *obſequious ſorrow.*"

The epithet *obſequious* refers, in both inſtances, to the ſerioufneſs with which *obſequies*, or *funeral ceremonies*, are performed. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *lunes* ——] i. e. lunacy, frenzy. STEEVENS.

[4] *To take on*, which is now uſed for *to grieve*, ſeems to be uſed by our author for *to rage*. Perhaps it was applied to any paſſion. JOHNSON.

[5] That is, *appear horns*. Shakſpeare is at his old lunes. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare

yet beheld, ſeem'd but tameneſs, civility, and patience, to this diſtemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and ſwears, he was carried out, the laſt time he ſearch'd for him, in a baſket: proteſts to my huſband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the reſt of their company from their ſport, to make another experiment of his ſuſpicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he ſhall ſee his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, miſtreſs Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at ſtreet end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly ſhamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you?—Away with him, away with him; better ſhame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way ſhould he go? how ſhould I beſtow him? Shall I put him into the baſket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the baſket: May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of maſter Ford's brothers watch the door with piſtols,[6] that none ſhall iſſue out; otherwiſe you might ſlip away ere he came. But what make you here?[7]

Fal. What ſhall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always uſe to diſcharge their birding-pieces: Creep into the kiln-hole.[8]

Fal.

Shakſpeare here refers to the practice of children, when they call on a ſnail to puſh forth his horns:

"Peer out, peer out, peer out of your hole,
"Or elſe I'll beat you black as a coal." HENLEY.

[6] This is one of Shakſpeare's anachroniſms. DOUCE.
Thus, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, Thaliard ſays,

"———— if I
"Can get him once within my *piſtol's* length," &c.

and Thaliard was one of the courtiers of Antiochus the third, who reigned 200 years before Chriſt; a period rather too early for the uſe of *piſtols*. STEEVENS.

[7] i. e. *what do you here.* MALONE.

[8] I ſuſpect, theſe words belong to Mrs. Page See Mrs. Ford's next ſpeech.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will ſeek there on my word. Neither preſs, coffer, cheſt, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abſtract [9] for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own ſemblance, you die, ſir John. Unleſs you go out diſguis'd,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we diſguiſe him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwiſe, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good hearts, deviſe ſomething: any extremity, rather than a miſchief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will ſerve him; ſhe's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: [2] Run up, ſir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, ſweet ſir John: miſtreſs Page, and I, will look ſome linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dreſs you ſtraight: put on the gown the while. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Mrs. Ford. I would, my huſband would meet him in this ſhape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he ſwears, ſhe's a witch; forbade her my houſe, and hath threatn'd to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy huſband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my huſband coming?

Mrs.

ſpeech. That, however, may be a ſecond thought; a correction of her former propoſal: but the other ſuppoſition is more probable. MALONE.

9 i. e. a liſt, an inventory. STEEVENS.

Rather, a ſhort note or deſcription. MALONE.

2 The *thrum* is the end of a weaver's warp, and we may ſuppoſe, was uſed for the purpoſe of making coarſe hats. A *muffler* was ſome part of dreſs that covered the face. STEEVENS.

The *muffler* was a part of female attire, which only covered the lower half of the face. DOUCE.

A *thrum'd* hat was made of very coarſe woollen cloth. *Thrum'd* is, *formed of thrums*. MALONE.

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good ſadneſs, is he; and talks of the baſket too, howſoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the baſket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did laſt time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here preſently: let's go dreſs him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll firſt direct my men, what they ſhall do with the baſket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him ſtraight. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Page. Hang him, diſhoneſt varlet? we cannot miſuſe him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honeſt too:
We do not act, that often jeſt and laugh;
'Tis old but true, *Still ſwine eat all the draff.*[3] [*Exit.*

Re-enter Mrs. FORD, *with two* Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, ſirs, take the baſket again on your ſhoulders; your maſter is hard at door; if he bid you ſet it down, obey him: quickly, deſpatch. [*Exit.*

1. *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2. *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight again.

1. *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear ſo much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, maſter Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the baſket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:——You, youth in a baſket, come out here!—O, you panderly raſcals! there's a knot, a ging,[4] a pack, a conſpiracy, againſt me: Now ſhall the devil be ſhamed. What! wife, I ſay! come, come forth; behold what honeſt clothes you ſend forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this paſſes![5] Maſter Ford, you are not to go looſe any longer; you muſt be pinion'd.

Eva.

3 This is a proverbial ſentence. MALONE.

4 *Ging* was anciently uſed for *gang*. MALONE.

5 The force of the phraſe I did not underſtand, when a former impreſſion

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!
Shal. Indeed, maſter Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mrs. FORD.

Ford. So ſay I too, ſir.—Come hither, miſtreſs Ford; miſtreſs Ford, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her huſband!—I ſuſpect without cauſe, miſtreſs, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witneſs, you do, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

Ford. Well ſaid, brazen-face; hold it out.——Come forth, ſirrah. [*Pulls the clothes out of the baſket.*

Page. This paſſes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not aſhamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I ſhall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreaſonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the baſket, I ſay.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,—

Ford. Maſter Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this baſket: Why may not he be there again? In my houſe I am ſure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealouſy is reaſonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he ſhall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, maſter Ford: this wrongs you.[6]

Eva. Maſter Ford, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealouſies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I ſeek for.

Page. No, nor no where elſe, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to ſearch my houſe this one time: if I find not what I ſeek, ſhow no colour for my extremity, let me for

preſſion of Shakſpeare was prepared; and therefore gave theſe two words as part of an imperfect ſentence. One of the obſolete ſenſes of the verb, *to paſs*, is *to go beyond bounds*. STEEVENS.

[6] This is below your character, unworthy of your underſtanding, injurious to your honour. JOHNSON.

for ever be your table-ſport; let them ſay of me, As jealous as Ford, that ſearch'd a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.[7] Satisfy me once more; once more ſearch with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa, miſtreſs Page! come you, and the old woman down; my huſband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my houſe? She comes of errands, does ſhe? We are ſimple men; we do not know what's brought to paſs under the profeſſion of fortune-telling. She works by charms,[8] by ſpells, by the figure, and ſuch daubery[9] as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.——Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I ſay.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, ſweet huſband;—good gentlemen, let him not ſtrike the old woman.

Enter FALSTAFF *in women's clothes, led by Mrs.* PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *prat* her;——Out of my door, you witch! [*beats*

[7] *Leman*, i. e. *lover*, is derived from *leef*, Dutch, *beloved*, and *man*. STEEVENS.

[8] Concerning ſome *old woman of Brentford*, there are ſeveral ballads; among the reſt, *Julian of Brentford's laſt Will and Teſtament*, 1599. STEEVENS.

This without doubt is the perſon here alluded to; for in the early quarto Mrs. Ford ſays—"my maid's aunt, *Gillian* of *Brentford*, hath a gown above." So alſo, in *Weſtward Hoe*, a comedy, 1607: "I doubt that old hag, *Gillian of Brentford*, has *bewitch'd* me." MALONE.

Mr. Steevens, perhaps, has been miſled by the vague expreſſion of the Stationers' book. *Iyl of Breyntford's Teſtament*, to which he ſeems to allude, was written by Robert, and printed by William Copland, long before 1599. But this, the only publication, it is believed, concerning the above lady, at preſent known, is certainly *no ballad*. RITSON.

Julian of Brainford's Teſtament is mentioned by Laneham in his letter from *Killingwoorth Caſtle*, 1575, amongſt many other works of eſtabliſhed notoriety. HENLEY.

[9] *Dauberies* are *counterfeits*; *diſguiſes*. STEEVENS.

Perhaps rather—ſuch *groſs falſhood*, and *impoſition*. In our author's time a *dauber* and a *plaſterer* were ſynonymous. "To lay it on with a *trowel*" was a phraſe of that time, applied to one who uttered a groſs lie. MALONE.

[*beats him.*] you rag,[2] you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon![3] out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Mrs. Page. Are you not aſhamed? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it;—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I ſpy a great peard under her muffler.[4]

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beſeech you, follow; ſee but the iſſue of my jealouſy: if I cry out thus upon no trail,[5] never truſt me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt* PAGE, FORD, SHALLOW, *and* EVANS.

Mrs. Page. Truſt me, he beat him moſt pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the maſs, that he did not; he beat him moſt unpitifully, methought.

Mrs.

2 This opprobrious term is again uſed in *Timon of Athens*: "—thy father, that poor *rag*—." Mr. Rowe unneceſſarily diſmiſſed this word, and introduced *bag* in its place. MALONE.

3 *Ronyon*, applied to a woman, means, as far as can be traced, much the ſame with *ſcall* or *ſcab* ſpoken of a man. JOHNSON.

From *Rogneux*, Fr. STEEVENS.

4 One of the marks of a ſuppoſed witch was a *beard*.

So, in *The Duke's Miſtreſs*, 1638:

" —— a chin, without all controverſy, good
" To go a fiſhing with; a *witches beard* on't."

See alſo *Macbeth*, Act I. ſc. iii.

The *muffler* (as I have learnt ſince our laſt ſheet was worked off) was a thin piece of linen that covered the lips and chin. See the figures of two market-women, at the bottom of G. Hoefnagle's curious plate of Nonſuch, in *Braunii Civitates Orbis Terrarum*; Part V. Plate I. See likewiſe the bottom of the view of Shrewſbury, &c. *ibid.* Part VI. Plate II. where the female peaſant ſeems to wear the ſame article of dreſs. See alſo a country-woman at the corner of Speed's map of England. STEEVENS.

As the ſecond ſtratagem, by which Falſtaff eſcapes, is much the groſſer of the two, I wiſh it had been practiſed firſt. It is very unlikely that Ford, having been ſo deceived before, and knowing that he had been deceived, would ſuffer him to eſcape in ſo ſlight a diſguiſe. JOHNSON.

5 The expreſſion is taken from the hunters. *Trail* is the ſcent left by the paſſage of the game. *To cry out*, is to *open* or *bark*.

JOHNSON.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious ſervice.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witneſs of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The ſpirit of wantonneſs is, ſure, ſcared out of him, if the devil have him not in fee-ſimple, with fine and recovery,[6] he will never, I think, in the way of waſte, attempt us again.[7]

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our huſbands how we have ſerved him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your huſband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight ſhall be any further afflicted, we two will ſtill be the miniſters.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publickly ſhamed: and, methinks, there would be no period[8] to the jeſt, ſhould he not be publickly ſhamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then, ſhape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter HOST *and* BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans deſire to have three of your horſes: the duke himſelf will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoſt. What duke ſhould that be, comes ſo ſecretly? I hear not of him in the court: Let me ſpeak with the gentlemen; they ſpeak Engliſh?

Bard.

[6] Our author had been long enough in an attorney's office to learn that *fee ſimple* is the *largeſt eſtate*, and *fine and recovery* the *ſtrongeſt aſſurance*, known to Engliſh law. RITSON.

[7] i. e. he will not make further attempts to ruin us, by corrupting our virtue, and deſtroying our reputation. STEEVENS.

[8] Shakſpeare ſeems, by no period, to mean, *no proper cataſtrophe.* Of this Hanmer was ſo well perſuaded, that he thinks it neceſſary to read—no *right* period. STEEVENS.

Our author often uſes *period*, for *end* or *concluſion.* MALONE.

Bard. Ay, ſir; I'll call them to you.

Hoſt. They ſhall have my horſes; but I'll make them pay, I'll ſauce them: they have had my houſes a week at command; I have turn'd away my other gueſts: they muſt come off;[9] I'll ſauce them: Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Ford's *Houſe.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, *Mrs.* PAGE. *Mrs.* FORD, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Eva. 'Tis one of the peſt diſcretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he ſend you both theſe letters at an inſtant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt; I rather will ſuſpect the ſun with cold,[2]

Than

[9] *To come off*, is, *to pay.* STEEVENS.

"They muſt *come off*, (ſays mine hoſt,) I'll ſauce them." This paſſage has exerciſed the criticks. It is altered by Dr. Warburton; but there is no corruption, and Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted it. The quotation, however, from *Maſſinger*, which is referred to likewiſe by Mr. Edwards in his Canons of Criticiſm, ſcarcely ſatisfied Mr. Heath, and ſtill leſs Mr. Capell, who gives us, "They muſt *not* come off." It is ſtrange that any one, converſant in old language, ſhould heſitate at this phraſe. Take another quotation or two, that the difficulty may be effectually removed for the future. In John Heywood's play of *The Four P's*, the *pedlar* ſays:

"——If you be willing to buy,
"Lay down money, *come off* quickly."

In *The Widow*, by Jonſon, Fletcher, and Middleton,—"if he will *come off* roundly, he'll ſet him free too." And again, in *Fennor's Compter's Commonwealth*——"except I would *come off* roundly, I ſhould be bar'd of that priviledge," &c. FARMER.

The phraſe is uſed by Chaucer, *Friar's Tale*, 338. edit. Urry:

"*Come off*, and let me riden haſtily,
"Give me twelve pence; I may no longer tarie."

TYRWHITT.

[2] Thus the modern editions.—The old ones read—with *gold*, which may mean, I rather will ſuſpect the ſun can be a thief, or be *corrupted by a bribe*, than thy honour can be betrayed to wantonneſs. Mr. Rowe ſilently made the change, which ſucceeding editors have as ſilently adopted. A thought of a ſimilar kind occurs in *Henry IV.* P. I:

Than thee with wantonneſs: now doth thy honour ſtand,
In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as éxtreme in ſubmiſſion,
As in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us publick ſport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they ſpoke of.

Page. How! to ſend him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight! fie, fie; he'll never come.

Eva. You ſay, he has been thrown in the rivers; and has been grievouſly peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks, there ſhould be terrors in him, that he ſhould not come; methinks, his fleſh is puniſh'd, he ſhall have no deſires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Deviſe but how you'll uſe him when he comes,
And let us two deviſe to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windſor foreſt,
Doth all the winter time, at ſtill midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blaſts the tree, and takes the cattle;[3]
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and ſhakes a chain
In a moſt hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of ſuch a ſpirit; and well you know,
The

"Shall the bleſſed *ſun* of heaven prove a *micher?*"

I have not, however, diſplaced Mr. Rowe's emendation; as a zeal to preſerve old readings, without diſtinction, may ſometimes prove as injurious to our author's reputation, as a deſire to introduce new ones, without attention to the quaintneſs of phraſeology then in uſe. STEEVENS.

So, in *Weſtward for Smelts*, a pamphlet which Shakſpeare certainly had read: "I anſwere in the behalfe of one, who is *as free from diſloyaltie, as is the ſunne from darkneſs, or the fire from* COLD." A huſband is ſpeaking of his wife. MALONE.

3 To *take*, in Shakſpeare, ſignfies to ſeize or ſtrike with a diſeaſe, to blaſt. So, in *Lear*:

"——Strike her young bones,
"Ye *taking* airs, with lameneſs." JOHNSON.

The ſuperſtitious idle-headed eld[4]
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falſtaff at that oak ſhall meet with us,
Diſguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this ſhape; When you have brought him thither,
What ſhall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewiſe have we thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page my daughter, and my little ſon,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dreſs
Like urchins, ouphes,[5] and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a ſudden,
As Falſtaff, ſhe and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a ſaw-pit ruſh at once
With ſome diffuſed ſong;[6] upon their ſight,
We two in great amazedneſs will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,

And,

4 *Eld* ſeems to be uſed here, for what our poet calls in *Macbeth*—the *olden time*. It is employed in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, to expreſs *age* and *decrepitude*:

" ——doth beg the alms
" Of palſied *eld*." STEEVENS.

I rather imagine it is uſed here for *old perſons*. MALONE.

5 The primitive ſignification of *urchin* is a hedge-hog. In this ſenſe it is uſed in *The Tempeſt*. Hence it comes to ſignify any thing little and dwarfiſh. *Ouph* is the Teutonick word for a *fairy* or *goblin*.

STEEVENS.

6 A *diffuſed ſong* ſignifies a ſong that ſtrikes out into wild ſentiments beyond the bounds of nature, ſuch as thoſe whoſe ſubject is fairy land.

WARBURTON.

Diffuſed may mean *confuſed*. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 553: " Rice quoth he, (i. e. Cardinal Wolſey,) ſpeak you Welch to him: I doubt not but thy ſpeech ſhall be more *diffuſe* to him, than his French ſhall be to thee." TOLLET.

By *diffuſed ſong*, Shakſpeare may mean ſuch unconnected ditties as mad

And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight ;[7]
And aſk him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their ſo ſacred paths he dares to tread,
In ſhape prophane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the ſuppoſed fairies pinch him ſound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all preſent ourſelves ; diſ-horn the ſpirit,
And mock him home to Windſor.

Ford.

people ſing. Kent, in *K. Lear*, when he has determined to aſſume an appearance foreign to his own, declares his reſolution to *diffuſe his ſpeech*, i. e. to give it a wild and irregular turn. STEEVENS.

With ſome diffuſed *ſong* ;] i. e. wild, irregular, diſcordant. That this was the meaning of the word, I have ſhown in a note on another play by a paſſage from one of Greene's pamphlets, in which he calls a dreſs of which the different parts were made after the faſhions of different countries, "a *diffuſed* attire." MALONE.

7 This uſe of *to* in compoſition with verbs, is very common in Gower and Chaucer, but muſt have been rather antiquated in the time of Shakſpeare. See, Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, B. IV. fol. 7 :

"All *to-tore* is myn araie."

And Chaucer, *Reeve's Tale*, 1169 :

"——mouth and noſe *to-broke*."

The conſtruction will otherwiſe be very hard. TYRWHITT.

I add a few more inſtances, to ſhow that this uſe of the prepoſition *to* was not entirely antiquated in the time of our author. So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. 7 :

"With briers and buſhes all *to-rent* and ſcratched."

Again, B. V. c. 8 :

"With locks all looſe, and raiment all *to-tore*."

Again, B. V. c. 9 :

"Made of ſtrange ſtuffe, but all *to-worne* and ragged,
"And underneath the breech was all *to-torne* and jagged."

Again, in *The Three Lords of London*, 1590 :

"The poſt at which he runs, and all *to-burns* it."

Again, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592 :

"Watchet ſattin doublet, all *to-torn*." STEEVENS.

The editor of Gawin Douglas's Tranſlation of the Æneid, fol. Edinb. 1710, obſerves in his *General Rules for the Underſtanding the Language*, that *to* prefixed, in antient writers, has little or no ſignificancy, but with *all* put before it, ſignifies *altogether*. Since, Milton has "were *all to*-ruffled. See *Comus*, v. 380. Warton's edit. It is not likely that this practice was become antiquated in the time of Shakſpeare, as Mr. Tyrwhitt ſuppoſes. HOLT WHITE.

Ford. The children muſt
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes [8] alſo, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan ſhall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That ſilk will I go buy;—and in that time [9]
Shall maſter Slender ſteal my Nan away, [*Aſide.*
And marry her at Eton.——Go, ſend to Falſtaff ſtraight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook:
He'll tell me all his purpoſe: Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us properties, [2]
And tricking for our fairies. [3]

Eva. Let us about it: It is admirable pleaſures, and fery honeſt knaveries. [*Exeunt* PAGE, FORD, *and* EVANS.

Mrs. Page. Go, miſtreſs Ford,
Send Quickly to ſir John, to know his mind.
[*Exit Mrs.* FORD.
I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an ideot;
And he my huſband beſt of all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends

[8] The idea of this ſtratagem, &c. might have been adopted from part of the entertainment prepared by Thomas Churchyard for Queen Elizabeth at Norwich: "And theſe boyes, &c. were to play by a deuiſe and degrees the *Phayries*, and to daunce (as neere as could be ymagined) like the *Phayries*. Their attire, and comming ſo ſtrangely out, I know made the Queenes highneſſe ſmyle and laugh withall, &c. I *ledde the yong fooliſhe Phayries a daunce*, &c. and as I heard ſaid, it was well taken." STEEVENS.

9 Mr. Theobald, referring *that time* to the time of buying the ſilk, alters it to *tire*. But there is no need of any change; *that time* evidently relating to the time of the maſk with which Falſtaff was to be entertained, and which makes the whole ſubject of this dialogue. Therefore the common reading is right. WARBURTON.

2 *Properties* are little incidental neceſſaries to a theatre, excluſive of ſcenes and dreſſes. So, in *The Taming of a ſhrew*: "—a ſhoulder of mutton for a *property*." STEEVENS.

3 To *trick*, is to dreſs out. STEEVENS.

Potent at court; he, none but he, ſhall have her,
Though twenty thouſand worthier come to crave her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Hoſt *and* SIMPLE.

Hoſt. What would'ſt thou have, boor? what, thick-ſkin?[4] ſpeak, breathe, diſcuſs; brief, ſhort, quick, ſnap.

Sim. Marry, ſir, I come to ſpeak with ſir John Falſtaff from maſter Slender.

Hoſt. There's his chamber, his houſe, his caſtle, his ſtanding-bed, and truckle-bed;[5] 'tis painted about with the ſtory of the prodigal, freſh and new: Go, knock and call; he'll ſpeak like an *Anthropophaginian*[6] unto thee: Knock, I ſay.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; I'll be ſo bold as ſtay, ſir, till ſhe come down: I come to ſpeak with her, indeed.

Hoſt. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully ſir John! ſpeak from thy lungs military: Art thou there? it is thine hoſt, thine Epheſian,[7] calls.

Fal. [*above.*] How now, mine hoſt?

Hoſt.

[4] I meet with this term of abuſe in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, Book VI. chap. 30:

"That he, ſo foul a *thick-ſkin*, ſhould ſo fair a lady catch."

STEEVENS.

[5] The uſual furniture of chambers in that time was a ſtanding-bed, under which was a *trochle*, *truckle*, or *running* bed. In the ſtanding-bed lay the maſter, and in the truckle bed the ſervant. So, in Hall's *Account of a Servile Tutor*:

"He lieth in the *truckle-bed*,
"While his young maſter lieth o'er his head." JOHNSON.

[6] i. e. a cannibal. See *Othello*, Act I. ſc. iii. It is here uſed as a ſounding word to aſtoniſh *Simple*. *Epheſian*, which follows, has no other meaning. STEEVENS.

[7] This was a cant term of the time. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. ſc. ii. "*P. Henry.* What company? *Page. Epheſian*, my lord, of the old church." MALONE.

Hoſt. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar [8] tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: Let her deſcend, bully, let her deſcend; my chambers are honourable: Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine hoſt, an old fat woman even now with me; but ſhe's gone.

Simp. Pray you, ſir, was't not the wiſe woman of Brentford? [9]

Fal. Ay, marry was it, muſcle-ſhell; [2] What would you with her?

Simp. My maſter, ſir, my maſter Slender, ſent to her, ſeeing her go thorough the ſtreets, to know, ſir, whether one Nym, ſir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I ſpake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what ſays ſhe, I pray ſir;

Fal. Marry, ſhe ſays, that the very ſame man, that beguiled maſter Slender of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would, I could have ſpoken with the woman herſelf; I had other things to have ſpoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Hoſt. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, ſir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou dieſt.[3]

Simp. Why, ſir, they were nothing but about miſtreſs Anne

[8] The French call a *Bohemian* what we call a *Gypſey*; but I believe the Hoſt means nothing more than, by a wild appellation, to inſinuate that Simple makes a ſtrange appearance. JOHNSON.

In Germany there were ſeveral companies of vagabonds, &c. called *Tartars* and Zigens. "Theſe were the ſame in my opinion," ſays Mezeray, "as thoſe the French call *Bohemians*, and the Engliſh Gypſies."

TOLLET.

[9] In our author's time female dealers in paimiſtry and fortune-telling were uſually denominated *wiſe women*. REED.

This appellation occurs in our Verſion of the Bible. Her *wiſe ladies anſwered* her, yea ſhe returned anſwer to herſelf." Judges v. 29.

STEEVENS.

[2] He calls poor Simple *muſcle-ſhell*, becauſe he ſtands with his mouth open. JOHNSON.

[3] Simp. *I may not* conceal *them, ſir.*

Fal. Conceal *them, or thou dieſt.*] In both theſe inſtances, Dr. Farmer thinks we ſhould read—*reveal*. STEEVENS.

Page; to know, if it were my maſter's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, ſir?

Fal. To have her,—or no: Go; ſay, the woman told me ſo.

Simp. May I be ſo bold to ſay ſo, ſir?

Fal. Ay, ſir Tike; who more bold? [4]

Simp. I thank your worſhip: I ſhall make my maſter glad with theſe tidings. [*Exit* SIMPLE.

Hoſt. Thou art clerkly,[5] thou art clerkly, ſir John: Was there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine hoſt; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.[6]

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, ſir! cozenage! meer cozenage!

Hoſt. Where be my horſes? ſpeak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for ſo ſoon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a ſlough of mire; and ſet ſpurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Fauſtuſes.[7]

Hoſt. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not ſay, they be fled; Germans are honeſt men.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

Eva. Where is mine hoſt?

Hoſt. What is the matter, ſir?

Eva.

[4] In the firſt edition, it ſtands:

"I Tike, who more bolde." And ſhould plainly be read here, Ay, *ſir Tike*, &c. FARMER.

The folio reads—Ay, ſir, *like*, &c. MALONE.

[5] i. e. ſcholar-like. STEEVENS.

[6] He alludes to the beating which he had juſt received. The ſame play on words occurs in *Cymbeline*, Act V: "— ſorry you have *paid* too much, and ſorry that you are *paid* too much." STEEVENS.

To *pay*, in our author's time, often ſignified to *beat*. So, in *King Henry IV*. P. I. "— ſeven of the eleven I *paid*." MALONE.

[7] *John Fauſt*, commonly called *Doctor Fauſtus*, was a *German*. Marlowe's Play on this ſubject had ſufficiently familiarized Bardolph's ſimile to our author's audience. STEEVENS.

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three couzin germans, that has cozen'd all the hoſts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horſes and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wiſe, and full of gibes and vlouting-ſtogs; and 'tis not convenient you ſhould be cozen'd: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine *Hoſt de Jarterre.*

Hoſt. Here, maſter doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: But it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jarmany*: by my trot, dere is do duke, dat the court is know to come: I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

Hoſt. Hue and cry, villain, go:—aſſiſt me, knight; I am undone:—fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone!

[*Exeunt* Hoſt *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. I would, all the world might be cozen'd; for I have been cozen'd, and beaten too. If it ſhould come to the ear of the court, how I have been transform'd, and how my transformation hath been waſh'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fiſhermen's boots with me; I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as creſt fallen as a dried pear.[8] I never proſper'd ſince I foreſwore myſelf at *Primero*.[9] Well, if my

[8] To aſcertain the propriety of this ſimilitude, it may be obſerved that *pears*, when they are *dried*, become flat, and loſe the erect and oblong form, that, in their natural ſtate, diſtinguiſhes them from apples. STEEVENS.

[9] A game at cards. JOHNSON.

Primero was in Shakſpeare's time the faſhionable game. In the Earl of Northumberland's letters about the powder plot, Joſc. Percy was playing at *Primero* on Sunday, when his uncle, the conſpirator, called on him at Eſſex Houſe. This game is again mentioned in our author's *Henry VIII.* PERCY.

"*Primero* and *Primaviſta*, two games of cards. *Primum et Primum viſum*, that is, firſt, and firſt ſeene, becauſe he that can ſhow ſuch an order of cardes, wins the game." REED.

In the *Sydney Papers*, Vol. II. p. 83, is the following account of an altercation

wind were but long enough to ſay my prayers,[9] I would repent.—

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Now! whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forſooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and ſo they ſhall be both beſtow'd! I have ſuffer'd more for their ſakes, more, than the villainous inconſtancy of man's diſpoſition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they ſuffer'd? Yes, I warrant; ſpeciouſly one of them; miſtreſs Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her.

Fal. What tell'ſt thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myſelf into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman,[2] deliver'd me, the knave conſtable had ſet me i' the ſtocks, i' the common ſtocks, for a witch.

Quick.

altercation that happened between our poet's generous patron, and one Willoughby, at this game: "The quarrel of my lord Southampton to Ambroſe Willoughby grew upon this: That he, with Sir Walter Rawley and Mr. Parker, being at *Primero* in the preſence-chamber, the queen was gone to bed; and he being there, as ſquire of the body, deſired him to give over. Soon after he ſpoke to them againe, that if they would not leave, he would call in the guard to pull down the bord; which Sir Walter Rawley ſeeing, put up his money, and went his wayes; but my lord Southampton took exceptions at hym, and told hym he would remember yt: and ſo finding hym between the Tennis-Court wall and the garden, ſtrooke hym; and Willoughby pull'd of ſome of his lockes." This happened in the beginning of 1598. MALONE.

The manner of playing at this game may be ſeen in an Epigram quoted in *Dodſley's Collection of old Plays*, Vol. V. p. 168, edit. 1780. REED.

[9] Theſe words were reſtored from the early quarto by Mr. Pope. They were probably omitted in the folio on account of the Stat. 3 Jac. I. ch. 21. MALONE.

[2] What! was it any dexterity of wit in Sir John Falſtaff to counterfeit the action of an *old* woman, in order to eſcape being apprehended for a *witch?* Surely, one would imagine, this was the readieſt means to bring him into ſuch a ſcrape: for none but *old* women have ever been ſuſpected of being *witches.* The text muſt certainly be reſtor'd *a wood* woman, a crazy, frantick woman; one two wild, and ſilly, and unmeaning, to have either the malice, or miſchievous ſubtlety of a witch in her.

THEOBALD.

Quick. Sir, let me ſpeak with you in your chamber: you ſhall hear how things go; and I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will ſay ſomewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not ſerve heaven well,[3] that you are ſo croſs'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Another Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FENTON *and* Hoſt.

Hoſt. Maſter Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me ſpeak: Aſſiſt me in my purpoſe,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more than your loſs.

Hoſt. I will hear you, maſter Fenton; and I will, at the leaſt, keep your counſel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath anſwer'd my affection
(So far forth as herſelf might be her chooſer,)
Even to my wiſh: I have a letter from her
Of ſuch contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof[4] ſo larded with my matter,
That neither, ſingly, can be manifeſted,

N 6 Without

This emendation is received by Sir Thomas Hanmer, but rejected by Dr. Warburton. To me it appears reaſonable enough. JOHNSON.

I am not certain that this change is neceſſary. Falſtaff, by counterfeiting ſuch weakneſs and infirmity, as would naturally be pitied in an old woman, averted the puniſhment to which he would otherwiſe have been ſubjected, on the ſuppoſition that he was a witch. STEEVENS.

The reading of the old copy is fully ſupported by what Falſtaff ſays afterwards to Ford: "I went to her, Maſter Brook, as you ſee, like a poor old man; but I came from her, Maſter Brook, like a poor *old* woman." MALONE.

3 The great fault of this play is the frequency of expreſſions ſo profane, that no neceſſity of preſerving character can juſtify them. There are laws of higher authority than thoſe of criticiſm. JOHNSON.

4 *Whereof* was formerly uſed as we now uſe *thereof*; "— the mirth *thereof* being ſo larded," &c. MALONE.

Without the ſhow of both;—wherein fat Falſtaff
Hath a great ſcene: the image of the jeſt [5]
[*Showing the letter.*
I'll ſhow you here at large. Hark, good mine hoſt:
To-night at Herne's oak, juſt 'twixt twelve and one,
Muſt my ſweet Nan preſent the fairy queen;
The purpoſe why, is here; [6] in which diſguiſe,
While other jeſts are ſomething rank on foot, [7]
Her father hath commanded her to ſlip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: ſhe hath conſented:
Now, ſir,
Her mother, even ſtrong againſt that match, [8]
And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away,
While other ſports are taſking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a prieſt attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, ſeemingly obedient, likewiſe hath
Made promiſe to the doctor,—Now, thus it reſts:
Her father means ſhe ſhall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender ſees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She ſhall go with him:—her mother hath intended,
The better to denote [9] her to the doctor,
(For they muſt all be maſk'd and vizarded,)
That

[5] *Image* is *repreſentation.* STEEVENS.
Theſe words allude to a cuſtom ſtill in uſe, of hanging out painted repreſentations of ſhows. HENLEY.

[6] —— *is here*;] i. e. in the letter. STEEVENS.

[7] i. e. while they are hotly purſuing other merriment of their own. STEEVENS.

[8] Thus the old copies. The modern editors read—*ever*, but perhaps without neceſſity. *Even* ſtrong, is *as ſtrong, with a ſimilar degree of ſtrength.* So, in *Hamlet*, "—— *even* chriſtian" is *fellow* chriſtian. STEEVENS.

[9] In the Mſs. of our author's age *n* and *u* were formed ſo very much alike, that they are ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable. Hence it was, that in the old copies of theſe plays one of theſe letters is frequently put for the other. From the cauſe aſſigned, or from an accidental inverſion of the letter *n* at the preſs, the firſt folio in the preſent inſtance reads—*deuote*, u being conſtantly employed in that copy inſtead of *v*. The ſame miſtake has happened in ſeveral other places. MALONE.

That, quaint in green,[2] ſhe ſhall be looſe enrob'd,
With ribbands pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor ſpies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given conſent to go with him.

Hoſt. Which means ſhe to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good hoſt, to go along with me:
And here it reſts,—that you'll procure the vicar
To ſtay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Hoſt. Well, huſband your device; I'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you ſhall not lack a prieſt.

Fent. So ſhall I evermore be bound to thee;
Beſides, I'll make a preſent recompence. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling;—go.——I'll hold:[3] This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they ſay, there is divinity in odd numbers,[4] either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I ſay; time wears: hold up your head, and mince.[5] [*Exit Mrs.* QUICKLY.

2 —— may mean fantaſtically dreſt in green. *Quaintneſs*, however, was anciently uſed to ſignify *gracefulneſs*. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act III. ſc. i. *quaintly* is uſed for *ingeniouſly*. STEEVENS.

In *Daniel's Sonnets*, 1594, it is uſed for *fantaſtick*. MALONE.

3 I ſuppoſe he means—I'll *keep* the appointment. STEEVENS.

4 Alluding to the Roman adage——
——— *numero deus impare gaudet*. Virgil, Ecl. viii. STEEVENS.

5 To *mince* is to walk with affected delicacy. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter FORD.

How now, maſter Brook? Maſter Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you ſhall ſee wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yeſterday, ſir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, maſter Brook, as you ſee, like a poor old man: but I came from her, maſter Brook, like a poor old woman. That ſame knave, Ford her huſband, hath the fineſt mad devil of jealouſy in him, maſter Brook, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me grievouſly, in the ſhape of a woman; for in the ſhape of man, maſter Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; becauſe I know alſo, life is a ſhuttle.[6] I am in haſte; go along with me; I'll tell you all, maſter Brook. Since I plucked geeſe,[7] played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you ſtrange things of this knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow: Strange things in hand, maſter Brook! follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Windſor Park.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the caſtle-ditch, till we ſee the light of our fairies.—Remember, ſon Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forſooth; I have ſpoke with her, and we have a nay-word,[8] how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum*; ſhe cries, *budget*;[9] and by that we know one another.

Shal.

[6] An alluſion to Job, vii. 6. "My days are ſwifter than a weaver's *ſhuttle*," &c. STEEVENS.

[7] To ſtrip a living gooſe of his feathers, was formerly an act of puerile barbarity. STEEVENS.

[8] i. e. a watch-word. Mrs. Quickly has already uſed it in this ſenſe. STEEVENS.

[9] Theſe words appear to have been in common uſe before the time of our author. REED.

Shal. That's good too: But what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget?* the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath ſtruck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and ſpirits will become it well. Heaven proſper our ſport! No man means evil but the devil,[2] and we ſhall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Street in Windſor.

Enter Mrs. PAGE, *Mrs.* FORD, *and Dr.* CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Maſter doctor, my daughter is in green: when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and deſpatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two muſt go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do: Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, ſir. [*Exit* CAIUS.] My huſband will not rejoice ſo much at the abuſe of Falſtaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil, Hugh?[3]

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak,

[2] This is a double blunder; for ſome, of whom this was ſpoke, were women. We ſhould read then, *No* ONE *means.* WARBURTON.

There is no blunder. In the ancient interludes and moralities, the beings of ſupreme power, excellence, or depravity, are occaſionally ſtyled *men.* So, in *Much ado about Nothing*, Dogberry ſays: "God's a good *man.*" Again, in *Jeronimo, or The Firſt Part of the Spaniſh Tragedy*; 1605: "You're the laſt *man* I thought on, ſave the *devil.*" STEEVENS.

[3] The former impreſſions read—*the Welch devil* Herne? But Falſtaff was to repreſent Herne, and he was no Welchman. Where was the attention or ſagacity of our editors, not to obſerve that Mrs. Ford is enquiring for [Sir *Hugh*] Evans by the name of the Welch devil? Dr. Thirlby likewiſe diſcover'd the blunder of this paſſage. THEOBALD.

I ſuppoſe only the letter *H.* was ſet down in the MS. and therefore, inſtead of *Hugh* (which ſeems to be the true reading,) the editors ſubſtituted *Herne.* STEEVENS.

So, afterwards: "Well ſaid, fairy *Hugh.*" MALONE.

oak,[4] with obſcured lights; which, at the very inſtant of Falſtaff's and our meeting, they will at once diſplay to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot chooſe but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mock'd; if he be amazed, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Againſt ſuch lewdſters, and their lechery,
Thoſe that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; To the oak, to the oak!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Windſor Park.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, *and Fairies.*

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you; Come, come; trib, trib.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another part of the Park.

Enter FALSTAFF *diſguiſed, with a buck's head on.*

Fal. The Windſor bell hath ſtruck twelve: the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods aſſiſt me!—Remember, Jove, thou waſt a bull for thy Europa; love ſet on thy horns.—O powerful love! that, in ſome reſpects, makes a beaſt a man; in ſome other, a man a beaſt.—You were alſo, Jupiter, a ſwan, for the love of Leda;—O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a gooſe?—A fault done firſt in the form of a beaſt;—O Jove, a beaſtly fault! and then another fault in the ſemblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what ſhall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windſor ſtag; and the fatteſt, I think, i' the foreſt: Send me a cool rut-time,

4 An *oak*, which may be that alluded to by Shakſpeare, is ſtill ſtanding cloſe to a *pit* in Windſor foreſt. It is yet ſhown as the *oak of Herne*.

STEEVENS.

time, Jove, or who can blame me to piſs my tallow?[5] Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mrs. FORD *and Mrs.* PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black ſcut?—Let the ſky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves*; hail kiſſing comfits, and ſnow eringoes; let there come a tempeſt of provocation,[6] I will ſhelter me here. [*Embracing her.*

Mrs. Ford. Miſtreſs Page is come with me ſweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck,[7] each a haunch: I will keep my ſides to myſelf, my ſhoulders for the fellow of this walk,

[5] This, I find, is technical. In Turberville's *Booke of Hunting*, 1575: "During the time of their rut, the harts live with ſmall ſuſtenance.—The red muſhroome helpeth well to make them *pyſſe their greace*, they are then in ſo vehement heate," &c. FARMER.

In Ray's *Collection of Proverbs*, the phraſe is yet further explained: "*He has piſs'd his tallow.* This is ſpoken of bucks who grow lean after rutting-time, and may be applied to men."

The phraſe, however, is of French extraction. Jacques de Fouilloux in his quarto volume entitled *La Venerie*, alſo tells us that ſtags in rutting time live chiefly on large red muſhrooms, "qui aident fort à leur faire *piſſer le ſuif.*" STEEVENS.

[6] *Potatoes*, when they were firſt introduced in England, were ſuppoſed to be ſtrong provocatives. See *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act V. ſc. ii. *Kiſſing-comfits* were ſugar-plums, perfum'd to make the breath ſweet. For eating theſe, queen Mab may be ſaid, in *Romeo and Juliet*, to *plague their lips with bliſters.*

Eringoes, like potatoes, were eſteemed the beſt ſtimulatives. But Shakſpeare, very probably, had the following artificial *tempeſt* in his thoughts, when he put the words on which this note is founded, into the mouth of Falſtaff. Holinſhed informs us, that in the year 1583, for the entertainment of prince Alaſco, was performed "a verie ſtatelie tragedie named *Dido*, wherein the queen's banket (with Æneas' narration of the deſtruction of Troie) was lively deſcribed in a marchpaine patterne,—*the tempeſt wherein it hailed ſmall comfects, rained roſewater, and ſnew an artificial kind of ſnow*, all ſtrange, marvellous and abundant."

Brantome alſo, deſcribing an earlier feaſt given by the Vidam of Chartres, ſays—"Au deſſert, il y eut un *orage artificiel* qui, pendant une demie heure entiere, fit tomber une *pluie* d'eaux odorantes, & un *grêle de dragées.*" STEEVENS.

[7] i. e. (as Mr. Theobald obſerves) a buck ſent for a bribe. He adds, that the old copies, miſtakingly, read—*brib'd*-buck. STEEVENS.

walk,[7] and my horns I bequeath your huſbands. Am I a woodman?[8] ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conſcience; he makes reſtitution. As I am a true ſpirit, welcome! [*Noiſe within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noiſe?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our ſins!

Fal. What ſhould this be?

Mrs. Ford.
Mrs. Page. } Away, away. [*They run off.*

Fal. I think, the devil will not have me damn'd, leſt the oil that is in me ſhould ſet hell on fire: he would never elſe croſs me thus.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, *like a ſatyr; Mrs.* QUICKLY, *and* PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, *as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dreſſed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.*[9]

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
Ye moon-ſhine revellers, and ſhades of night,

You

[7] Who the *fellow* is, or why he keeps his *ſhoulders* for him, I do not underſtand. JOHNSON.

A *walk* is that diſtrict in a foreſt, to which the juriſdiction of a particular keeper extends. So, in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1592: "Tell me, foreſter, under whom maintaineſt thou thy *walke?*" MALONE.

To the keeper the *ſhoulders* and *humbles* belong as a perquiſite. GREY.

"The keeper, by a cuſtom——hath the ſkin, head, *umbles*, chine and *ſhoulders*. STEEVENS.

[8] A *woodman* (ſays Mr. Reed in a note on *Meaſure for Meaſure*,) was an attendant on the officer, called *Forreſter*. It is here, however, uſed in a wanton ſenſe, for one who chooſes female game as the object of his purſuit.

In its primitive ſenſe I find it employed in an ancient MS. entitled *The boke of huntyng, that is cleped Mayſter of Game*: "And wondre ye not though I ſey *wodemanly*, for it is a poynt of a *wodemannys* craſte. And though it be wele fittyng to an hunter to kun do it, yet natheles it longeth more to a *wodemannys* craſte," &c. A woodman's calling is not very accurately defined, by any author I have met with. STEEVENS.

[9] This ſtage-direction I have formed on that of the old quarto, corrected by ſuch circumſtances as the poet introduced when he new-modelled his play. In the folio there is no direction whatſoever. Mrs. Quickly and Piſtol ſeem to have been but ill ſuited to the delivery of the ſpeeches here attributed to them; nor are either of thoſe perſonages named by Ford in a former ſcene, where the intended plot againſt Falſtaff is mentioned. It is highly probable, (as a modern editor has obſerved,) that the performer who

You orphan-heirs of fixed deſtiny,[2]
Attend your office, and your quality.[3]——
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Piſt. Elves, liſt your names; ſilence, you airy toys.[4]
Cricket, to Windſor chimneys ſhalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'ſt unrak'd,[5] and hearths unſwept,

There

who had repreſented Piſtol, was afterwards, from neceſſity, employed among the fairies; and that his name thus crept into the copies. He here repreſents *Puck*, a part which in the old quarto is given to ſir Hugh. The introduction of Mrs. Quickly, however, cannot be accounted for in the ſame manner; for in the firſt ſketch in quarto, ſhe is particularly deſcribed as *the Queen of the Fairies*; a part which our author afterwards allotted to Anne Page. MALONE.

[2] But why *orphan-heirs?* Deſtiny, whom they ſucceeded, was yet in being. Doubtleſs the poet wrote:

"*You* ouphen *heirs of fixed deſtiny*,"

i. e. you *elves*, who miniſter, and ſucceed in ſome of the works of deſtiny. They are called, in this play, both before and afterwards, *ouphes*; here *ouphen*; *en* being the plural termination of Saxon nouns. For the word is from the Saxon Alpenne, *lamiæ, dæmones*. Or it may be underſtood to be an adjective, as *wooden, woollen, golden*, &c. WARBURTON.

Dr Warburton corrects *orphan* to *ouphen*; and not without plauſibility, as the word *ouphes* occurs both before and afterwards. But, I fancy, in acquieſcence to the vulgar doctrine, the addreſs in this line is to a part of the *troop*, as mortals by birth, but adopted by the fairies: *orphans* in reſpect of their real parents, and now only dependent on *deſtiny* herſelf. A few lines from Spenſer will ſufficiently illuſtrate this paſſage:

"The man whom *heavens* have *ordoynd* to bee
"The ſpouſe of *Britomart* is *Arthegall*.
"He wonneth in the land of *Fayeree*,
"Yet is no *Fary* borne, ne fib at all
"To elfes but ſprong of ſeed terreſtriall,
"And whilom by falſe *Faries* ſtolen away,
"Whiles yet in infant cradle he did crall," &c.

Edit. 1500. B. III. ſt. 26. FARMER.

Dr. Warburton objects to their being *heirs* to Deſtiny, who was ſtill in being. But Shakſpeare, I believe, uſes *heirs*, with his uſual laxity, for *children*. So, to *inherit* is uſed in the ſenſe of to *poſſeſs*. MALONE.

[3] i. e. *fellowſhip*. See *The Tempeſt*: "Ariel, and all his *quality*."
STEEVENS.

[4] Theſe two lines were certainly intended to rhyme together, as the preceding and ſubſequent couplets do; and accordingly, in the old editions, the final words of each line are printed, *oyes* and *royes*. This, therefore, is a ſtriking inſtance of the inconvenience, which has ariſen from modernizing the orthography of Shakſpeare. TYRWHITT.

[5] i. e. unmade up, by covering them with fuel, ſo that they may be found

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry: [5]
Our radiant queen hates ſluts, and ſluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he, that ſpeaks to them, ſhall die:
I'll wink and couch: No man their works muſt eye.

[*Lies down upon his face.*

Eva. Where's *Bede?* [6]—Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere ſhe ſleep, has thrice her prayers ſaid,
Raiſe up the organs of her fantaſy, [7]
Sleep ſhe as ſound as careleſs infancy;

But

found alight in the morning. This phraſe is ſtill current in ſeveral of our midland counties. STEEVENS.

[5] The *bilberry* is the *whortleberry*. Fairies were always ſuppoſed to have a ſtrong averſion to ſluttery. STEEVENS.

[6] Thus the firſt folio. The quartos—*Pead*.—It is remarkable that, throughout this metrical buſineſs, Sir Hugh appears to drop his Welch pronunciation, though he reſumes it as ſoon as he ſpeaks in his own character. As Falſtaff, however, ſuppoſes him to be a Welch Fairy, his peculiarity of utterance muſt have been preſerved on the ſtage, though it be not diſtinguiſhed in the printed copies. STEEVENS.

[7] The ſenſe of this ſpeech is—that ſhe, who had performed her religious duties, ſhould be ſecure againſt the illuſion of fancy; and have her ſleep, like that of infancy, undiſturbed by diſordered dreams. This was then the popular opinion, that evil ſpirits had a power over the fancy; and, by that means, could inſpire wicked dreams into thoſe who, on their going to ſleep, had not recommended themſelves to the protection of heaven. So Shakſpeare makes Imogen, on her lying down, ſay:

"*From fairies, and the tempters of the night,*
"*Guard me, beſeech ye!*"

And this is the ſenſe; let us ſee how the common reading expreſſes it;

"Raiſe *up the organs of her fantaſy*;"

i. e. inflame her imagination with ſenſual ideas; which is juſt the contrary to what the poet would have the ſpeaker ſay. We cannot therefore but conclude he wrote:

"REIN *up the organs of her fantaſy*;"

i. e. *curb* them, that ſhe be no more diſturbed by irregular imaginations, than children in their ſleep. For he adds immediately:

"*Sleep ſhe as ſound as careleſs infancy*" WARBURTON.

This is highly plauſible; and yet, *raiſe up the organs of her fantaſy*, may mean, *elevate her ideas above ſenſuality, exalt them to the nobleſt contemplation.*

Mr. Malone ſuppoſes the ſenſe of the paſſage, collectively taken, to be as follows. Go you, and wherever you find a maid aſleep, that hath thrice prayed to the deity, *though*, in conſequence of her innocence, ſhe ſleep as ſoundly as an infant, elevate her fancy, and amuſe her tranquil mind with ſome delightful viſion; but thoſe whom you find aſleep, without having previouſly

But thoſe as ſleep, and think not on their ſins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, ſhoulders, ſides, and ſhins.
Quick. About, about;
Search Windſor caſtle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every ſacred room;
That it may ſtand till the perpetual doom,
In ſtate as wholſome,[8] as in ſtate 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.[9]
The ſeveral chairs of order look you ſcour
With juice of balm,[2] and every precious flower:
Each fair inſtalment, coat, and ſeveral creſt,
With loyal blazon, evermore be bleſt!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you ſing,
Like to the Garter's compaſs, in a ring:

The

previouſly thought on their ſins, and prayed to heaven for forgiveneſs, pinch, &c. It ſhould be remembered that thoſe perſons who ſleep very ſoundly, ſeldom dream. Hence the injunction to "raiſe up the organs of her fantaſy," "Sleep ſhe," &c. i. e. *though* ſhe ſleep as ſound, &c.

The fantaſies with which the mind of the virtuous maiden is to be amuſed, are the reverſe of thoſe with which Oberon diſturbs Titania in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

"There ſleeps Titania;—
"With the juice of this I'll ſtreak her eyes,
"And make her full of *hateful fantaſies.*"

Dr. Warburton, who appears to me to have totally miſunderſtood this paſſage, reads—*Rein* up, &c in which he has been followed, in my opinion too haſtily, by the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

[8] *Wholſome* here ſignifies *integer.* He wiſhes the caſtle may ſtand in its preſent ſtate of perfection, which the following words plainly ſhow;

"———*as in ſtate 'tis fit.*" WARBURTON.

[9] *And* cannot be the true reading. The context will not allow it; and his court to queen Elizabeth directs us to another:

"———as *the owner it.*"

For, ſure, he had more addreſs than to be content himſelf with wiſhing a thing *to be,* which his complaiſance muſt ſuppoſe actually *was,* namely, the worth of the owner. WARBURTON.

Surely this change is unneceſſary. The fairy wiſhes that the caſtle and its owner, *till the day of doom,* may be worthy of each other. Queen Elizabeth's worth was not devolvable, as we have ſeen by the conduct of her fooliſh ſucceſſor. The prayer of the fairy is therefore ſufficiently reaſonable and intelligible without alteration. STEEVENS.

[2] It was an article of our ancient luxury, to rub tables, &c. with aromatic herbs. Pliny informs us, that the Romans did the ſame, to drive away evil ſpirits. STEEVENS.

The expreſſure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-freſh than all the field to ſee;
And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal y Penſe*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like ſaphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,[3]
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
Fairies uſe flowers for their charactery.[4]
Away; diſperſe: But, till 'tis one o' clock,
Our dance of cuſtom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand;[5] yourſelves in order ſet:
And

3 Theſe lines are moſt miſerably corrupted. In the words——*Flowers purple, blue, and white*—the *purple* is left uncompared. To remedy this, the editors, who ſeem to have been ſenſible of the imperfection of the compariſon, read—AND *rich embroidery*; that is, according to them, as the blue and white flowers are compared to ſaphire and pearl, the *purple* is compared to *rich embroidery*. Thus, inſtead of mending one falſe ſtep, they have made two, by bringing *ſaphire, pearl, and rich embroidery* under one predicament. Theſe lines were wrote thus by the poet:

" *In emerald tufts, flowers* purfled, *blue, and white*;
" *Like ſaphire, pearl,* in *rich embroidery*."

i. e. let there be blue and white flowers *worked* on the greenſward, like ſaphire and pearl *in* rich embroidery. To *purfle*, is to over-lay with tinſel, gold thread, &c. ſo our anceſtors called a certain lace of this kind of work a *purfling-lace*. 'Tis from the French *pourfiler*. So Spenſer:

" ——ſhe was yclad,
" All in a ſilken camus, lilly white,
" *Purfled* upon, with many a folded plight."

The change of *and* into *in* in the ſecond verſe, is neceſſary. For flowers worked, or *purfled* in the graſs, were not like ſaphire and pearl ſimply, but ſaphire and pearl in embroidery. How the corrupt reading *and* was introduced into the text, we have ſhown above. WARBURTON.

Whoever is convinced by Dr. Warburton's note, will ſhow he has very little ſtudied the manner of his author, whoſe ſplendid incorrectneſs in this inſtance, as in ſome others, is ſurely preferable to the inſipid regularity propoſed in its room. STEEVENS.

4 For the matter with which they make letters. JOHNSON.

Bullokar, in his *Engliſh Expoſitor improved by R. Browne*, 12mo. ſays, that *charactery* is " a writing by characters in ſtrange marks." In 1588 was printed—" *Charactery*, an arte of ſhorte, ſwift, and ſecrete writing by character. Invented by Timothie Brighte, Doctor of Phiſike." This ſeems to have been the firſt book upon ſhort-hand writing printed in England. DOUCE.

5 The metre requires us to read—" lock hands." STEEVENS.

And twenty glow-worms ſhall our lanterns be,
To guide our meaſure round about the tree.
But, ſtay; I ſmell a man of middle earth.[6]

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy! leſt he transform me to a piece of cheeſe!

Piſt. Vile worm,[7] thou waſt o'er-look'd even in thy birth.[8]

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaſte, the flame will back deſcend,
And turn him to no pain;[9] but if he ſtart,
It is the fleſh of a corrupted heart.

Piſt. A trial, come.——

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire!
About him, fairies; ſing a ſcornful rhime:
And, as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.

Eva. It is right; indeed he is full of lecheries and iniquity.

SONG. *Fie on ſinful fantaſy!*
Fie on luſt and luxury![2]
Luſt is but a bloody fire,[3]
Kindled with unchaſte deſire,
Fed in heart; whoſe flames aſpire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till candles, and ſtar-light, and moon-ſhine be out.

During

[6] Spirits are ſuppoſed to inhabit the ethereal regions, and fairies to dwell under ground; men therefore are in a middle ſtation. JOHNSON.

The author of THE REMARKS ſays, the phraſe ſignifies neither more nor leſs, than the *earth* or *world*, from its imaginary ſituation in the *midſt* or *middle* of the Ptolemaic ſyſtem, and has not the leaſt reference to either ſpirits or fairies. REED.

[7] The old copy reads—*vild*, which was not an error of the preſs, but the old ſpelling and the pronunciation of the time. MALONE.

[8] i. e. *ſlighted* as ſoon as born. STEEVENS.

[9] This appears to have been the common phraſeology of our author's time. MALONE.

[2] *Luxury* is here uſed for *incontinence*. STEEVENS.

[3] *A bloody fire*, means *a fire in the blood*. STEEVENS.

During this ſong, the fairies pinch Falſtaff. *Doctor* Caius *comes one way, and ſteals away a fairy in green*; Slender *another way, and takes off a fairy in white*; *and* Fenton *comes, and ſteals away* Mrs. Anne Page. *A noiſe of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away.* Falſtaff *pulls off his buck's head, and riſes.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, *Mrs.* PAGE, *and Mrs.* FORD. *They lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have watch'd you now;
Will none but Herne the hunter ſerve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jeſt no higher:—
Now, good ſir John, how like you Windſor wives?
See you theſe, huſband? do not theſe fair yokes
Become the foreſt better than the town?[4]

Ford. Now, ſir, who's a cuckold now?—Maſter Brook, Falſtaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Maſter Brook: And, maſter Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of

4 Mrs. Page's meaning was this. Seeing the horns (the types of cuckoldom) in Falſtaff's hand, ſhe aſks her huſband, whether thoſe yokes are not more proper in the *foreſt* than in *the town*; i. e. than in his own family. THEOBALD.

The editor of the ſecond folio changed *yoaks* to *oaks*. MALONE.

Perhaps only the printer of the ſecond folio is to blame, for the omiſſion of the letter *y*. STEEVENS.

I am confident that *oaks* is the right reading. I agree with Theobald that the words, "See you *theſe* huſbands?" relate to the buck's horns;—but what reſemblance is there between the horns of a buck and a yoak? What connection is there between a yoak and a foreſt? Why, none; whereas on the other hand, the connection between a foreſt and an oak is evident; nor is the reſemblance leſs evident between a tree and the branches of a buck's horns; they are indeed called branches from that very reſemblance; and the horns of a deer are called in French *les bois*. Though horns are types of cuckoldom, yoaks are not; and ſurely the types of cuckoldom, whatever they may be, are more proper for a town than for a foreſt. I am ſurpriſed that the ſubſequent editors ſhould have adopted an amendment, which makes the paſſage nonſenſe. M. MASON.

I have inſerted Mr. M. Maſon's note, becauſe he appears to think it brings conviction with it. Perhaps, however, (as Dr. Farmer obſerves to me) he was not aware that the extremities of *yokes* for cattle, as ſtill uſed in ſeveral counties of England, bend upwards, and riſing very high, in ſhape reſemble *horns*. STEEVENS.

of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which must be paid to master Brook;[5] his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprize of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent,[6] when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I lay'd my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize?[7] 'tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

5 We ought rather to read with the old quarto,—" which must be paid to master *Ford*;" for as Ford, to mortify Falstaff, addresses him throughout his speech by the name of *Brook*, the describing himself by the same name creates a confusion. A modern editor plausibly enough reads—" which must be paid *too*, Master Brook;" but the first sketch shows that *to* is right; for the sentence, as it stands in the quarto, will not admit *too*.

MALONE.

6 A *Jack o'Lent* appears to have been some puppet which was thrown at in Lent, like Shrove-tide cocks. STEEVENS.

7 i. e. a fool's cap made out of Welch materials. Wales was famous for this cloth. So, in *K. Edward I.* 1599: " Enter Lluellin, alias prince of Wales, &c. with swords and bucklers, and *freize* jerkins." Again: " Enter Suffex, &c. with a mantle of *freize*." " —my boy shall weare a mantle of this country's weaving, to keep him warm." STEEVENS.

Fal. Seese and putter! Have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking, through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, sir John, do you think, though we should have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puff'd man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel;[8] ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me:[9] use me as you will.

Ford.

[8] The very word is derived from a *Welch* one, so that it is almost unnecessary to add that *flannel* was originally the manufacture of Wales. In the old play of *K. Edward I.* 1599: "Enter Hugh ap David, Guenthian his wench in *flannel* and Jack his novice." STEEVENS.

[9] Though this be perhaps not unintelligible, yet it is an odd way of confessing his dejection. I should wish to read:

"——*ignorance itself* has a plume o' *me.*"

That is, I am so depressed, that ignorance itself plucks me, and decks itself with the spoils of my weakness. Of the present reading, which is probably right, the meaning may be, I am so enfeebled, that *ignorance itself* weighs me down and oppresses me. JOHNSON.

"Ignorance itself, says Falstaff, is a *plummet* o'er me." If any alteration be necessary, I think, "Ignorance itself is a *planet* o'er me," would have a chance to be right. Thus Bobadil excuses his cowardise: "Sure I was struck with a *planet*, for I had no power to touch my *weapon.*"

FARMER.

As Mr. M. Mason observes, there is a passage in this very play which tends to support Dr. Farmer's amendment.

"I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang *like a meteor* o'er the cuckold's horns: Master Brook, thou shalt know, I will *predominate* over the peasant."

Dr. Farmer might also have countenanced his conjecture by a passage in *K. Henry VI.* where queen Margaret says, that Suffolk's face:

"——rul'd like a wandring *planet over* me." STEEVENS.

Ford. Marry, ſir, we'll bring you to Windſor, to one maſter Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you ſhould have been a pandar: over and above that you have ſuffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, huſband,[2] let that go to make amends: Forgive that ſum, and ſo we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at laſt.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou ſhalt eat a poſſet to-night at my houſe; where I will deſire thee to laugh at my wife,[3] that now laughs at thee: Tell her, maſter Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: If Anne Page be my daughter, ſhe is, by this, doctor Caius' wife. [*Aſide.*

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, ſon? have you deſpatch'd?

Slen. Deſpatch'd!—I'll make the beſt in Gloceſterſhire know on't; would I were hanged, la, elſe.

Page. Of what, ſon?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry miſtreſs Anne Page,

Perhaps Falſtaff's meaning may be this: "Ignorance itſelf is a plummet *o'er me:* i. e. *above me*;" ignorance itſelf is not ſo low as I am, by the length of a *plummet line.* TYRWHITT.

Ignorance *itſelf is a* plummet o'er me—i. e. ſerves to point out my obliquities. This is ſaid in conſequence of Evans's laſt ſpeech. The alluſion is to the examination of a carpenter's work by the *plummet* held over it; of which line Sir Hugh is here repreſented as the *lead.* HENLEY.

I am ſatisfied with the old reading. MALONE.

Which Dr. Johnſon's note renders perfectly intelligible; all thoſe which follow it ſerving only to ſhew how agreeably learned critics can blunder. NICHOLS.

[2] This and the following little ſpeech I have inſerted from the old quartos. The retrenchment, I preſume, was by the players. Sir John Falſtaff is ſufficiently puniſhed, in being diſappointed and expoſed. The expectation of his being proſecuted for the twenty pounds, gives the concluſion too tragical a turn. Beſides, it is *poetical juſtice* that Ford ſhould ſuſtain this loſs, as a fine for his unreaſonable jealouſy. THEOBALD.

[3] The two plots are excellently connected, and the tranſition very artfully made in this ſpeech. JOHNSON.

and ſhe's a great lubberly boy: If it had not been i' the church, I would have ſwinged him, or he ſhould have ſwinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never ſtir, and 'tis a poſt-maſter's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think ſo, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you ſhould know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cry'd, *mum*, and ſhe cry'd *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a poſt-maſter's boy.

Eva. Jeſhu! Maſter Slender, cannot you ſee but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vex'd at heart: What ſhall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpoſe; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, ſhe is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is miſtreſs Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paiſan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raiſe all Windſor. [*Exit* CAIUS.

Ford. This is ſtrange: Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart miſgives me: Here comes maſter Fenton.

Enter FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE.

How now, maſter Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, miſtreſs? how chance you went not with maſter Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with maſter doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her; [3] Hear the truth of it.
You would have married her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.

The

[3] i. e. confound her by your queſtions. STEEVENS.

The truth is, She and I, long ſince contracted,
Are now ſo ſure, that nothing can diſſolve us.
The offence is holy, that ſhe hath committed:
And this deceit loſes the name of craft,
Of diſobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein ſhe doth evitate and ſhun
A thouſand irreligious curſed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy:——
In love, the heavens themſelves do guide the ſtate;
Money buys lands, and wives are ſold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a ſpecial ſtand to ſtrike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton,[4] heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all ſorts of deer are chas'd.[5]

Eva. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.[6]

Mrs.

4 In the firſt ſketch of this play, which, as Mr. Pope obſerves, is much inferior to the latter performance, the only ſentiment of which I regret the omiſſion, occurs at this critical time. When Fenton brings in his wife, there is this dialogue.

Mrs. Ford. *Come, Mrs. Page, I muſt be bold with you.*
'Tis pity to part love that is ſo true.
Mrs. Page. [Aſide.] *Although that I have miſs'd in my intent,*
Yet I am glad my huſband's match is croſs'd.
——*Here Fenton, take her.*——
Eva. *Come, maſter Page, you muſt needs agree.*
Ford. *I' faith, ſir, come, you ſee your wife is pleas'd.*
Page. *I cannot tell, and yet my heart is eas'd;*
And yet it doth me good the doctor miſs'd.
Come hither, Fenton, and come hither daughter. JOHNSON.

5 Young and old, does as well as bucks. He alludes to Fenton's having juſt *run down* Anne Page. MALONE.

6 *I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.*] I have no doubt but this line, ſuppoſed to be ſpoken by Evans, is miſplaced, and ſhould come in after that ſpoken by Falſtaff, which being intended to rhime with the laſt line of Page's ſpeech, ſhould immediately follow it; and then the paſſage will run thus:

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, Heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.
Fal. When night-dogs run, all ſorts of deer are chac'd.
Evans. I will dance and eat plums, &c. M. MASON.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muſe no further:——Maſter Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!—
Good huſband, let as every one go home,
And laugh this ſport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be ſo:—Sir John,
To maſter Brook you yet ſhall hold your word;
For he, to night, ſhall lie with miſtreſs Ford.[7] [*Exeunt.*

I have availed myſelf of Mr. M. Maſon's very judicious remark, which had alſo been made by Mr. Malone, who obſerves that Evans's ſpeech—"I will dance," &c. was reſtored from the firſt quarto by Mr. Pope. STEEVENS.

[7] Of this play there is a tradition preſerved by Mr. Rowe, that it was written at the command of queen Elizabeth, who was ſo delighted with the character of Falſtaff, that ſhe wiſhed it to be diffuſed through more plays; but ſuſpecting that it might pall by continued uniformity, directed the poet to diverſify his manner, by ſhewing him in love. No taſk is harder than that of writing to the ideas of another. Shakſpeare knew what the queen, if the ſtory be true, ſeems not to have known, that by any real paſſion of tenderneſs, the ſelfiſh craft, the careleſs jollity, and the lazy luxury of Falſtaff muſt have ſuffered ſo much abatement, that little of his former caſt would have remained. Falſtaff could not love, but by ceaſing to be Falſtaff. He could only counterfeit love, and his profeſſions could be prompted, not by the hope of pleaſure, but of money. Thus the poet approached as near as he could to the work enjoined him; yet having perhaps in the former plays completed his own idea, ſeems not to have been able to give Falſtaff all his former power of entertainment.

This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of the perſonages, who exhibit more characters appropriated and diſcriminated, than perhaps can be found in any other play.

Whether Shakſpeare was the firſt that produced upon the Engliſh ſtage the effect of language diſtorted and depraved by provincial or foreign pronunciation, I cannot certainly decide * This mode of forming ridiculous characters can confer praiſe only on him who originally diſcovered it, for it requires not much of either wit or judgement: its ſucceſs muſt be derived almoſt wholly from the player, but its power in a ſkilful mouth, even he that deſpiſes it, is unable to reſiſt.

The conduct of this drama is deficient; the action begins and ends often, before the concluſion, and the different parts might change places without

* In *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584, is the character of an *Italian* merchant, very ſtrongly marked by foreign pronunciation. Dr. *Dodypoll*, in the comedy which bears his name, is, like *Caius*, a French phyſician. This piece appeared at leaſt a year before *The Merry Wives of Windſor*. The hero of it ſpeaks ſuch another jargon as the antagoniſt of Sir Hugh, and like him is cheated of his miſtreſs. In ſeveral other pieces, more ancient than the earlieſt of Shakſpeare's, provincial characters are introduced. *Steevens.*

without inconvenience; but its general power, that power by which all works of genius ſhall finally be tried, is ſuch, that perhaps it never yet had reader or ſpectator who did not think it too ſoon at the end.

JOHNSON.

The ſtory of *The Two Lovers of Piſa*, from which (as Dr. Farmer has obſerved) Falſtaff's adventures in this play ſeem to have been taken, is printed in *Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatorie*, bl. l. no date. [Entered in the Stationers' Books, June 16, 1590.]

It is obſervable, however, that in this novel (which, I believe, Shakſpeare had read,) there is no trace of the buck-baſket.——In the firſt tale of *The Fortunate, the Deceived, and Unfortunate Lovers*, (of which I have an edition printed in 1684, but the novels it contains had probably appeared in Engliſh in our author's time,) a young ſtudent of Bologne is taught by an old doctor how to make love; and his firſt eſſay is practiſed on his inſtructor's wife. The jealous huſband having tracked his pupil to his houſe, enters unexpectedly, fully perſuaded that he ſhould detect the lady and her lover together; but the gallant is concealed *under a heap of linen half-dried*; and afterwards informs him, (not knowing that his tutor was likewiſe his miſtreſs's huſband,) what a lucky eſcape he had. It is, therefore, I think, highly probable that Shakſpeare had read both ſtories.

MALONE.

Sir Hugh Evans.] See p. 171 and 172.

The queſtion whether prieſts were formerly knights in conſequence of their being called *Sir*, ſtill remains to be decided. Examples that thoſe of the *lower* claſs were ſo called are very numerous; and hence it may be fairly inferred that *they* at leaſt were not knights, nor is there perhaps a ſingle inſtance of the order of knighthood being conferred upon eccleſiaſtics of any degree.

Having caſually, however, met with a note in Dyer's Reports, which ſeems at firſt view not only to contain ſome authority for the cuſtom of *knighting prieſts* by Abbots, in conſequence of a charter granted to the Abbot of Reading for that purpoſe, but likewiſe the opinion of two learned judges, founded thereupon, that prieſts *were anciently knights*, I have been induced to enter a little more fully upon this diſcuſſion, and to examine the validity of thoſe opinions. The extract from Dyer is a marginal note in p. 216. B. in the following words: "Trin. 3 Jac. *Banc le Roy* Holcraft and Gibbons, *cas* Popham *dit que il ad view un ancient charter grant al Abbot de Reading per Roy d'Angliterre*, a fair knight, *ſur que ſon conceit fuit que l'Abbot fait*, eccleſiaſtical perſons, knights, *d'illonque come a luy le noſmes de Sir* John and *Sir* Will. *que eſt done al aſcun* Clerks *a ceſt jour fuit derive quel opinion* Coke Attorney-General *applaud diſont que fueront milites cæleſtes & milites terreſtres.*" It is proper to mention here that all the reports have been diligently ſearched for this caſe of Holcraft and Gibbons, in hopes of finding ſome further illuſtration, but without ſucceſs.

The charter then above-mentioned appears upon further enquiry to have been the foundation charter of Reading Abbey, and to have been granted by Henry I. in 1125. The words of it referred to by Chief Juſtice Popham, and upon which he founded his opinion, are as follow:

"*Nec faciat milites niſi in ſacra veſte Chriſti, in qua parvulos ſuſcipere modeſte caveat. Maturos autem ſeu diſcretos tam* clericos *quam laicos provide ſuſcipiat.*" This paſſage is likewiſe cited by Selden in his notes upon Eadmer, p. 206, and to illuſtrate the word "*clericos*" he refers to Mathew Paris for an account of a prieſt called John Gateſdene, who was created a knight by Henry III. but not until after he had reſigned all his benefices, "as he ought to have done," ſays the hiſtorian, who in another place relating the diſgrace of Peter de Rivallis, Treaſurer to Henry III. (See p. 405, edit. 1640,) has clearly ſhown how incompatible it was that the clergy ſhould bear arms, as the profeſſion of a knight required; and as a further proof may be added the well known ſtory, related by the ſame hiſtorian, of Richard I. and the warlike Biſhop of Beauvais. I conceive then that the word "*clericos*" refers to ſuch of the clergy who ſhould apply for the order of knighthood under the uſual reſtriction of quitting their former profeſſion; and from Selden's note upon the paſſage it may be collected that this was his own opinion; or it may poſſibly allude to thoſe particular knights who were conſidered as religious or eccleſiaſtical, ſuch as the knights of the order of St. John of Jeruſalem, &c. concerning whom ſee Aſhmole's Order of the Garter, p. 49. 51.

With reſpect to the cuſtom of eccleſiaſtics conferring the order of knighthood, it certainly prevailed in this country before the conqueſt, as appears from Ingulphus, and was extremely diſliked by the Normans; and therefore at a Council held at Weſtminſter in the third year of Henry I. it was ordained, "*Ne Abbates faciant milites.*" See Eadmeri Hiſt. 68. and Selden's note, p. 207. However it appears that notwithſtanding this prohibition, which may at the ſame time ſerve to ſhow the great improbability that the order of knighthood was conferred *upon* eccleſiaſtics, ſome of the ceremonies at the creation of knights ſtill continued to be performed by Abbots, as the taking the ſword from the altar, &c. which may be ſeen at large in Selden's Titles of Honour, Part II. chap. v. and Dugd. Warw. 531, and accordingly this charter, which is dated twenty-three years after the Council at Weſtminſter, amongſt other things directs the Abbot, "Nec faciat milites *niſi in ſacra veſte Chriſti*," &c. Lord Coke's acquieſcence in Popham's opinion is founded upon a ſimilar miſconception, and his quaint remark "*que fueront milites cæleſtes & milites terreſtres*," can only excite a ſmile. The marginal quotation from Fuller's Church Hiſtory, B. VI. p. 352. "Moe Sirs than knights" referred to in a former note by Sir J. Hawkins, certainly means—"that theſe Sirs were not knights," and Fuller accounts for the title by ſuppoſing them ungraduated Prieſts.

Before I diſmiſs this comment upon the opinions of the learned Judges, I am bound to obſerve that Popham's opinion is alſo referred to, but in a very careleſs manner, in Godbolt's Reports, p. 399, in theſe words: "Popham once Chief Juſtice of this court ſaid that he had ſeen a commiſſion directed unto a biſhop to knight all the *parſons* within his dioceſe, and that was the cauſe that they were called Sir John, Sir Thomas, and ſo they continued to be called until the reign of Elizabeth." The idea of knighting *all the parſons* in a dioceſe is too ludicrous to need a ſerious refutation; and the inaccuracy of the aſſertion, that the title of *Sir* laſted till the

the reign of Elizabeth, thereby implying that it then ceaſed, is ſufficiently obvious, not only from the words of Popham in the other quotation "que eſt done al aſcuns clerks *ceſt jour*," but from the proof given by Sir John Hawkins of its exiſtence at a much later period.

Having thus, I truſt, refuted the opinion that the title of *Sir* was given to prieſts in conſequence of their being *knights*, I ſhall venture to account for it in another manner.

This cuſtom then was moſt probably borrowed from the French, amongſt whom the title *Domnus* is often appropriated to eccleſiaſtics, more particularly to the Benedictines, Carthuſians, and Ciſtercians. It appears to have been originally a title of honour and reſpect, and was perhaps at firſt, in this kingdom as in France, applied to particular orders, and became afterwards general as well among the ſecular as the regular clergy. The reaſon of preferring *Domnus*, to *Dominus* was, that the latter belonged to the ſupreme Being, and the other was conſidered as a ſubordinate title, according to an old verſe:

"*Cæleſtem Dominum, terreſtrem dicito Domnum.*"

Hence, *Dom*, *Damp*, *Dan*, *Sire*, and, laſtly *Sir*; for authorities are not wanting to ſhow that all theſe titles were given to eccleſiaſtics: but I ſhall forbear to produce them, having, I fear, already treſpaſſed too far upon the reader's patience with this long note. Douce.

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

*** TWELFTH-NIGHT.] There is great reaſon to believe, that the ſerious part of this Comedy is founded on ſome old tranſlation of the ſeventh hiſtory in the fourth volume of *Belleforeſt's Hiſtoires Tragiques.* Belleforeſt took the ſtory, as uſual, from Bandello. The comic ſcenes appear to have been entirely the production of Shakſpeare. It is not impoſſible, however, that the circumſtances of the Duke ſending his Page to plead his cauſe with the Lady, and of the Lady's falling in love with the Page, &c. might be borrowed from the Fifth Eglog of Barnaby Googe, publiſhed with his other original Poems in 1563:

" A worthy *Knyght* dyd love her longe,
" And for her ſake dyd feale
" The panges of love, that happen ſtyl
" By frowning fortune's wheale.
" He had a *Page*, Valerius named,
" Whom ſo muche he dyd truſte,
" That all the ſecrets of his hart
" To hym declare he muſte.
" And made hym all the onely meanes
" To ſue for his redreſſe,
" And to entreate for grace to her
" That cauſed his diſtreſſe.
" *She whan as firſt ſhe ſaw his page*
" *Was ſtraight with hym in love,*
" *That nothynge coulde Valerius face*
" *From Claudia's mynde remove.*
" By hym was Fauſtus often harde,
" By hym his ſutes toke place,
" By hym he often dyd aſpyre
" To ſe his Ladyes face.
" This paſſed well, tyll at the length
" Valerius ſore did ſewe,
" With many teares beſechynge her
" His mayſter's gryefe to rewe.
" And tolde her that yf ſhe wolde not
" Releaſe his maſter's payne,
" *He never wolde attempte her more*
" *Nor ſe her ones agayne,*" &c.

Thus alſo concludes the firſt ſcene of the third act of the Play before us:

" And ſo adieu, good madam; never more
" Will I my maſter's tears to you deplore," &c.

I offer no apology for the length of the foregoing extract, the book from which it is taken, being ſo uncommon, that only one copy, except that in my own poſſeſſion, has hitherto occurred. Even Dr. Farmer, the late Rev. T. Warton, Mr. Reed, and Mr. Malone, were unacquainted with this Collection of Googe's Poetry.

Auguſt

Auguſt 6, 1607, a Comedy called *What you Will* (which is the ſecond title of this play), was entered at Stationers' Hall by Tho. Thorpe. I believe, however, it was Marſton's play with that name. Ben Jonſon, who takes every opportunity to find fault with Shakſpeare, ſeems to ridicule the conduct of *Twelfth Night* in his *Every man out of his Humour*, at the end of Act III. ſc. vi. where he makes *Mitis* ſay, "That the argument of his comedy might have been of ſome other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a counteſs, and that counteſs to be in love with the duke's ſon, and the ſon in love with the lady's waiting maid: *ſome ſuch croſs wooing, with a clown to their ſerving man*, better than be thus near and familiarly allied to the time." STEEVENS.

I ſuppoſe this comedy to have been written in 1614. If however the foregoing paſſage was levelled at *Twelfth Night*, my ſpeculation falls to the ground. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*.

MALONE.

PERSONS

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Orſino, *duke of* Illyria.
Sebaſtian, *a young gentleman, brother to* Viola.
Antonio, *a ſea-captain, friend to* Sebaſtian.
A ſea-captain, friend to Viola.
Valentine, Curio, } *Gentlemen attending on the duke.*
Sir Toby Belch, *uncle to* Olivia.
Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.
Malvolio, *ſteward to* Olivia.
Fabian, *Clown,* } *ſervants to* Olivia.

Olivia, *a rich counteſs.*
Viola, *in love with the duke.*
Maria, Olivia's *woman.*

Lords, Prieſts, Sailors, Officers, Muſicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE, a city in Illyria; *and the ſea-coaſt near it.*

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An apartment in the Duke's *palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords; *Muſicians attending.*

Duke. If muſick be the food of love, play on,
Give me exceſs of it; that, ſurfeiting,
The appetite may ſicken, and ſo die.——
That ſtrain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the ſweet ſouth,[2]
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.—Enough; no more;
'Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before.
O ſpirit of love, how quick and freſh art thou!
That, notwithſtanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the ſea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch ſoever,[3]
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! ſo full of ſhapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantaſtical.[4]

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, ſo I do, the nobleſt that I have:
O, when mine eyes did ſee Olivia firſt,
Methought,

[2] ——*the ſweet* ſouth,] The old copy reads——ſweet *ſound*, which Mr. Rowe changed into *wind*, and Mr. Pope into *ſouth*. STEEVENS.

I ſee no reaſon for diſturbing the text of the old copy, which reads—*Sound*. The wind, from whatever quarter, would produce a ſound in breathing on the violets, or elſe the ſimile is falſe. Beſides, *ſound* is a better relative to the antecedent, *ſtrain*. DOUCE.

[3] *Validity* is here uſed for *value*. MALONE.

[4] High-fantaſtical, *means* fantaſtical to the height. STEEVENS.

Methought, ſhe purg'd the air of peſtilence;
That inſtant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my deſires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er ſince purſue me.[5]—How now? what news from her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So pleaſe my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this anſwer:
The element itſelf, till ſeven years heat,[6]
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloiſtreſs, ſhe will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to ſeaſon
A brother's dead love, which ſhe would keep freſh,
And laſting, in her ſad remembrance.

Duke. O, ſhe, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will ſhe love, when the rich golden ſhaft,
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections[7] elſe
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
Theſe ſovereign thrones,[8] are all ſupply'd, and fill'd,
(Her ſweet perfections,)[9] with one ſelf king!—[2]

Away

[5] This image evidently alludes to the ſtory of Acteon, by which Shakſpeare ſeems to think men cautioned againſt too great familiarity with forbidden beauty. Acteon, who ſaw Diana naked, and was torn to pieces by his hounds, repreſents a man, who indulging his eyes, or his imagination, with the view of a woman that he cannot gain, has his heart torn with inceſſant longing An interpretation far more elegant and natural than that of Sir Francis Bacon, who, in his *Wiſdom of the Ancients*, ſuppoſes this ſtory to warn us againſt enquiring into the ſecrets of princes by ſhewing, that thoſe who know that which for reaſons of ſtate is to be concealed, will be detected and deſtroyed by their own ſervants.

JOHNSON.

[6] *Heat* for *heated*. The air, till it ſhall have been warmed by ſeven revolutions of the ſun, ſhall not, &c. MALONE.

[7] ——*the* flock *of all affections*——] So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "——has the *flock* of unſpeakable virtues." STEEVENS.

[8] We ſhould read—three *ſovereign thrones*. This is exactly in the manner of Shakſpeare. So, afterwards, in this play, *Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and ſpirit, do give thee* fivefold *blazon*. WARBURTON.

[9] *Liver*, *brain*, and *heart*, are admitted in poetry as the reſidence of *paſſions*, *judgment*, and *ſentiments*. Theſe are what Shakſpeare calls, *her*

ſweet

Away before me to ſweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopy'd with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Sea-coaſt.

Enter VIOLA, Captain, *and* Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what ſhould I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elyſium.[3]
Perchance, he is not drown'd:—What think you, ſailors?

Cap. It is perchance, that you yourſelf were ſav'd.

Vio. O my poor brother! and ſo, perchance, may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Aſſure yourſelf, after our ſhip did ſplit,
When you, and that poor number ſav'd with you,[4]
Hung on our driving boat, I ſaw your brother,
Moſt provident in peril, bind himſelf
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a ſtrong maſt, that liv'd upon the ſea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I ſaw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could ſee.

Vio. For ſaying ſo, there's gold:
Mine own eſcape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy ſpeech ſerves for authority,
The like of him. Know'ſt thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke in nature, as in name.[5]

Vio.

ſweet perfections, though he has not very clearly expreſſed what he might deſign to have ſaid. STEEVENS.

[2] *Self-king* means *ſelf-ſame* king; one and the ſame king. MALONE.

[3] There is ſeemingly a play upon the words—*Illyria* and *Elyſium*. DOUCE.

[4] We ſhould rather read—*this* poor number. The old copy has *thoſe*. The ſailors who were ſaved, enter with the captain. MALONE.

[5] I know not whether the nobility of the name is compriſed in *duke*, or in *Orſino*, which is, I think, the name of a great Italian family. JOHNSON.

Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orſino.
Vio. Orſino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
Cap. And ſo is now,
Or was ſo very late: for but a month
Ago I went from hence: and then 'twas freſh
In murmur, (as, you know, what great ones do,
The leſs will prattle of,) that he did ſeek
The love of fair Olivia.
Vio. What's ſhe?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That dy'd ſome twelve-month ſince; then leaving her
In the protection of his ſon, her brother,
Who ſhortly alſo dy'd: for whoſe dear love,
They ſay, ſhe hath abjur'd the company
And ſight of men.
Vio. O, that I ſerv'd that lady;
And might not be deliver'd to the world,[6]
Till I had made mine own occaſion mellow,
What my eſtate is!
Cap. That were hard to compaſs;
Becauſe ſhe will admit no kind of ſuit,
No, not the duke's.
Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft cloſe in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou haſt a mind that ſuits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteouſly,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For ſuch diſguiſe as, haply, ſhall become
The form of my intent. I'll ſerve this duke;[7]

Thou

[6] I wiſh I might not be *made public* to the world, with regard to the *ſtate* of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a *ripe opportunity* for my deſign.
Viola ſeems to have formed a very deep deſign with very little premeditation: ſhe is thrown by ſhipwreck on an unknown coaſt, hears that the prince is a bachelor, and reſolves to ſupplant the lady whom he courts.
JOHNSON.

[7] Viola is an excellent ſchemer, never at a loſs; if ſhe cannot ſerve the lady, ſhe will ſerve the duke. JOHNSON.

Thou ſhalt preſent me as an eunuch to him,[8]
It may be worth thy pains; for I can ſing,
And ſpeak to him in many ſorts of muſick,
That will allow me very worth his ſervice.[9]
What elſe may hap, to time I will commit;
Only ſhape thou thy ſilence to my wit!

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be;
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not ſee!

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A room in Olivia's *houſe.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, *and* MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am ſure, care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you muſt come in earlier o'nights; your couſin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.[2]

Mar. Ay, but you muſt confine yourſelf within the modeſt limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myſelf no finer than I am: theſe clothes are good enough to drink in, and ſo be theſe boots

[8] This plan of Viola's was not purſued, as it would have been inconſiſtent with the plot of the play. She was preſented to the duke as a *page*, but not as a *eunuch*. M. MASON.

The uſe of *Evirati*, in the ſame manner as at preſent, ſeems to have been well known at the time this play was written, about 1600. BURNEY.

When the practice of caſtration (which originated certainly in the eaſt) was firſt adopted, ſolely for the purpoſe of improving the voice, I have not been able to learn. The firſt regular opera, as Dr. Burney obſerves to me, was performed at Florence in 1600: "till about 1635, muſical dramas were only performed occaſionally in the palaces of princes, and conſequently before that time eunuchs could not abound. The firſt eunuch that was ſuffered to ſing in the Pope's chapel, was in the year 1600."

So early, however, as 1604, eunuchs are mentioned by Marſton, one of our poets contemporaries, as excelling in ſinging. MALONE.

[9] To *allow* is to *approve*. STEEVENS.

[2] A ludicrous uſe of the formal *law phraſe*. FARMER.

boots too; an they be not, let them hang themſelves in their own ſtraps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yeſterday; and of a fooliſh knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall [3] a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpoſe?

Sir To. Why, he has three thouſand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all theſe ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll ſay ſo! he plays on the viol-de-gambo,[4] and ſpeaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almoſt natural: [5] for, beſides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the guſt he hath in quarreling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are ſcoundrels, and ſubſtractors, that ſay ſo of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there's a paſſage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coyſtril,[6] that will not drink to my

[3] *Tall* means *ſtout, courageous.* STEEVENS.

[4] The *viol-de gambo* ſeems, in our author's time, to have been a very faſhionable inſtrument. COLLINS.

In the old dramatic writers, frequent mention is made of a *caſe of viols*, conſiſting of a *viol-de-gambo*, the tenor and the treble.

See Sir John Hawkins's *Hiſt. of Muſick*, Vol. IV. p. 32, n. 338, wherein is a deſcription of a *caſe* more properly termed a *cheſt of viols*. STEEVENS.

[5] Mr. Upton propoſes to regulate this paſſage differently:

He hath indeed, *all*, *moſt* natural. MALONE.

[6] i. e. a coward cock. It may however be a *keyſtril*, or a baſtard hawk; a kind of ſtone hawk. STEEVENS.

A *coyſtril* is a paltry groom, one only fit to carry arms, but not to uſe them. For its etymology, ſee *Couſtille* and *Couſtillier* in Cotgrave's *Dictionary*. TOLLET.

my niece, till his brains turn o'the toe like a pariſh-top.[7] What, wench? Caſtiliano vulgo;[8] for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet ſir Andrew!

Sir And. Bleſs you, fair ſhrew.

Mar. And you too, ſir.

Sir To. Accoſt, ſir Andrew, accoſt.[9]

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good miſtreſs Accoſt, I deſire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, ſir.

Sir And.

[7] This is one of the cuſtoms now laid aſide. A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in froſty weather, that the peaſants might be kept warm by exerciſe, and out of miſchief while they could not work. STEEVENS.

"To ſleep like a *town-top*," is a proverbial expreſſion. A top is ſaid to *ſleep*, when it turns round with great velocity, and makes a ſmooth humming noiſe. BLACKSTONE.

[8] We ſhould read *volto*. In Engliſh, put on your *Caſtilian* countenance; that is, your grave, ſolemn looks. WARBURTON.

Caſtiliano vulgo;] I meet with the word *Caſtilian* and *Caſtilians* in ſeveral of the old comedies. It is difficult to aſſign any peculiar propriety to it, unleſs it was adopted immediately after the defeat of the Armada, and became a cant term capriciouſly expreſſive of jollity or contempt. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has not attempted to explain *vulgo*, nor perhaps can the proper explanation be given, unleſs ſome incidental application of it may be found in connection with *Caſtiliano*, where the context defines its meaning. Sir Toby here, having juſt declared that he would perſiſt in drinking the health of his niece, as long as there was *a paſſage in his throat*, and drink in Illyria, at the ſight of Sir Andrew, demands of Maria, with a banter, *Caſtiliano vulgo*. What this was, may be probably inferred from a ſpeech in the *Shoemaker's Holiday*, 4to, 1610: "——Away, firke, *ſcower thy throat*, thou ſhalt waſh it with *Gaſtilian liquor*." HENLEY.

[9] To *accoſt*, had a ſignification in our author's time that the word ſeems now to have loſt. In the ſecond part of *The Engliſh Dictionary*, by H. C. 1655, in which the reader "who is deſirous of a more refined and elegant ſpeech," is furniſhed with *hard* words, "*to draw near*," is explained thus: "To *accoſt*, appropriate, appropinquate." See alſo Cotgrave's Dict in verb. *accoſter*. MALONE.

Sir And. Good Miſtreſs Mary Accoſt,——

Sir To. You miſtake, knight: accoſt, is, front her, board her,[2] woo her, aſſail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accoſt?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part ſo, ſir Andrew, 'would thou might'ſt never draw ſword again.

Sir And. An you part ſo, miſtreſs, I would I might never draw ſword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you ſhall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, ſir, thought is free:[3] I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, ſweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, ſir.[4]

Sir And. Why, I think ſo; I am not ſuch an aſs, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jeſt?

Mar. A dry jeſt, ſir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, ſir; I have them at my finger's ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit* MARIA.

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'ſt a cup of canary: When did I ſee thee ſo put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unleſs you ſee canary put me down: Methinks, ſometimes I have no more wit than a Chriſtian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No queſtion.

Sir

[2] Probably *board her* may mean *ſalute her, ſpeak to her*, &c. REED. To *board* is certainly to *accoſt*, or *addreſs*. RITSON.

[3] There is the ſame pleaſantry in *Lylies Euphues*, 1581: "None (quoth ſhe) can judge of wit but they that have it; why then (quoth he) *dveſt thou think me a fool? Thought is free*, my Lord, quoth ſhe."

HOLT WHITE.

[4] What is the jeſt of *dry hand*, I know not any better than Sir Andrew. It may poſſibly mean, a hand with no money in it; or, according to the rules of phyſiognomy, ſhe may intend to inſinuate, that it is not a lover's hand, a moiſt hand being vulgarly accounted a ſign of an amorous conſtitution. JOHNSON.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forſwear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, ſir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoy, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy?* do, or not do? I would I had beſtowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadſt thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Paſt queſtion; for thou ſeeſt, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a diſtaff; and I hope to ſee a houſewife take thee between her legs, and ſpin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be ſeen; or, if ſhe be, it's four to one ſhe'll none of me: the count himſelf, here hard by, wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o'the count; ſhe'll not match above her degree, neither in eſtate, years, nor wit; I have heard her ſwear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll ſtay a month longer. I am a fellow o'the ſtrangeſt mind i'the world; I delight in maſques and revels ſometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at theſe kick-ſhaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatſoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.[5]

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, ſimply as ſtrong as any man in Illyria.

Sir

[5] This is intended as a ſatire on that common vanity of old men, in preferring their own times, and the paſt generation, to the preſent. WARBURTON.

This ſtroke of pretended ſatire but ill accords with the character of the fooliſh knight. *Ague-cheek*, though willing enough to arrogate to himſelf ſuch experience as is commonly the acquiſition of age, is yet careful to exempt his perſon from being compared with its bodily weakneſs. In ſhort, he would ſay with Falſtaff:——"*I am old in nothing but my underſtanding.*" STEEVENS.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? [6] why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should

[6] The real name of the woman whom I suppose to have been meant by *Sir Toby*, was *Mary Frith*. The appellation by which she was generally known, was *Mall Cutpurse*. She was at once an *hermaphrodite*, a prostitute, a bawd, a bully, a thief, a receiver of stolen goods, &c. &c. On the books of the Stationers' Company, August 1610, is entered—"A Booke called the Madde Prancks of Merry *Mall* of the Bankside, with her walks in man's apparel, and to what purpose. Written by John Day." *Middleton* and *Decker* wrote a comedy, of which she is the heroine. In this, they have given a very flattering representation of her, as they observe in their preface, that "it is the excellency of a writer, to leave things better than he finds them."

The title of this piece is—*The Roaring Girl, or Moll Cut-purse; as it hath been lately acted on the Fortune Stage, by the Prince his Players*, 1611. The frontispiece to it contains a full length of her in man's clothes, smoaking tobacco. A life of this woman was likewise published, 12mo. in 1662, with her portrait before it in a male habit; an ape, a lion, and an eagle by her. As this extraordinary personage appears to have partook of both sexes, the *curtain* which *Sir Toby* mentions, would not have been unnecessarily drawn before such a picture of her as might have been exhibited in an age, of which neither too much delicacy or decency was the characteristick. STEEVENS.

In our author's time, I believe, curtains were frequently hung before pictures of any value. MALONE.

See a further account of this woman in Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, edition, 1780, Vol. VI. p. 1. Vol. XII. p. 398. REED.

Mary Frith was born in 1584, and died in 1659. In a MS. letter in the British Museum, from John Chamberlain to Mr. Carleton, dated Feb. 11, 1611-12, the following account is given of this woman's doing penance: "This last Sunday *Moll Cutpurse*, a notorious baggage that used to go in man's apparel, and challenged the field of diverse gallants, was brought to the same place [St. Paul's Cross], where she wept bitterly, and seemed very penitent; but it is since doubted she was maudlin drunk, being discovered to have tippel'd of three quarts of sack, before she came to her penance. She had the daintiest preacher or ghostly father that ever I saw in the pulpit, one Radcliffe of Brazen-Nose College in Oxford, a likelier man to have led the revels in some inn of court, than to be where he was. But the best is, he did extreme badly, and so wearied the audience that the best part went away, and the rest tarried rather to hear Moll Cutpurse than him." MALONE.

It is for the sake of correcting a mistake of Dr. Grey, that I observe this is the character alluded to in the second of the following lines; and not

ſhould be a jig; I would not ſo much as make water, but in a ſink-a-pace.[7] What doſt thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent conſtitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the ſtar of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis ſtrong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd ſtock. Shall we ſet about ſome revels?

Sir To. What ſhall we do elſe? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus; that's ſides and heart.[8]

Sir To. No, ſir; it is legs and thighs. Let me ſee thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's attire.*

Val. If the duke continue theſe favours towards you, Ceſario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no ſtranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in queſtion the continuance of his love: Is he inconſtant, ſir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and Attendants.*

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who ſaw Ceſario, ho?

not *Mary Carleton*, the German Princeſs, as he has very erroneouſly and unaccountably imagined:

"A bold virago ſtout and tall,
"As Joan of France, or *Engliſh Mall.*"

Hudibras, P. I. ciii.

The latter of theſe lines is borrowed by Swift in his *Baucis and Philemon.* RITSON.

[7] i. e. a *cinque-pace*; the name of a dance, the meaſures whereof are regulated by the number five. The word occurs elſewhere in our author. SIR J. HAWKINS.

[8] Alluding to the medical aſtrology ſtill preſerved in Almanacks, which refers the affections of particular parts of the body, to the predominance of particular conſtellations. JOHNSON.

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.
Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Ceſario,
Thou know'ſt no leſs but all; I have unclaſp'd
To thee the book even of my ſecret ſoul:
Therefore, good youth, addreſs thy gait unto her;
Be not deny'd acceſs, ſtand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot ſhall grow,
Till thou have audience.
Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If ſhe be ſo abandon'd to her ſorrow
As it is ſpoke, ſhe never will admit me.
Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.
Vio. Say, I do ſpeak with her, my lord; What then?
Duke. O, then unfold the paſſion of my love,
Surprize her with diſcourſe of my dear faith:
It ſhall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aſpect.
Vio. I think not ſo, my lord.
Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they ſhall yet belie thy happy years,
That ſay, thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more ſmooth, and rubious; thy ſmall pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, ſhrill, and ſound,
And all is ſemblative a woman's part.[9]
I know, thy conſtellation is right apt
For this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him;
All, if you will; for I myſelf am beſt,
When leaſt in company:—Proſper well in this,
And thou ſhalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.
Vio. I'll do my beſt,
To woo your lady: yet, [*Aſide.*] a barrful ſtrife![2]
Whoe'er I woo, myſelf would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

9 That is, thy proper part in a play would be a woman's. Women were then perſonated by boys. JOHNSON.

2 i. e. a conteſt full of impediments. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE V.

A Room in Olivia's *House.*

Enter MARIA, *and* CLOWN.[3]

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou haſt been, or I will not open my lips, ſo wide as a briſtle may enter, in way of thy excuſe: my lady will hang thee for thy abſence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he, that is well hang'd in this world, needs to fear no colours.[4]

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He ſhall ſee none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten anſwer:[5] I can tell thee where that ſaying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good miſtreſs Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to ſay in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wiſdom, that have it; and thoſe that are fools, let them uſe their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd, for being ſo long abſent: or, to be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let ſummer bear it out.[6]

3 As this is the firſt *clown* who makes his appearance in the plays of our author, it may not be amiſs, from a paſſage in *Tarleton's News out of Purgatory*, to point out one of the ancient dreſſes appropriated to the character: "— I ſaw one attired in ruſſet, with a button'd cap on his head, a bag by his ſide, and a ſtrong bat in his hand; ſo artificially attired for a *clowne*, as I began to call Tarleton's woonted ſhape to remembrance." STEEVENS.

Such perhaps was the dreſs of the Clown in this Comedy, in *All's well that ends well*, &c. The Clown, however, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, (as an anonymous writer has obſerved) is only the tapſter of a brothel, and probably was not ſo apparelled. MALONE.

4 This expreſſion frequently occurs in the old plays. STEEVENS.

5 A *lean*, or as we now call it, a *dry* anſwer. JOHNSON.

Surely a *lenten* anſwer, rather means a *ſhort* and *ſpare* one, like the commons in *Lent*. So, in Hamlet: "—— what *lenten* entertainment the players ſhall receive from you." STEEVENS.

6 This ſeems to be a pun from the nearneſs in the pronunciation of *turning away* and *turning of whey*.

Mar. You are reſolute then?

Clo. Not ſo neither; but I am reſolv'd on two points.

Mar. That, if one break,[7] the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaſkins fall.

Clo. Apt, ~~in~~ good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's fleſh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o'that; here comes my lady: make your excuſe wiſely, you were beſt. [*Exit.*

Enter OLIVIA, *and* MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Thoſe wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am ſure I lack thee, may paſs for a wiſe man: For what ſays Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a fooliſh wit.[8]——God bleſs thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: beſides, you grow diſhoneſt.

Clo. Two faults, Madonna,[9] that drink and good counſel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry;

I found this obſervation among ſome papers of the late Dr. Letherland, for the peruſal of which, I am happy to have an opportunity of returning my particular thanks to Mr. Glover, the author of *Medea* and *Leonidas*, by whom, before, I had been obliged only in common with the reſt of the world.

I am yet of opinion that this note, however ſpecious, is wrong, the literal meaning being eaſy and appoſite. *For turning away, let ſummer bear it out.* It is common for unſettled and vagrant ſerving-men, to grow negligent of their buſineſs towards ſummer; and the ſenſe of the paſſage is: "*If I am turned away, the advantages of the approaching ſummer will bear out, or ſupport all the inconveniencies of diſmiſſion; for I ſhall find employment in every field, and lodging under every hedge.*" STEEVENS.

[7] *Points* were metal hooks, faſtened to the hoſe or breeches (which had then no opening or buttons,) and going into ſtraps or eyes fixed to the doublet, and thereby keeping the hoſe from falling down.

BLACKSTONE.

[8] Hall, in his *Chronicle*, ſpeaking of the death of Sir Thomas More, ſays, "that he knows not whether to call him a *fooliſh wiſe man, or a wiſe fooliſh man.*" JOHNSON.

[9] Ital. miſtreſs, dame. So, *La Maddona*, by way of pre-eminence, the *Bleſſed Virgin*. STEEVENS.

dry; bid the diſhoneſt man mend himſelf; if he mend, he is no longer diſhoneſt; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: Any thing, that's mended, is but patch'd: [2] virtue, that tranſgreſſes, is but patch'd with ſin; and ſin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue: If that this ſimple ſyllogiſm will ſerve, ſo; if it will not, What remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, ſo beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I ſay again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Miſpriſion in the higheſt degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to ſay, I wear not motley in my brain. Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterioufly, good Madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I muſt catechize you for it, Madonna; Good my mouſe of virtue, anſwer me.

Oli. Well, ſir, for want of other idleneſs, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good Madonna, why mourn'ſt thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his ſoul is in hell, Madonna.

Oli. I know his ſoul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, Madonna, to mourn for your brother's ſoul being in heaven.——Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and ſhall do, till the pangs of death ſhake him: Infirmity, that decays the wiſe, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God ſend you, ſir, a ſpeedy infirmity, for the better encreaſing your folly! Sir Toby will be ſworn, that I am no fox; but he will not paſs his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How ſay you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyſhip takes delight in ſuch a barren

 raſcal;

2 Alluding to the *patch'd* or particoloured garment of the fool.

MALONE.

raſcal; I ſaw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a ſtone: Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unleſs you laugh and miniſter occaſion to him, he is gagg'd. I proteſt, I take theſe wiſe men, that crow ſo at theſe ſet kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.[3]

Oli. O, you are ſick of ſelf-love, Malvolio, and taſte with a diſtemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltleſs, and of free diſpoſition, is to take thoſe things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no ſlander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known diſcreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leaſing, for thou ſpeak'ſt well of fools![4]

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much deſires to ſpeak with you.

Oli. From the count Orſino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinſman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he ſpeaks nothing but madman: Fie on him! [*Exit* MARIA.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a ſuit from the count, I am ſick, or not at home; what you will, to diſmiſs it. [*Exit* MALVOLIO.]

Now

[3] i. e. *fools' baubles*, which had upon the top of them the *head of a fool*. DOUCE.

[4] This is a ſtupid blunder. We ſhould read, *with* pleaſing, i. e. with eloquence, make thee a gracious and powerful ſpeaker, for Mercury was the god of orators as well as cheats. But the firſt editors, who did not underſtand the phraſe, *indue thee with pleaſing*, made this fooliſh correction; more excuſable, however, than the laſt editor's, who, when this emendation was pointed out to him, would make one of his own; and ſo, in his Oxford edition, reads, *with learning*; without troubling himſelf to ſatisfy the reader how the firſt editor ſhould blunder in a word ſo eaſy to be underſtood as *learning*, though they well might in the word *pleaſing*, as it is uſed in this place. WARBURTON.

I think the preſent reading more humourous: *May Mercury teach thee to lie, ſince thou lieſt in favour of fools!* JOHNSON.

Now you ſee, ſir, how your fooling grows old, and people diſlike it.

Clo. Thou haſt ſpoke for us, Madonna, as if thy eldeſt ſon ſhould be a fool: whoſe ſcull Jove cram with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a moſt weak *pia mater*.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, couſin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here[5]—A plague o'theſe pickle-herrings!—How now, ſot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,——

Oli. Couſin, couſin, how have you come ſo early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, ſay I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat[6] makes him a fool; the ſecond mads him; and a third drowns him.

5 He had before ſaid it was a gentleman. He was aſked, what gentleman? and he makes this reply; which, it is plain, is corrupt, and ſhould be read thus:

'*Tis a gentleman*-heir.

i. e. ſome lady's eldeſt ſon juſt come out of the nurſery; for this was the appearance Viola made in men's clothes. See the character Malvolio draws of him preſently after. WARBURTON.

Can any thing be plainer than that Sir Toby was going to deſcribe the gentleman, but was interrupted by the effects of his *pickle-herring*? I would print it as an imperfect ſentence. Mr. Edwards has the ſame obſervation. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation may be right: yet Dr. Warburton's reading is not ſo ſtrange, as it hath been repreſented. In Broome's *Jovial Crew*, Scentwell ſays to the gypſies: "We muſt find a young *gentlewoman-heir* among you." FARMER.

6 i. e. above the ſtate of being warm in a proper degree. STEEVENS.

Oli. Go thou and ſeek the coroner, and let him ſit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, Madonna; and the fool ſhall look to the madman. [*Exit* CLOWN.

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow ſwears he will ſpeak with you. I told him you were ſick; he takes on him to underſtand ſo much, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you: I told him you were aſleep; he ſeems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. What is to be ſaid to him, lady? he's fortified againſt any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he ſhall not ſpeak with me.

Mal. He has been told ſo; and he ſays, he'll ſtand at your door like a ſheriff's poſt,[7] and be the ſupporter to a bench, but he'll ſpeak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll ſpeak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what perſonage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a ſquaſh is before 'tis a peaſcod, or a codling when

7 It was the cuſtom for that officer to have large *poſts* ſet up at his door, as an indication of his office. The original of which was, that the king's proclamations, and other public acts, might be affixed thereon, by way of publication. So, Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*:

" ——————— put off
" To the lord Chancellor's tomb, or the *Shrives poſts*."

So again, in the old play called *Lingua*:

" Knows he how to become a ſcarlet gown? hath he a pair of freſh *poſts* at his door? WARBURTON.

Dr. Letherland was of opinion, that " by this poſt is meant a poſt to mount a horſe from, a horſeblock, which, by the cuſtom of the city, is ſtill placed at the ſheriff's door."

Thus, in *A Woman never vex'd*, Com. by Rowley, 1632:

" If e'er I live to ſee thee *ſheriff* of London,
" I'll gild thy painted *poſts* cum privilegio." STEEVENS.

when 'tis almoſt an apple: [8] 'tis with him e'en ſtanding water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he ſpeaks very ſhrewiſhly; one would think, his mother's milk were ſcarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear Orſino's embaſſy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the houſe, which is ſhe?

Oli. Speak to me, I ſhall anſwer for her; Your will?

Vio. Moſt radiant, exquiſite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the houſe, for I never ſaw her: I would be loth to caſt away my ſpeech; for, beſides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me ſuſtain no ſcorn; I am very comptible, [9] even to the leaſt ſiniſter uſage.

Oli. Whence came you, ſir?

Vio. I can ſay little more than I have ſtudied, and that queſtion's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modeſt aſſurance, if you be the lady of the houſe, that I may proceed in my ſpeech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I ſwear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the houſe?

Oli. If I do not uſurp myſelf, I am.

[8] A *codling* anciently meant an *immature apple*. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Alchemiſt*:

"What is it, Dol?

"A fine young *quodling*."

The fruit at preſent ſtyled a *codling*, was unknown to our gardens in the time of Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

[9] *Comptible* for ready to call to account. WARBURTON.

Viola ſeems to mean juſt the contrary. She begs ſhe may not be treated with ſcorn, becauſe ſhe is very ſubmiſſive, even to lighter marks of reprehenſion. STEEVENS.

Viol. Moſt certain, if you are ſhe, you do uſurp yourſelf; for what is yours to beſtow, is not yours to reſerve. But this is from my commiſſion: I will on with my ſpeech in your praiſe, and then ſhew you the heart of my meſſage.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praiſe?

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to ſtudy it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd; I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were ſaucy at my gates; and allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reaſon, be brief:[2] 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in ſo ſkipping[3] a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoiſt ſail, ſir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good ſwabber; I am to hull here[4] a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant,[5] ſweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a meſſenger.[6]

Oli. Sure, you have ſome hideous matter to deliver, when the courteſy of it is ſo fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war,

[2] The ſenſe evidently requires that we ſhould read,

If you *be mad*, be gone, &c.

For the words *be mad*, in the firſt part of the ſentence, are oppoſed to *reaſon* in the ſecond. M. MASON.

[3] ——*ſkipping*—] Wild, frolick, mad. JOHNSON.

[4] To *bull* means to drive to and fro upon the water, without ſails or rudder. STEEVENS.

[5] Ladies, in romance, are guarded by giants, who repel all improper or troubleſome advances. Viola, ſeeing the waiting-maid ſo eager to oppoſe her meſſage, intreats Olivia to pacify her giant. JOHNSON.

Viola likewiſe alludes to the diminutive ſize of *Maria*, who is called on ſubſequent occaſions, *little villain*, *youngeſt wren of nine*, &c. STEEVENS.

[6] Theſe words (which in the old copy are part of Viola's laſt ſpeech) muſt be divided between the two ſpeakers.

Viola growing troubleſome, Olivia would diſmiſs her, and therefore cuts her ſhort with this command, *Tell me your mind.* The other, taking advantage of the ambiguity of the word *mind*, which ſignifies either *buſineſs* or *inclination*, replies as if ſhe had uſed it in the latter ſenſe, *I am a meſſenger.* WARBURTON.

As a *meſſenger*, ſhe was not to ſpeak her own mind, but that of her employer. M. MASON.

war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeneſs, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as ſecret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, prophanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit* MARIA.] Now, ſir, what is your text?

Vio. Moſt ſweet lady,——

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be ſaid of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orſino's boſom.

Oli. In his boſom? In what chapter of his boſom?

Vio. To anſwer by the method, in the firſt of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is hereſy. Have you no more to ſay?

Vio. Good madam, let me ſee your face.

Oli. Have you any commiſſion from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and ſhew you the picture. Look you, ſir, ſuch a one I was this preſent: Is't not well done?[7]

[*Unveiling.*

7 This is nonſenſe. The change of *was* to *wear*, I think, clears all up, and gives the expreſſion an air of gallantry. Viola preſſes to ſee Olivia's face: The other at length pulls off her veil, and ſays: *We will draw the curtain, and ſhew you the* picture. I wear this complexion to-day, I may wear another to-morrow; jocularly intimating, that ſhe *painted*. The other, vext at the jeſt, ſays, "Excellently *done*, if God *did* all." 'Perhaps, it may be true, what you ſay in jeſt; otherwiſe 'tis an excellent face. '*Tis in grain*, &c. replies Olivia. WARBURTON.

I am not ſatisfied with this emendation. We may read, "Such a one I was. This *preſence*, is't not well done?" i. e. this mien, is it not happily repreſented? Similar phraſeology occurs in *Othello*:—"This fortification, ſhall we ſee it?" STEEVENS.

This paſſage is nonſenſe as it ſtands, and neceſſarily requires ſome amendment. That propoſed by Warburton would make ſenſe of it; but then the alluſion to a picture would be dropped, which began in the preceding part of the ſpeech, and is carried on through thoſe that follow. If we read *preſents*, inſtead of *preſent*, this alluſion will be preſerved, and the meaning

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.
Oli. 'Tis in grain, ſir; 'twill endure wind and weather.
Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent,[2] whoſe red and white
Nature's own ſweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'ſt ſhe alive,
If you will lead theſe graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, ſir, I will not be ſo hard-hearted; I will give out divers ſchedules of my beauty: It ſhall be inventoried; and every particle, and utenſil, label'd to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and ſo forth. Were you ſent hither to 'praiſe me?[3]

Vio. I ſee you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and maſter loves you; O, ſuch love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The non-pareil of beauty!

Oli.

meaning will be clear. I have no doubt but the line ſhould run thus:

"Look you, Sir, ſuch *as once* I was, this *preſents*."

Preſents means *repreſents*. So Hamlet calls the pictures he ſhews his mother:

"The counterfeit *preſentment* of two brothers."

She had ſaid before—"But we will draw the curtain, and ſhew you the *picture*;" and concludes with aſking him, if it was *well done*. The ſame idea occurs in *Troilus and Creſſida*, where Pandarus, taking off her veil, ſays:

"Come draw this curtain, and let us ſee your *picture*."

M. MASON.

I ſuſpect, the author intended that Olivia ſhould again cover her face with her veil, before ſhe ſpeaks theſe words. MALONE.

9 i. e. blended, mixed together. *Blent* is the ancient participle of the verb to *blend*. STEEVENS.

2 i. e. to *appraiſe*, or *appretiate* me. The foregoing words, *ſchedules*, and *inventoried*, ſhew, I think, that this is the meaning. So again, in *Cymbeline*: "I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration; though the *catalogue* of his endowments had been *tabled* by his ſide, and I to peruſe him by *items*." MALONE.

Malone's conjecture is ingenious, and I ſhould have thought it the true reading, if the foregoing words, *ſchedule* and *inventoried*, had been uſed by Viola: but as it is Olivia herſelf who makes uſe of them, I believe the old reading is right, though Steevens has adopted that of Malone. Viola has extolled her beauty ſo highly, that Olivia aſks, whether ſhe was ſent there on purpoſe to praiſe her. M. MASON.

Oli. How does he love me?
Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with ſighs of fire.[4]
Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:
Yet I ſuppoſe him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great eſtate, of freſh and ſtainleſs youth;
In voices well divulg'd,[5] free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimenſion, and the ſhape of nature,
A gracious perſon: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his anſwer long ago.
Vio. If I did love you in my maſter's flame,
With ſuch a ſuffering, ſuch a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no ſenſe,
I would not underſtand it.
Oli. Why, what would you?
Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my ſoul within the houſe;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,[6]
And ſing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,[7]
And make the babbling goſſip of the air [8]
Cry out, Olivia! O, you ſhould not reſt
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you ſhould pity me.

Oli.

[4] This line is worthy of Dryden's *Almanzor*, and, if not ſaid in mockery of amorous hyperboles, might be regarded as a ridicule on a paſſage in Chapman's tranſlation of the firſt book of *Homer*, 1598:

"Jove *thunder'd out a ſigh*;" STEEVENS.

[5] Well ſpoken of by the world. MALONE.

[6] The old copy has *cantons*; which Mr. Capell, who appears to have been entirely unacquainted with our ancient language, has changed into *canzons*.—There is no need of alteration. *Canton* was uſed for *canto* in our author's time. MALONE.

[7] I have corrected, *reverberant*. THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton well obſerves, that Shakſpeare frequently uſes the adjective paſſive, *actively*. Theobald's emendation is therefore unneceſſary. STEEVENS.

Johnſon, in his Dictionary, adopted Theobald's correction. But the following line from *T. Heywood's Troja Britannica*, 1609, canto 11. ſt ix. ſhows that the original text ſhould be preſerved:

"Give ſhrill *reverberat echoes* and rebounds."

HOLT WHITE.

[8] A moſt beautiful expreſſion for an *echo*. DOUCE.

Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?
Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a gentleman.
Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him ſend no more;
Unleſs, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: ſpend this for me.
Vio. I am no fee'd poſt,[9] lady; keep your purſe;
My maſter, not myſelf, lacks recompenſe.
Love makes his heart of flint, that you ſhall love;
And let your fervour, like my maſter's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewel, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*
Oli. What is your parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a gentleman.——I'll be ſworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and ſpirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too faſt:—ſoft! ſoft!
Unleſs the maſter were the man.[2]—How now?
Even ſo quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an inviſible and ſubtle ſtealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your ſervice.
Oli. Run after that ſame peeviſh meſſenger,
The county's man:[3] he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.

Deſire

[9] *Poſt*, in our author's time, ſignified a meſſenger. MALONE.

[2] Unleſs the dignity of the maſter were added to the merit of the ſervant, I ſhall go too far, and diſgrace myſelf. Let me ſtop in time. MALONE.

Perhaps ſhe means to check herſelf by obſerving,—This is unbecoming forwardneſs on my part, *unleſs I were as much in love with the maſter as I am with the man.* STEEVENS.

[3] *County* and *count* in old language were ſynonymous. The old copy has *countes*, which may be right; the Saxon genitive caſe. MALONE.

Deſire him not to flatter with his lord,[4]
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reaſons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye[5] too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, ſhew thy force: Ourſelves we do not owe:[6]
What is decreed, muſt be: and be this ſo! [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Sea-coaſt.

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you ſtay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my ſtars ſhine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, diſtemper yours;

[4] This was the phraſeology of the time. So, in *King Richard II:*

"Shall dying men flatter *with* thoſe that live."

Many more inſtances might be added. MALONE.

[5] I believe the meaning is; I am not miſtreſs of my own actions; I am afraid that my eyes betray me, and flatter the youth without my conſent, with diſcoveries of love. JOHNSON.

Johnſon's explanation of this paſſage is evidently wrong. It would be ſtrange indeed if Olivia ſhould ſay, that ſhe feared her eyes would betray her paſſion, and flatter the youth, without her conſent, with a diſcovery of her love, after ſhe had actually ſent him a ring, which muſt have diſcovered her paſſion more ſtrongly, and was ſent for that very purpoſe.—The true meaning appears to me to be thus:—*She fears that her eyes had formed ſo flattering an idea of Ceſario, that ſhe ſhould not have ſtrength of mind ſufficient to reſiſt the impreſſion.* She had juſt before ſaid:

"Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
"With an inviſible and ſubtle ſtealth,
"To creep in at mine eyes."

which confirms my explanation of this paſſage. M. MASON.

I think the meaning is, I fear that my eyes will ſeduce my underſtanding; that I am indulging a paſſion for this beautiful youth, which my reaſon cannot approve. MALONE.

[6] i. e. we are not our own maſters. We cannot govern ourſelves. STEEVENS.

yours; therefore I ſhall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone: It were a bad recompenſe for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'ſooth, ſir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you ſo excellent a touch of modeſty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to expreſs myſelf.[7] You muſt know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebaſtian, which I call'd Rodorigo; my father was that Sebaſtian, of Meſſaline,[8] whom I know, you have heard of: he left behind him, myſelf, and a ſiſter, both born in an hour; if the heavens had been pleas'd, 'would we had ſo ended! but, you, ſir, alter'd that; for, ſome hour before you took me from the breach of the ſea,[9] was my ſiſter drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, ſir, though it was ſaid ſhe much reſembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with ſuch eſtimable wonder,[2] over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publiſh her, ſhe bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: ſhe is drown'd already, ſir, with ſalt water,[3] though I ſeem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, ſir, your bad entertainment.

Seb.

7 That is, *to reveal myſelf.* JOHNSON.

8 Sir Thomas Hanmer very judiciouſly offers to read *Metelin*, an iſland in the Archipelago; but Shakſpeare knew little of geography, and was not at all ſolicitous about orthographical nicety. STEEVENS.

9 i. e. what we now call the *breaking* of the ſea. In Pericles it is ſtyled—"the *rupture* of the ſea." STEEVENS.

2 Theſe words Dr. Warburton calls *an interpolation of the players*, but what did the players gain by it? they may be ſometimes guilty of a joke without the concurrence of the poet, but they never lengthen a ſpeech only to make it longer. Shakſpeare often confounds the active and paſſive adjectives. *Eſtimable wonder* is *eſteeming wonder*, or *wonder and eſteem.* The meaning is, that he could not venture to think ſo highly as others of his ſiſter. JOHNSON.

Thus Milton uſes *unexpreſſive* notes, for *unexpreſſible*, in his hymn on the Nativity. MALONE.

3 —*ſhe is drown'd already, ſir, with ſalt water,*] There is a reſemblance between this and another falſe thought in *Hamlet:*

"*Too much of water haſt thou, poor Ophelia,*
"*And therefore I forbid my tears.*" STEEVENS.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your ſervant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, deſire it not. Fare ye well at once: my boſom is full of kindneſs; and I am yet ſo near the manners of my mother, that upon the leaſt occaſion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orſino's court: farewel. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleneſs of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orſino's court,
Elſe would I very ſhortly ſee thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee ſo,
That danger ſhall ſeem ſport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO *following.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the counteſs Olivia?

Vio. Even now, ſir; on a moderate pace I have ſince arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, ſir; you might have ſaved me my pains, to have taken it away yourſelf. She adds moreover, that you ſhould put your lord into a deſperate aſſurance ſhe will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never ſo hardy to come again in his affairs, unleſs it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it ſo.

Vio. She took the ring of me; I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, ſir, you peeviſhly threw it to her; and her will is, it ſhould be ſo return'd: if it be worth ſtooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this lady?
Fortune forbid, my outſide have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, ſo much,
That, ſure, methought, her eyes had loſt her tongue,[4]

For

4 We ſay a man *loſes* his company when they go one way and he goes another. So Olivia's tongue loſt her eyes; her tongue was talking of the duke, and her eyes gazing on his meſſenger. JOHNSON.

It rather means that the very fixed and eager view ſhe took of Viola, perverted the uſe of her tongue, and made her talk diſtractedly. This conſtruction of the verb—*loſt*, is alſo much in Shakſpeare's manner. DOUCE.

For ſhe did ſpeak in ſtarts diſtractedly.
She loves me, ſure; the cunning of her paſſion
Invites me in this churliſh meſſenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he ſent her none.
I am the man;—If it be ſo, (as 'tis)
Poor lady, ſhe were better love a dream.
Diſguiſe, I ſee, thou art a wickedneſs
Wherein the pregnant enemy [5] does much.
How eaſy is it, for the proper-falſe
In women's waxen hearts to ſet their forms! [6]
Alas, our frailty is the cauſe, not we;
For, ſuch as we are made of, ſuch we be.
How will this fadge? [7] My maſter loves her dearly;

And

5 Is, I believe, the dexterous fiend, or enemy of mankind. JOHNSON. *Pregnant* is certainly *dexterous*, or *ready*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"How *pregnant* ſometimes his replies are!" STEEVENS.

6 This is obſcure. The meaning is, *how eaſy is diſguiſe to women!* how eaſily does *their own falſhood*, contained in their *waxen* changeable *hearts*, enable them to aſſume deceitful appearances! The two next lines are perhaps tranſpoſed, and ſhould be read thus:

"*For ſuch as we are made, if ſuch we be,*
"*Alas, our frailty is the cauſe, not we.*" JOHNSON.

I am not certain that this explanation is juſt. Viola has been condemning thoſe who diſguiſe themſelves, becauſe Olivia had fallen in love with a ſpecious appearance. How eaſy is it, ſhe adds, for thoſe who are at once *proper* (i. e. fair in their appearance) and *falſe* (i. e. deceitful) to make an impreſſion on the eaſy hearts of women?—The *proper-falſe* is certainly a leſs elegant expreſſion than the *fair deceiver*, but ſeems to mean the ſame thing. A *proper man*, was the ancient phraſe for a *handſome man*:

"This Ludovico is a *proper* man." *Othello*.

To *ſet their forms*, means, to plant their images, i. e. to make an impreſſion on their eaſy minds. Mr. Tyrwhitt concurs with me in this interpretation. STEEVENS.

This paſſage, according to Johnſon's explanation of it, is ſo ſevere a ſatire upon women, that it is unnatural to ſuppoſe that Shakſpeare ſhould put it in the mouth of one of the ſex, eſpecially a young one. Nor do I think that the words can poſſibly expreſs the ſenſe which he contends for. Steevens's explanation appears to be the true one. The word *proper* certainly means *handſome*; and Viola's reflection, how eaſy it was for thoſe who are handſome and deceitful, to make an impreſſion on the waxen hearts of women, is a natural ſentiment for a girl to utter who was herſelf in love. M. MASON.

7 To *fadge*, is *to ſuit, to fit*. STEEVENS.

And I, poor monſter, fond as much on him;
And ſhe, miſtaken, ſeems to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My ſtate is deſperate for my maſter's love;
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftleſs ſighs ſhall poor Olivia breathe?
O time, thou muſt untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, *and* SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Approach, ſir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo ſurgere*, thou know'ſt,——

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A falſe concluſion; I hate it as an unfill'd can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; ſo that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives conſiſt of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, ſo they ſay; but, I think, it rather conſiſts of eating and drinking.[8]

Sir To. Thou art a ſcholar; let us therefore eat and drink. —Marian, I ſay!——a ſtoop[9] of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo.

[8] A ridicule on the medical theory of that time, which ſuppoſed health to conſiſt in the juſt temperament and balance of the four elements in the human frame. WARBURTON.

[9] A *ſtoop*, cadus, à ϛτοππα, Belgis, *ſtoop*. *Ray's Proverbs*, p. 111. In Hexham's Low Dutch Dictionary, 1660, a *gallon* is explained by *een kanne van twee ſtoopen*. A *ſtoop*, however, ſeems to have been ſomething more than half a gallon. In a Catalogue of the rarities in the Anatomy Hall at Leyden, printed there, 4to. 1701, is "The bladder of a man containing four *ſtoop* (which is ſomething above TWO Engliſh gallons) of water." REED.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never ſee the picture of we three? [2]

Sir To. Welcome, aſs. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breaſt.[3] I had rather than forty ſhillings I had ſuch a leg; and ſo ſweet a breath to ſing, as the fool has. In ſooth, thou waſt in very gracious fooling laſt night, when thou ſpokeſt of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians paſſing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I ſent thee ſix-pence for thy leman; Hadſt it? [4]

Clo.

[2] An alluſion to an old print, ſometimes paſted on the wall of a country ale-houſe, repreſenting TWO, but under which the ſpectator reads—

"*We three* are aſſes." HENLEY.

I believe Shakſpeare had in his thoughts a common ſign, in which two wooden heads are exhibited, with this inſcription under it: "*We three* loggerheads be." The ſpectator or reader is ſuppoſed to make the third. The clown means to inſinuate, that Sir Toby and Sir Andrew had as good a title to the name of *fool* as himſelf. MALONE.

3 *Breeſt, voice.* *Breath* has been here propoſed: but many inſtances may be brought to juſtify the old reading beyond a doubt. In the ſtatutes of Sto[illegible] College, founded by Archbiſhop Parker, 1535, *Strype's Parker*, p. 9: "Which ſaid queriſters, after their *breaſts* are changed," &c. that is, after their voices are broken. In Fiddes' *Life of Wolſey*, Append. p. 128: "Singing-men well-*breaſted*." In Tuſſer's *Huſbandrie*, p. 155. edit. P. Short:

"The better *breſt*, the leſſer reſt,
"To ſerve the queer now there now heere."

Tuſſer, in this piece, called *The Author's Life*, tells us, that he was a choir-boy in the collegiate chapel of Wallingford-caſtle; and that, on account of the excellence of his *voice*, he was ſucceſſively removed to various choirs. T. WARTON.

B. Jonſon uſes the word *breaſt* in the ſame manner. I ſuppoſe this cant term to have been current among the muſicians of the age. All profeſſions have in ſome degree their jargon; and the remoter they are from liberal ſcience, and the leſs conſequential to the general intereſts of life, the more they ſtrive to hide themſelves behind affected terms and barbarous phraſeology. STEEVENS.

4 The old copy reads—*lemon*. But the Clown was neither pantler, nor butler. The poet's word was certainly miſtaken by the ignorance of the printer. I have reſtored *leman*, i. e. I ſent thee ſix-pence to ſpend on thy miſtreſs. THEOBALD.

I receive Theobald's emendation, becauſe it throws a light on the obſcurity of the following ſpeech.

Leman is frequently uſed by the ancient writers, and Spenſer in particular.

The

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity ; [5] for Malvolio's noſe is no whipſtock : My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houſes.

Sir And. Excellent ! Why, this is the beſt fooling, when all is done. Now, a ſong.

Sir To. Come on ; there is ſix-pence for you : let's have a ſong.

Sir And. There's a teſtril of me too : if one knight gave a———

Clo. Would you have a love-ſong, or a ſong of good life ? [6]

Sir

The money was given him for his *leman*, i. e. his miſtreſs. We have ſtill "*Leman*-ſtreet," in Goodman's-fields. He ſays he did *impeticoat* the gratuity, i. e. he gave it to his *petticoat companion* ; for (ſays he) *Malvolio's noſe is no whipſtock*, i. e. Malvolio may ſmell out our connection, but his ſuſpicion will not prove the inſtrument of our puniſhment. *My miſtreſs has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houſes*, i. e. my miſtreſs is handſome, but the houſes kept by officers of juſtice are no places to make merry and entertain her at. Such may be the meaning of this whimſical ſpeech. A *whipſtock* is, I believe, the handle of a whip, round which a ſtrap of leather is uſually twiſted, and is ſometimes put for the *whip* itſelf. STEEVENS.

[5] This, Sir T. Hanmer tells us, is the ſame with *impocket thy gratuity*. He is undoubtedly right ; but we muſt read—*I did* impeticoat *thy* gratuity. The fools were kept in long coats, to which the alluſion is made. There is yet much in this dialogue which I do not underſtand. JOHNSON.

Figure 12 in the plate of the *Morris-dancers*, at the end of *K. Henry IV.* P. I. ſufficiently proves that *petticoats* were not always a part of the dreſs of *fools* or *jeſters*, though they were of ideots, for a reaſon which I avoid to offer. STEEVENS.

It is a very groſs miſtake to imagine that this character was habited like an *ideot*. Neither he nor *Touchſtone*, though they wear a particoloured dreſs, has either *coxcomb* or *bauble*, nor is by any means to be confounded with the *Fool* in *King Lear*, nor even, I think, with the one in *All's Well that Ends Well.*——*A Diſſertation on the Fools of Shakſpeare*, a character he has moſt judiciouſly varied and diſcriminated, would be a valuable addition to the notes on his plays. RITSON.

The old copy reads—" I did *impeticos* thy *gratillity*." The meaning, I think, is, I did *impeticoat* or *impocket* thy *gratuity* ; but the reading of the old copy ſhould not, in my opinion, be here diſturbed. The clown uſes the ſame kind of fantaſtick language elſewhere in this ſcene. Neither *Pigrogromitus*, nor the *Vapians* would object to it. MALONE.

[6] I do not ſuppoſe that by a ſong of *good life*, the Clown means a ſong of a *moral turn* ; though Sir Andrew anſwers to it in that ſignification.

Good

Sir To. A love-ſong, a love-ſong.
Sir And. Ay, Ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clo. *O miſtreſs mine, where are you roaming?*
O, ſtay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can ſing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty ſweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wiſe man's ſon doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!
Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter;*
Preſent mirth hath preſent laughter;
What's to come, is ſtill unſure:
In delay there lies no plenty; [7]
Then come kiſs me, ſweet and twenty, [8]
Youth's a ſtuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.
Sir To. A contagious breath.
Sir And. Very ſweet and contagious, i'faith.
Sir To. To hear by the noſe, it is dulcet in contagion. But ſhall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouſe the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three ſouls out of one weaver? [9] ſhall we do that?

Sir

Good life, I believe, is *harmleſs mirth and jollity*. It may be a Galliciſm: we call a jolly fellow a *bon vivant*. STEEVENS.

From the oppoſition of the words in the Clown's queſtion, I incline to think that *good life* is here uſed in its uſual acceptation. In *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, theſe words are uſed for a virtuous *character*.
MALONE.

[7] No man will ever be worth much, who *delays* the advantages offered by the preſent hour, in hopes that the future will offer more.
STEEVENS.

[8] This line is obſcure; we might read:
Come, a kiſs then, ſweet and twenty,
Yet I know not whether the preſent reading be not right, for in ſome counties *ſweet and twenty*, whatever be the meaning, is a phraſe of endearment. JOHNSON.

[9] Our author repreſents weavers as much given to harmony in his time.
I have

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, ſir, and ſome dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Moſt certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight? I ſhall be conſtrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the firſt time I have conſtrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I ſhall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith! Come, begin.

[*They ſing a Catch.*[2]

Enter

I have ſhewn the cauſe of it elſewhere. This expreſſion of the power of muſick is familiar with our author. *Much ado about Nothing:* "*Now is his ſoul raviſhed. Is it not ſtrange that ſheep's-guts ſhould hale ſouls out of men's bodies?*"——Why, he ſays, *three ſouls,* is becauſe he is ſpeaking of a catch of *three parts*; and the peripatetic philoſophy, then in vogue, very liberally gave every man three ſouls. The *vegetative* or *plaſtic,* the *animal,* and the *rational.* To this, too, Jonſon alludes, in his *Poetaſter:* "*What, will I turn ſhark upon my friends? or my friends' friends? I ſcorn it* with my three ſouls." By the mention of theſe *three,* therefore, we may ſuppoſe it was Shakſpeare's purpoſe, to hint to us thoſe ſurprizing effects of muſick, which the ancients ſpeak of, when they tell us of Amphion, who moved *ſtones* and *trees*; Orpheus and Arion, who tamed *ſavage beaſts*; and Timotheus, who governed, as he pleaſed, the *paſſions of his human auditors.* So noble an obſervation has our author conveyed in the ribaldry of this buffoon character. WARBURTON.

In a popular book of the time, Carew's tranſlation of Huarte's *Trial of Wits,* 1594, there is a curious chapter concerning the *three ſouls,* "*vegetative, ſenſitive,* and *reaſonable.*" FARMER.

I doubt whether our author intended any alluſion to this diviſion of ſouls. Dr. Warburton's ſuppoſition that there is an alluſion to the catch being in *three* parts, appears to me one of his unfounded refinements. MALONE.

[2] *They ſing a catch.*] This catch is loſt. JOHNSON.

A *catch* is a ſpecies of vocal harmony to be ſung by three or more perſons; and is ſo contrived, that though each ſings preciſely the ſame notes as his fellows, yet by beginning at ſtated periods of time from each other, there reſults from the performance a harmony of as many parts as there are fingers. Compoſitions of this kind are, in ſtrictneſs, called *Canons in the uniſon*; and as properly, *Catches,* when the words in the different parts are made to *catch* or anſwer each other. One of the moſt remarkable examples of a true *catch* is that of Purcel, *Let's live good honeſt lives,* in which, immediately after one perſon has uttered theſe words, "What need we fear the Pope?" another in the courſe of his ſinging fills up a reſt which the firſt makes, with the words, "The devil."

The

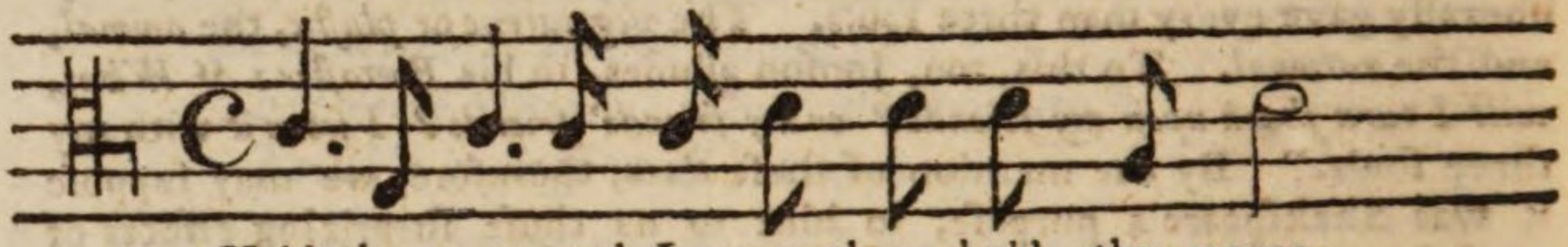
Enter MARIA.

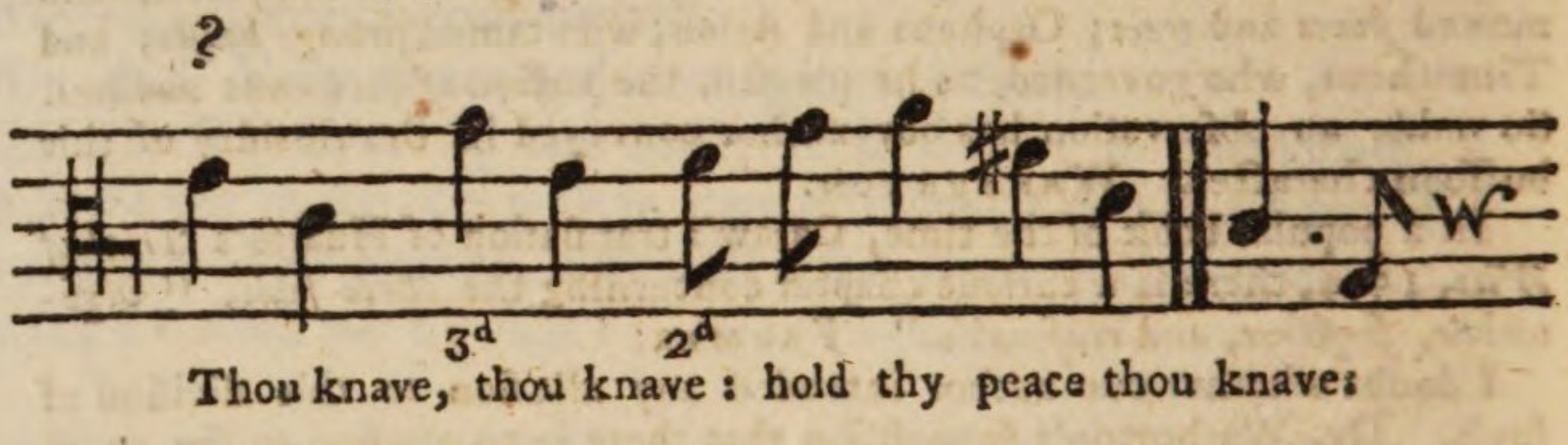
Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not call'd up her ſteward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never truſt me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian,[3] we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramſey,[4] and *Three merry men be we.*[5] Am not I con-

The *catch* above-mentioned to be ſung by ſir Toby, ſir Andrew, and the Clown, from the hints given of it, appears to be ſo contrived as that each of the ſingers calls the other *knave* in turn; and for this the clown means to apologize to the knight, when he ſays, that he ſhall be conſtrained to call him *knave.* I have here ſubjoined the very catch, with the muſical notes to which it was ſung in the time of Shakſpeare, and at the original performance of this Comedy:

A 3 voc.





The evidence of its authenticity is as follows. There is extant a book entitled, "PAMMELIA, *Muſickes Miſcellanie, or mixed Varietie of pleaſant Roundelays and delightful catches of* 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10 *parts in one.*" Of this book there are at leaſt two editions, the ſecond printed in 1618. In 1609, a ſecond part of this book was publiſhed with the title of DEUTEROMELIA, and in this book is contained the catch above given.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

3 It is in vain to ſeek the preciſe meaning of this term of reproach. I have already attempted to explain it in a note on *The Merry Wives of Windſor.* I find it uſed again in *Love and Honour*, by Sir W. D'Avenant, 1649:

"Hang him, bold *Cataian.*" STEEVENS.

4 In Durfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy* is a very obſcene old ſong, entitled *Peg-a-Ramſey.* See alſo Ward's *Lives of the Profeſſors of Greſham College*, p. 207. PERCY.

I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley lady![6] *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*[7]

[*Singing.*

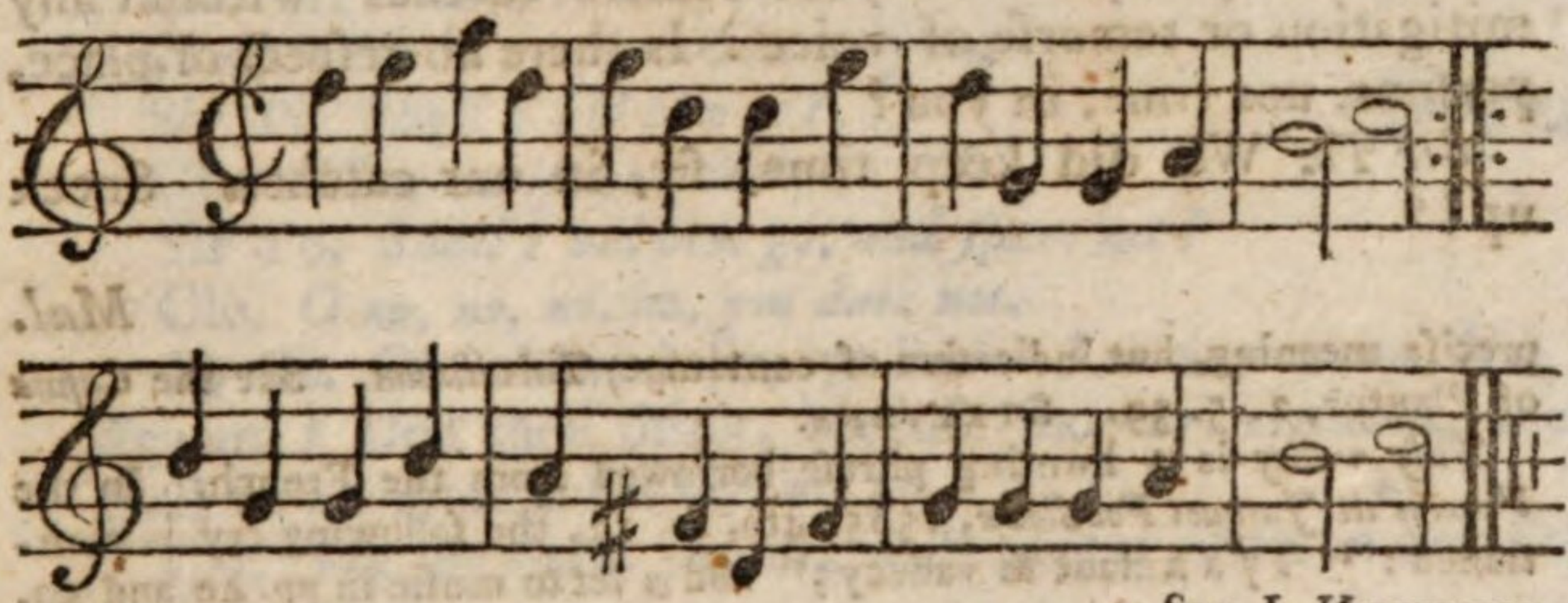
Clo.

Nash mentions *Peg of Ramsey* among several other ballads, viz. *Rogero*, *Basilino*, *Turkelony*, *All the flowers of the Broom*, *Pepper is Black*, *Green Sleeves*, Peggie Ramsie. It appears from the same author, that it was likewise a dance performed to the music of a song of that name.

STEEVENS.

Peggy Ramsey, is the name of some old song; the following is the tune to it:

Peggy Ramsey.



SIR J. HAWKINS.

[5] *Three merry men be we*, is likewise a fragment of some old song.

STEEVENS.

This is a conclusion common to many old songs. One of the most humorous that I can recollect, is the following:

"The wise men were but seaven, nor more shall be for me;
"The muses were but nine, the worthies three times three;
"And three merry boyes, and three merry boyes, and three merry boyes are wee.
"The vertues they were seven, and three the greater bee;
"The Cæsars they were twelve, and the fatal sisters three.
"And three merry girles, and three merry girles, and three merry girles are wee."

There are ale-houses in some of the villages in this kingdom, that have the sign of *The Three Merry Boys*; there was one at Highgate in my memory. SIR J. HAWKINS.

Three merry men be we, may, perhaps, have been taken originally from the song of *Robin Hood and the Tanner*. TYRWHITT.

[6] *Tilly-valley* was an interjection of contempt, which Sir Thomas More's lady is recorded to have had very often in her mouth. JOHNSON.

Tilly-valley is used as an interjection of contempt in the old play of *Sir John Oldcastle*; and is likewise a character in a comedy intituled *Lady Alimony*. *Tillie vallie* may be a corruption of the Roman word (without a

 precise

Clo. Beſhrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be diſpos'd, and ſo do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. *O, the twelfth Day of December,*— [*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My maſters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honeſty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouſe of my lady's houſe, that ye ſqueak out your coziers' catches [8] without any mitigation or remorſe of voice? Is there no reſpect of place, perſons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, ſir, in our catches. Sneck up! [9]

Mal.

preciſe meaning, but indicative of contempt) *Titivilitium*. See the *Caſina* of Plautus, 2. 5. 39. STEEVENS.

Tilly-valley is a hunting phraſe borrowed from the French. In the *Venerie de Jacques Fouilloux*, 1585, 4to. fo. 12. the following cry is mentioned: "Ty a hillaut & vallecy;" and is ſet to muſic in pp. 49 and 50. DOUCE.

[7] The ballad of *Suſanna*, whence this line is taken, was licenſed by T. Colwell, in 1562, under the title of *The goodly and conſtant wyfe Suſanna*. There is likewiſe a play on this ſubject. T. WARTON.

Maria's uſe of the word *lady* brings the ballad to ſir Toby's remembrance: *Lady, lady*, is the *burthen*, and ſhould be printed as ſuch. My very ingenious friend, Dr. Percy, has given a ſtanza of it in his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 204. Juſt the ſame may be ſaid, where Mercutio applies it, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II ſc. iv. FARMER.

This ſong, or, at leaſt, one with the ſame burthen, is alluded to in B. Jonſon's *Magnetic Lady*, Vol. IV. p 449. TYRWHITT.

The oldeſt ſong that I have ſeen with this burthen is in the old Morality, entitled *The Trial of Treaſure*, 4to. 1567. MALONE.

[8] A *cozier* is a tailor, from *coudre* to ſew, part. *couſu*, Fr. JOHNSON.

Our author has again alluded to their love of vocal harmony in *King Henry IV.* P. I. A *cozier*, it appears from Minſhieu, ſignified a *botcher*, or mender of old clothes, and alſo a cobler.—Here it means the former. MALONE.

Minſhieu tells us, that *cozier* is a cobler or ſowter: and, in Northamptonſhire, the waxed thread which a cobler uſes in mending ſhoes, we call a *codger's* end. WHALLEY.

A *coziers' end* is ſtill uſed in Devonſhire for a cobler's end. HENLEY.

[9] Mr. Malone and others obſerve, that from the manner in which this

Mal. Sir Toby, I muſt be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though ſhe harbours you as her kinſman, ſhe's nothing allied to your diſorders. If you can ſeparate yourſelf and your miſdemeanors, you are welcome to the houſe; if not, an it would pleaſe you to take leave of her, ſhe is very willing to bid you farewel.

Sir To. *Farewel, dear heart,*[2] *ſince I muſt needs be gone.*

Mal. Nay, good ſir Toby.

Clo. *His eyes do ſhew his days are almoſt done.*

Mal. Is't even ſo?

Sir To. *But I will never die.*

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. *Shall I bid him go?* [*Singing.*

Clo. *What an if you do?*

Sir To. *Shall I bid him go, and ſpare not?*

Clo. *O no, no, no, no, you dare not.*

Sir To. Out o'time? ſir, ye lie.[3]—Art any more than a ſteward? Doſt thou think, becauſe thou art virtuous, there ſhall be no more cakes and ale?[4]

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger ſhall be hot i'the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'the right.—Go, ſir, rub your chain with crums:[5]—A ſtoop of wine, Maria!

cant phraſe is employed in our ancient comedies, it ſeems to have been ſynonymous to the modern expreſſion—*Go hang yourſelf.* STEEVENS.

[2] *Farewel, dear heart,* &c.] This entire ſong, with ſome variations, is publiſhed by Dr. Percy, in the firſt volume of his *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry.* STEEVENS.

[3] The old copy has—"out *o'tune.*" We ſhould read, "out of *time,*" as his ſpeech evidently refers to what Malvolio ſaid before.

In the Mſs. of our author's age, *tune* and *time* are often quite undiſtinguiſhable; the ſecond ſtroke of the *u* ſeeming to be the firſt ſtroke of the *m*, or *vice verſâ*. Hence, in *Macbeth*, Act IV. ſc. ult. edit. 1623, we have "This *time*, goes manly," inſtead of "This *tune* goes manly." MALONE.

[4] It was the cuſtom on holidays and ſaints' days to make cakes in honour of the day. The *Puritans* called this, ſuperſtition: and in the next page Maria ſays, that *Malvolio is ſometimes a kind of Puritan.* See, Quarlous's *Account of Rabbi Buſy*, Act I. ſc. iii. in Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair.* LETHERLAND.

[5] That ſtewards anciently wore a chain, as a mark of ſuperiority over other

Mal. Miſtreſs Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; [6] ſhe ſhall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go ſhake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed, as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promiſe with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet ſir Toby, be patient for to-night; ſince the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, ſhe is much out of quiet. For monſieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word, [7] and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie ſtraight in my bed: I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Poſſeſs us, [8] poſſeſs us; tell us ſomething of him.

Mar.

other ſervants, may be proved from the following paſſage in *The Martial Maid* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Doſt thou think I ſhall become the *ſteward's* chair? Will not theſe ſlender haunches ſhew well in a *chain?*"——

The beſt method of cleaning any gilt plate, is by *rubbing it with crums.* Naſh, in his piece entitled, *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1595, taxes Gabriel Harvey with "*having ſtolen a nobleman's* ſteward's chain, *at his lord's inſtalling at Windſor.*

To conclude with the moſt appoſite inſtance of all. See, Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

"Yea, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him, to *ſcour his gold chain.*" STEEVENS.

6 *Rule* is method of life; ſo *miſrule* is tumult and riot. JOHNSON.

Rule, on this occaſion, is ſomething leſs than common *method of life.* It occaſionally means the arrangement or conduct of a feſtival or merry-making, as well as behaviour in general.

There was formerly an officer belonging to the court, called *Lord of Miſrule.* So, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix:* "I have ſome couſins-german at court ſhall beget you the reverſion of the maſter of the king's revels, or elſe be lord of his *Miſrule* now at Chriſtmas." Again, in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606: "We are fully bent to be lords of *Miſrule* in the world's wild heath." In the country, at all periods of feſtivity, and in the inns of court at their *Revels*, an officer of the ſame kind was elected.

STEEVENS.

7 A *nayword* is what has been ſince called a *byeword*, a kind of proverbial reproach. STEEVENS.

8 That is, *inform us, tell us*, make us maſters of the matter.

JOHNSON.

Mar. Marry, ſir, ſometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquiſite reaſon, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquiſite reaſon for't, but I have reaſon good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing conſtantly but a time-pleaſer; an affection'd aſs,[9] that cons ſtate without book, and utters it by great ſwarths: [2] the beſt perſuaded of himſelf, ſo cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cauſe to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way ſome obſcure epiſtles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the ſhape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expreſſure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he ſhall find himſelf moſt feelingly perſonated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make diſtinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I ſmell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my noſe too.

Sir To. He ſhall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that ſhe is in love with him.

Mar. My purpoſe is, indeed, a horſe of that colour.

Sir And. And your horſe now would make him an aſs.[3]

Mar. Aſs, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my phyſick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool

[9] *Affection'd* means *affected*. In this ſenſe, I believe, it is uſed in *Hamlet*——"no matter in it that could indite the author of *affection*," i. e. affectation. STEEVENS.

[2] A *ſwarth* is as much graſs as a mower cuts down at one ſtroke of his ſcythe. STEEVENS.

[3] This conceit, though bad enough, ſhews too quick an apprehenſion for *Sir Andrew*. It ſhould be given, I believe, to *Sir Toby*; as well as the next ſhort ſpeech: *O, 'twill be admirable.* *Sir Andrew* does not uſually give his own judgment on any thing, till he has heard that of ſome other perſon. TYRWHITT.

make a third, where he ſhall find the letter: obſerve his conſtruction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.[2]

Sir And. Before me, ſhe's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bed, and one that adores me; What o'that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadſt need ſend for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight;[3] if thou haſt her not i'the end, call me Cut.[4]

Sir And. If I do not, never truſt me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn ſome ſack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A room in the Duke's *palace.*

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and Others.*

Duke. Give me ſome muſick:—Now, good morrow, friends:——

Now, good Ceſario, but that piece of ſong,
That old and antique ſong we heard laſt night;
Methought, it did relieve my paſſion much;
More than light airs, and recollected[5] terms,
Of theſe moſt briſk and giddy-paced times:——
Come, but one verſe.

Cur.

[2] i. e. Amazon. STEEVENS.

[3] Sir Toby, in this inſtance, exhibits a trait of Iago:—"Put money in thy purſe." STEEVENS.

[4] This term of contempt, perhaps, ſignifies only—call me—*gelding.* STEEVENS.

Curtal, which occurs in another of our author's plays, (i. e. a horſe, whoſe tail has been docked,) and *Cut*, were probably ſynonymous. MALONE.

[5] ——*recollected*—] Studied. WARBURTON.

I rather think, that *recollected* ſignifies, more nearly to its primitive ſenſe, *recalled, repeated*, and alludes to the practice of compoſers, who often prolong the ſong by repetitions. JOHNSON.

Cur. He is not here, ſo pleaſe your lordſhip, that ſhould ſing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feſte, the jeſter, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the houſe.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit* CURIO.—*Muſick.*

Come hither, boy; If ever thou ſhalt love,
In the ſweet pangs of it, remember me:
For, ſuch as I am, all true lovers are;
Unſtaid and ſkittiſh in all motions elſe,
Save, in the conſtant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How doſt thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the ſeat
Where Love is thron'd.[6]

Duke. Thou doſt ſpeak maſterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath ſtay'd upon ſome favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.[7]

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let ſtill the woman take
An elder than herſelf; ſo wears ſhe to him,
So ſways ſhe level in her huſband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praiſe ourſelves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, ſooner loſt and worn,[8]
Than women's are.

6 i. e. to the heart. So, *in Romeo and Juliet*:

"My boſom's lord [i. e. *Love*] ſits lightly on his *throne*."

The meaning is, (as Mr. Heath has obſerved,) "It is ſo conſonant to the emotions of the heart, that they echo it back again." MALONE.

7 The word *favour* ambiguouſly uſed. JOHNSON.

Favour, in the preceding ſpeech, ſignifies countenance. STEEVENS.

8 Though *loſt and worn* may mean *loſt and worn out*, yet *loſt and won* being, I think, better, theſe two words coming uſually and naturally together, and the alteration being very ſlight, I would ſo read in this place with Sir T. Hanmer. JOHNSON.

The text is undoubtedly right, and *worn* ſignifies, *conſumed, worn out*. MALONE.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyſelf,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roſes; whoſe fair flower,
Being once diſplay'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And ſo they are: alas, that they are ſo;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO, *and* CLOWN.

Duke. O fellow, come, the ſong we had laſt night:—
Mark it, Ceſario; it is old, and plain:
The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,
And the free [9] maids, that weave their thread with bones,
Do uſe to chaunt it; it is ſilly ſooth,[2]
And dallies with the innocence of love,[3]
Like the old age.[4]

Clo. Are you ready, ſir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, ſing. [*Muſick.*

SONG.

CLO. *Come away, come away, death,*
And in ſad cypreſs let me be laid;[5]
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am ſlain by a fair cruel maid.

My

[9] Perhaps, *vacant, unengaged, eaſy in mind.* JOHNSON.

I rather think, that *free* means here—not having yet ſurrendered their liberty to man;—unmarried. MALONE.

Is not *free*, unreſerved, uncontrolled by the reſtraints of female delicacy, forward, and ſuch as ſing *plain* ſongs? HENLEY.

The preciſe meaning of this epithet cannot very eaſily be pointed out. As Mr. Warton obſerves, on another occaſion,—"*fair* and *free*" are words often paired together in metrical romances. Chaucer, Drayton, Ben Jonſon, and many other poets employ the epithet *free*, with little certainty of meaning. *Free*, in the inſtance before us, may commodiouſly ſignify, *artleſs, free from art, uninfluenced by artificial manners, undirected by falſe refinement in their choice of ditties.* STEEVENS.

[2] It is plain, ſimple truth. JOHNSON.

[3] To *dally* is to play, to trifle. STEEVENS.

[4] The *old age* is the *ages paſt*, the times of ſimplicity. JOHNSON.

[5] i. e. in a ſhroud of *cypreſs* or *cyprus*. There was both black and white *cyprus*, as there is ſtill black and white *crape*; and ancient ſhrouds were always made of the latter. STEEVENS.

My ſhroud of white, ſtuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one ſo true
Did ſhare it.[6]

Not a flower, not a flower ſweet,
On my black coffin let there be ſtrown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpſe, where my bones ſhall be thrown:
A thouſand thouſand ſighs to ſave,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, ſir; I take pleaſure in ſinging, ſir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleaſure then.

Clo. Truly, ſir, and pleaſure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal![7]—I would have men of ſuch conſtancy put to ſea, that their buſineſs might be every thing, and their intent every where:[8] for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewel. [*Exit* Clown.

6 Though *death* is a *part* in which every one acts his *ſhare*, yet of all theſe actors no one is *ſo true* as I. JOHNSON.

7 A precious ſtone of almoſt all colours. POPE.
The *opal* is a gem which varies its appearance as it is viewed in different lights. STEEVENS.

8 Both the preſervation of the antitheſis, and the recovery of the ſenſe, require we ſhould read,—*and their intent* no *where*. Becauſe a man who ſuffers himſelf to run with every wind, and ſo makes his buſineſs every where, cannot be ſaid to have any *intent*; for that word ſignifies a determination of the mind to ſomething. Beſides, the concluſion of *making a good voyage* of nothing, directs to this emendation. WARBURTON.

An intent *every* where, is much the ſame as an intent *no where*, as it hath no one particular place more in view than another. HEATH.

The preſent reading is preferable to Warburton's amendment. We cannot accuſe a man of inconſtancy who has no intents at all, though we may the man whoſe intents are every where; that is, are continually varying. M. MASON.

Duke. Let all the reſt give place.——

[*Exeunt* CURIO *and Attendants.*

Once more, Ceſario,

Get thee to yon' ſame ſovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath beſtow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in,[9] attracts my ſoul.

Vio. But, if ſhe cannot love you, ſir?

Duke. I cannot be ſo anſwer'd.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you muſt.

Say, that ſome lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her ſo; Muſt ſhe not then be anſwer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's ſides,
Can bide the beating of ſo ſtrong a paſſion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold ſo much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That ſuffer ſurfeit, cloyment, and revolt;[2]

But

9 What is *that miracle, and queen of gems?* we are not told in this reading. Beſides, what is meant by *nature pranking her in a miracle?*—We ſhould read:

But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks, her mind,——

i. e. what *attracts my ſoul,* is not her *fortune,* but *her mind, that miracle and queen of gems that nature pranks,* i. e. ſets out, adorns. WARBURTON.

The *miracle and queen of gems* is her *beauty,* which the commentator might have found without ſo emphatical an enquiry. As to her mind, he that ſhould be captious would ſay, that though it may be formed by nature, it muſt be *pranked* by education.

Shakſpeare does not ſay that *nature pranks her in a miracle,* but *in the miracle of gems,* that is, *in a gem miraculouſly beautiful.* JOHNSON.

To prank is to deck out, to adorn. See Lye's *Etymologicon.* HEATH.

2 The Duke has changed his opinion of women very ſuddenly. It was but a few minutes before, that he ſaid they had more conſtancy in love than men. M. MASON.

But mine is all as hungry as the ſea,
And can digeſt as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What doſt thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I ſhould your lordſhip.

Duke. And what's her hiſtory?

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,
Feed on her damaſk cheek: ſhe pin'd in thought;[3]
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She ſat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.[4] Was not this love, indeed?
We men may ſay more, ſwear more: but, indeed,

Our

[3] *Thought* formerly ſignified *melancholy*. MALONE.

Mr. Malone ſays, *thought* means *melancholy*. But why wreſt from this word its plain and uſual acceptation, and make Shakſpeare guilty of tautology? for in the very next line he uſes "*Melancholy*." DOUCE.

[4] Mr. Theobald ſuppoſes this might poſſibly be borrowed from Chaucer:

"*And her beſidis wonder diſcreetlie*
"*Dame* pacience *yſitting there I fonde*
"*With facé pale, upon a hill of ſonde.*"

And adds: "*If he was indebted, however, for the firſt rude draught, how amply has he repaid that debt, in heightening the picture! How much does the* green *and* yellow melancholy *tranſcend the old bard's* pale face; *the* monument *his* hill of ſand."—I hope this critic does not imagine Shakſpeare meant to give us a picture of the *face* of *patience*, by *his green and yellow melancholy*; becauſe, he ſays, it tranſcends the *pale face of patience*, given us by Chaucer. To throw *patience* into a fit of melancholy, would be indeed very extraordinary. The *green and yellow* then belonged not to *patience*, but to *her* who *ſat* like *patience*. To give *patience* a *pale face* was proper: and had Shakſpeare deſcribed *her*, he had done it as Chaucer did. But Shakſpeare is ſpeaking of a marble ſtatue of *patience*; Chaucer of *patience* herſelf. And the two repreſentations of her, are in quite different views. Our poet, ſpeaking of a deſpairing lover, judiciouſly compares her to *patience* exerciſed on the death of friends and relations; which affords him the beautiful picture of *patience on a monument*. The old bard, ſpeaking of *patience* herſelf, directly, and not by compariſon, as judiciouſly draws her in that circumſtance where ſhe is moſt exerciſed, and has

Our ſhows are more than will; for ſtill we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy ſiſter of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's houſe,
And all the brothers too;[5]—and yet I know not:
Sir, ſhall I to this lady?

Duke.

occaſion for all her virtue; that is to ſay, under the *loſſes of ſhipwreck.* And now we ſee why ſhe is repreſented as *ſitting on* a *hill of ſand*, to deſign the ſcene to be the ſea-ſhore. It is finely imagined; and one of the noble ſimplicities of that admirable poet. But the critic thought, in good earneſt, that Chaucer's invention was ſo barren, and his imagination ſo beggarly, that he was not able to be at the charge of a monument for his goddeſs, but left her, like a ſtroller, ſunning herſelf upon a heap of ſand. WARBURTON.

This celebrated image was not improbably firſt ſketched out in the old play of *Pericles.* I think, Shakſpeare's hand may be ſometimes ſeen in the latter part of it, and there only.

" ——thou [*Marina*] doſt look
" Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and ſmiling
" Extremity out of act." FARMER.

So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

" So mild, that *Patience ſeem'd to ſcorn his woes.*"

In the paſſage in the text, our author perhaps meant to perſonify GRIEF as well as PATIENCE; for we can ſcarcely underſtand " *at* grief" to mean " *in* grief," as no ſtatuary could, I imagine, form a countenance in which ſmiles and grief ſhould be at once expreſſed. Shakſpeare might have borrowed his imagery from ſome ancient monument on which theſe two figures were repreſented. MALONE.

I am unwilling to ſuppoſe a monumental image of *Patience* was ever confronted by an emblematical figure of *Grief*, on purpoſe that one might ſit and ſmile at the other; becauſe ſuch a repreſentation might be conſidered as a ſatire on human inſenſibility. When *Patience* ſmiles, it is to expreſs a chriſtian triumph over the common cauſe of ſorrow, a cauſe, of which the ſarcophagus, near her ſtation, ought very ſufficiently to remind her. True *Patience*, when it is *her cue* to ſmile over calamity, knows her office *without a prompter*; knows that ſtubborn lamentation diſplays *a will moſt incorrect to heaven*; and therefore appears content with one of its ſevereſt diſpenſations, the loſs of a relation or a friend. Ancient tombs, indeed (if we muſt conſtrue *grief* into *grievance*, and Shakſpeare has certainly uſed the former word for the latter,) frequently exhibit cumbent figures of the deceaſed, and over theſe an image of *Patience*, without impropriety, might expreſs a ſmile of complacence:

" Her meek hands folded on her modeſt breaſt,
" With calm ſubmiſſion lift the adoring eye
" Even to the ſtorm that wrecks her." STEEVENS.

[5] This was the moſt artful anſwer that could be given. The queſtion was of ſuch a nature, that to have declined the appearance of a direct anſwer

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haſte; give her this jewel; ſay,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.[6] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, ſignior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I loſe a ſcruple of this ſport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'ſt thou not be glad to have the niggardly raſcally ſheep-biter come by ſome notable ſhame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:—Shall we not, ſir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my n' tle of India?[7]

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i'the ſun, practiſing behaviour to his own ſhadow, this half hour: obſerve him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative ideot of him. Cloſe, in the name of jeſting! [*The men hide themſelves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter.*]

anſwer, muſt have raiſed ſuſpicion. This has the appearance of a direct anſwer, *that the ſiſter died of her love*; ſhe (who paſſed for a man) ſaying ſhe was all the daughters of her father's houſe. WARBURTON.

Such another equivoque occurs in Lylly's *Galathea*, 1592: "——my father had but one daughter, and therefore I could have no ſiſter." STEEVENS.

[6] *Denay*, is *denial*. To *denay* is an antiquated verb ſometimes uſed by Holinſhed: ſo, p. 620: "——the ſtate of a cardinal which was naied and *denaied* him." STEEVENS.

[7] The poet muſt here mean a zoophite, called the *Urtica Marina*, abounding in the Indian ſeas. STEEVENS.

letter.] for here comes the trout that muſt be caught with tickling.[8] [*Exit* MARIA.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, ſhe did affect me: and I have heard herſelf come thus near, that, ſhould ſhe fancy, it ſhould be one of my complexion. Beſides, ſhe uſes me with a more exalted reſpect, than any one elſe that follows her. What ſhould I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets[9] under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could ſo beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I ſay.

Mal. To be count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Piſtol him, piſtol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the ſtrachy[2] married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir

[8] Cogan, in his *Haven of Health*, 1595, will prove an able commentator on this paſſage: "This fiſh of nature loveth flatterie: for, being in the water, it will ſuffer it ſelfe to be rubbed and clawed, and ſo to be taken. Whoſe example I would wiſh no maides to follow, leaſt they repent afterclaps." STEEVENS.

[9] To *jet* is to ſtrut, to agitate the body by a proud motion. STEEVENS.

[2] We ſhould read *Trachy*, i. e. *Thrace*; for ſo the old Engliſh writers called it. Mandeville ſays: "*As* Trachye *and Macedoigne, of the which Aliſandre was kyng.*" It was common to uſe the article *the* before names of places: and this was no improper inſtance, where the ſcene was in Illyria. WARBURTON.

What we ſhould read is hard to ſay. Here is an alluſion to ſome old ſtory which I have not yet diſcovered. JOHNSON.

Straccio (ſee Torriano's and Altieri's dictionaries) ſignifies *clouts* and *tatters*; and Torriano in his grammar, at the end of his dictionary, ſays that *ſtraccio* was pronounced *ſtratchi*. So that it is probable that Shakſpeare's meaning was this, that the lady of the queen's wardrobe had married a yeoman of the king's, who was vaſtly inferior to her. SMITH.

Such is Mr. Smith's note; but it does not appear that *ſtrachy* was ever an Engliſh word, nor will the meaning given it by the Italians be of any uſe on the preſent occaſion.

Perhaps

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.[3]

Mal. Having been three months married to her, ſitting in my ſtate,—[4]

Sir To. O, for a ſtone-bow,[5] to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed,[6] where I have left Olivia ſleeping:

Sir To. Fire and brimſtone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of ſtate: and after a demure-

Perhaps a letter has been miſplaced, and we ought to read—*ſtarchy*; i. e. the room in which linen underwent the once moſt complicated operation of *ſtarching*. I do not know that ſuch a word exiſts; and yet it would not be unanalogically formed from the ſubſtantive *ſtarch*. In *Harſnet's Declaration*, 1603, we meet with "a yeoman of the *ſprucery*;" i. e. wardrobe; and in the *Northumberland Houſehold-Book*, *nurſry* is ſpelt *nurcy*. *Starchy*, therefore, for *ſtarchery*, may be admitted. In *Romeo and Juliet*, the place where *paſte* was made, is called the *paſtry*. The *lady* who had the care of the linen may be ſignificantly oppoſed to the *yeoman*, i. e. an inferior officer of the wardrobe. While the *five different coloured ſtarches* were worn, ſuch a term might have been current. In the year 1564, a Dutch woman profeſſed to teach this art to our fair countrywomen. "Her uſual price (ſays Stowe) was four or five pounds to teach them how to *ſtarch*, and twenty ſhillings how to ſeeth *ſtarch*." The alteration was ſuggeſted to me by a typographical error in *The world toſs'd at Tennis*, no date, by Middleton and Rowley; where *ſtraches* is printed for *ſtarches*. I cannot fairly be accuſed of having dealt much in conjectural emendation, and therefore feel the leſs reluctance to hazard a gueſs on this deſperate paſſage. STEEVENS.

The place in which candles were kept, was formerly called the *chandry*; and in B. Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair*, a ginger-bread woman is called *lady of the baſket*.—The great objection to this emendation is, that from the *ſtarchy* to the *wardrobe* is not what Shakſpeare calls a very "heavy declenſion," In the old copy the word is printed in Italicks, as the name of a place,—*Strachy*.

The *yeoman of the wardrobe* is not an arbitrary term, but was the proper deſignation of the wardrobe-keeper, in Shakſpeare's time. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Veſtiario*, a wardrobe-keeper, or a *yeoman of a wardrobe*." MALONE.

3 i. e. puffs him up. STEEVENS.

4 A *ſtate*, in ancient language, ſignifies a chair with a canopy over it. STEEVENS.

5 That is, a croſs-bow, a bow which ſhoots ſtones. JOHNSON.

6 i. e. a couch. STEEVENS.

demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they ſhould do theirs,—to aſk for my kinſman Toby:

Sir To. Bolts and ſhackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient ſtart, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch,[7] or play with ſome rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'ſies [8] there to me:

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our ſilence be drawn from us with cars,[9] yet peace.

Mal.

[7] In our author's time watches were very uncommon. When Guy Faux was taken, it was urged as a circumſtance of ſuſpicion that a watch was found upon him. JOHNSON.

Pocket watches were brought from Germany into England, about the year 1580. MALONE.

[8] From this paſſage one might ſuſpect that the manner of paying reſpect, which is now confined to females, was equally uſed by the other ſex. It is probable, however, that the word *court'ſy* was employed to expreſs acts of civility and reverence by either men or women indiſcriminately. In an extract from the Black Book of Warwick, *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*, p. 4, it is ſaid, "The pulpett being ſett at the nether end of the Earl of Warwick's tombe in the ſaid quier, the table was placed where the altar had bene. At the coming into the quier my lord made *lowe curteſie* to the French king's armes." Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in his Life, ſpeaking of dancing, recommends that accompliſhment to youth, "that he may know how to come in and go out of a room where company is, how to make *courteſies* handſomely, according to the ſeveral degrees of perſons he ſhall encounter." REED.

[9] i. e. though it is the greateſt pain to us to keep ſilence. WARBURTON.

I believe the true reading is: *Though our ſilence be drawn from us with* carts, *yet peace.* In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, one of the Clowns ſays: "*I have a miſtreſs, but who that is*, a team of horſes *ſhall not* pluck from me." So, in this play: "*Oxen and wainropes will not bring them together.*" JOHNSON.

The old reading is *cars*, as I have printed it. It is well known that *cars* and *carts* have the ſame meaning. STEEVENS.

If I were to ſuggeſt a word in the place of *cars*, which I think is a corruption, it ſhould be *cables*. It may be worth remarking, perhaps, that the leading ideas of *Malvolio*, in his *humour of ſtate*, bear a ſtrong reſemblance to thoſe of *Alnaſchar* in *The Arabian Night's Entertainments*. Some of the expreſſions too are very ſimilar. TYRWHITT.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar ſmile with an auſtere regard of control:

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o'the lips then?

Mal. Saying, *Couſin Toby, my fortunes having caſt me on your niece, give me this prerogative of ſpeech*;—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. *You muſt amend your drunkenneſs.*

Sir To. Out, ſcab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the ſinews of our plot.

Mal. *Beſides, you waſte the treaſure of your time with a fooliſh knight*;

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. *One Sir Andrew:*

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?[2]

[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the ſpirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: theſe be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s; and thus makes ſhe her great *P*'s.[3] It is, in contempt of queſtion, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: Why that?

Mal. [*reads*] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wiſhes:* her very phraſes!—By your leave, wax.—Soft![4]—and

Many Arabian fictions had found their way into obſcure Latin and French books, and thence into Engliſh ones, long before any profeſſed verſion of *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments* had appeared. I meet with a ſtory ſimilar to that of *Alnaſchar*, in *The Dialoges of Creatures Moralyſed*, bl. l. no date, but probably printed abroad. STEEVENS.

[2] A phraſe of that time, equivalent to our common ſpeech—*What's to* do *here.* WARBURTON.

[3] In the direction of the letter which Malvolio reads, there is neither a C, nor a P, to be found. STEEVENS.

From the uſual cuſtom of Shakſpeare's age, we may eaſily ſuppoſe the whole direction to have run thus:—"*To* the *U*nknown belov'd, this, and my good wiſhes, with *C*are *P*reſent." RITSON.

[4] It was the cuſtom in our poet's time to ſeal letters with ſoft wax, which retained its ſoftneſs for a good while. The wax uſed at preſent would have been hardened long before Malvolio picked up this letter. MALONE.

I do

and the impreſſure her Lucrece, with which ſhe uſes to ſeal; 'tis my lady: To whom ſhould this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads.*] *Jove knows, I love:*
But who?
Lips do not move,
No man muſt know.

No man muſt know.—What follows? the numbers altered!—*No man muſt know:*—If this ſhould be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock![5]

Mal. *I may command, where I adore:*
But ſilence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodleſs ſtroke my heart doth gore;
M, O, A, I, *doth ſway my life.*

Fab. A fuſtian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, ſay I.

Mal. *M, O, A, I, doth ſway my life.*—Nay, but firſt, let me ſee,—let me ſee,—let me ſee.

Fab. What a diſh of poiſon has ſhe dreſs'd him!

Sir To. And with what wing the ſtannyel[6] checks at it!

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why, ſhe may command me; I ſerve her, ſhe is my lady. Why, this is evident to

I do not ſuppoſe that—*Soft!* has any reference to the wax; but is merely an exclamation equivalent to *Softly*? i. e. be not in too much haſte. I may alſo obſerve, that though it was anciently the cuſtom (as it ſtill is) to ſeal certain legal inſtruments with ſoft and pliable wax, familiar letters (of which I have ſeen ſpecimens from the time of K. Henry VI. to K. James I.) were ſecured with wax as gloſſy and firm as that employed in the preſent year. STEEVENS.

[5] i. e. badger. He uſes the word as a term of contempt, as if he had ſaid, *hang thee*, cur! *Out* filth! to ſtink like a *brock* being proverbial. RITSON.

Marry, hang thee, thou *vain, conceited coxcomb*, thou overweening rogue! *Brock*, which properly ſignifies a badger, was uſed in this ſenſe in Shakſpeare's time. MALONE.

[6] The name of a kind of hawk, is very judiciouſly put here for a *ſtallion*, by Sir Thomas Hanmer. JOHNSON.

To *check*, ſays Latham, in his book of Falconry, is, "when crows, rooks, pies, or other birds, coming in view of the hawk, ſhe forſaketh her natural flight, to fly at them." The *ſtannyel* is the common ſtone hawk, which inhabits old buildings and rocks; in the North called *ſtanchil*. I have this information from Mr. Lambe's notes on the ancient metrical hiſtory of the battle of Floddon. STEEVENS.

to any formal capacity.[7] There is no obſtruction in this;—And the end;—What ſhould that alphabetical poſition portend? if I could make that reſemble ſomething in me,—Softly!—*M*, *O*, *A*, *I*.—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold ſcent.

Fab. Sowter[8] will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.[9]

Mal. M,—Malvolio;—*M*,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I ſay, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M,—But then there is no conſonancy in the ſequel; that ſuffers under probation: *A* ſhould follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* ſhall end, I hope.[2]

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind,

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might ſee more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, *O*, *A*, *I*; This ſimulation is not as the former:—and yet, to cruſh this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of theſe letters are in my name. Soft; here follows proſe.—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my ſtars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatneſs: Some are born great, ſome atchieve greatneſs, and ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and ſpirit embrace*

[7] i.e. any one in his ſenſes, any one whoſe *capacity* is not dif-arranged, or out of *form*. STEEVENS.

[8] *Sowter* is here, I ſuppoſe, the name of a hound. *Sowterly*, however, is often employed as a term of abuſe. A *ſowter* was a cobler. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is—This fellow will, notwithſtanding, catch at and be duped by our device, though the cheat is ſo *groſs* that any one elſe would find it out. Our author, as uſual, forgets to make his ſimile anſwer on both ſides; for it is not to be wondered at that a hound ſhould cry or give his tongue, if the ſcent be as rank as a fox. MALONE.

[9] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, "not *as rank*." The other editions, *though it be as rank*, &c. JOHNSON.

[2] By *O* is here meant what we now call a *hempen collar*. JOHNSON.

I believe he means only, *it ſhall end in ſighing*, in diſappointment. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an *O*?" STEEVENS.

embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite [3] *with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings;* [4] *and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewel. She, that would alter services with thee,*

The fortunate-unhappy.

Day-light and champian discovers not more: [5] this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device, the very man.[6] I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross garter'd; and in this she

[3] That is, be *adverse, hostile.* An *opposite* in the language of our author's age, meant an *adversary.* MALONE.

[4] Before the civil wars, yellow stockings were much worn. PERCY.

So, Middleton and Rowley in their masque entitled *The World Tost'd at Tennis,* no date, where the five different-coloured starches are introduced as striving for superiority, *Yellow starch* says to white:

" ——— since she cannot
" Wear her own linen *yellow*, yet she shows
" Her love to't, and makes him wear *yellow hose.*"

The yeomen attending the Earl of Arundel, Lord Windsor, and Mr. Fulke Greville, who assisted at an entertainment performed before Queen Elizabeth, on the Monday and Tuesday in Whitsun-week, 1581, were dressed in *yellow worsted stockings.* The book from which I gather this information was published by Henry Goldwell, gent. in the same year. STEEVENS.

[5] We should read—" *The fortunate,* and *happy.*—*Day-light and champian discovers not more:* i. e. broad day and an open country cannot make things plainer. WARBURTON.

The folio, which is the only ancient copy of this play, reads, *the fortunate-unhappy,* and so I have printed it. *The fortunate-unhappy* is the subscription of the letter. STEEVENS.

[6] ——— *I will be* point-de-vice, *the very man.*] This phrase is of French extraction—*a points-devisez.* Chaucer uses it in the *Romaunt of the Rose:*

" Her nose was wrought at *point-device.*"

i. e. with the utmost possible *exactness.* STEEVENS.

ſhe manifeſts herſelf to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to theſe habits of her liking. I thank my ſtars, I am happy. I will be ſtrange, ſtout, in yellow ſtockings, and croſs-garter'd, even with the ſwiftneſs of putting on. Jove, and my ſtars be praiſed!—Here is yet a poſtſcript. *Thou canſt not chooſe but know who I am. If thou entaineſt my love, let it appear in thy ſmiling; thy ſmiles become thee well; therefore in my preſence ſtill ſmile, dear my ſweet, I pr'ythee.*—Jove, I thank thee.—I will ſmile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this ſport for a penſion of thouſands to be paid from the Sophy.[7]

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device:

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And aſk no other dowry with her, but ſuch another jeſt.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou ſet thy foot o'my neck?

Sir And. Or o'mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,[8] and become thy bond-ſlave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou haſt put him in ſuch a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he muſt run mad.

Mar. Nay, but ſay true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ[9] with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then ſee the fruits of the ſport, mark his firſt approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow ſtockings,

[7] Alluding, as Dr. Farmer obſerves, to *Sir Robert Shirley*, who was juſt returned in the character of *embaſſador from the Sopby*. He boaſted of the great rewards he had received, and lived in London with the utmoſt ſplendor. STEEVENS.

[8] The following paſſage might incline one to believe that *tray-trip* was the name of ſome game at *tables*, or *draughts*: "There is great danger of being taken ſleepers at *tray-trip*, if the *king* ſweep ſuddenly." *Cecil's Correſpondence*, Lett. X. p. 136. Ben Jonſon joins *tray-trip* with *mum-chance*. *Alchemiſt*, Act V. ſc. iv. TYRWHITT.

The truth of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture may be eſtabliſhed by a reference to *Machiavel's Dogge*, a ſatire, 4to. 1617. REED.

[9] The old name of *ſtrong waters*. JOHNSON.

ſtockings, and 'tis a colour ſhe abhors; and croſs garter'd, a faſhion ſhe deteſts; [9] and he will ſmile upon her, which will now be ſo unſuitable to her diſpoſition, being addicted to a melancholy as ſhe is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will ſee it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou moſt excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter VIOLA, *and* Clown, *with a tabor.*

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy muſick: Doſt thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, ſir, I live by the church.[2]

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No ſuch matter, ſir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my houſe, and my houſe doth ſtand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'ſt ſay, the king lies by a beggar,[3] if a beggar dwell near him: or, the church ſtands by thy tabor, if thy tabor ſtand by the church.

Clo. You have ſaid, ſir.—To ſee this age!—A ſentence is but a cheveril glove [4] to a good wit; How quickly the wrong ſide may be turned outward!

Vio.

9 Sir Thomas Overbury, in his character of a *footman* without *gards* on his coat, preſents him as more upright than any *croſſe-garter'd* gentleman-uſher. FARMER.

2 The *Clown*, I ſuppoſe, wilfully miſtakes Viola's meaning, and anſwers, as if he had been aſked whether he lived by the *ſign of the tabor*, the ancient deſignation of a muſic ſhop. STEEVENS.

It was likewiſe the ſign of an eating houſe kept by Tarleton, the celebrated clown or fool of the theatre before our author's time; who is exhibited in a print prefixed to his *Jeſts*, quarto, 1611, with a *tabor*. Perhaps in imitation of him the ſubſequent ſtage-clowns uſually appeared with one. MALONE.

3 *Lies* here, as in many other places in old books, ſignifies—*dwells, ſojourns*. MALONE.

4 i. e. a glove made of *kid* leather: *chevreau*, Fr. STEEVENS.

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore, my ſiſter had had no name, ſir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, ſir, her name's a word: and to dally with that word, might make my ſiſter wanton: But, indeed, words are very raſcals, ſince bonds diſgraced them.

Vio. Thy reaſon, man?

Clo. Troth, ſir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown ſo falſe, I am loth to prove reaſon with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and careſt for nothing.

Clo. Not ſo, ſir, I do care for ſomething: but in my conſcience, ſir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, ſir, I would it would make you inviſible.

Vio. Art thou not the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, ſir; the lady Olivia has no folly: ſhe will keep no fool, ſir, till ſhe be married; and fools are as like huſbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the huſband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I ſaw thee late at the count Orſino's.

Clo. Foolery, ſir, does walk about the orb, like the ſun; it ſhines every where. I would be ſorry, ſir, but the fool ſhould be as oft with your maſter, as with my miſtreſs: I think, I ſaw your wiſdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou paſs upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, ſend thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almoſt ſick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of theſe have bred, ſir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to uſe.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, ſir, to bring a Creſſida to this Troilus.

Vio. I underſtand you, ſir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, ſir, begging but a beggar; Creſſida was a beggar. My lady is within, ſir; I will

conſtrue

conſtrue to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might ſay, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow's wiſe enough to play the fool;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He muſt obſerve their mood on whom he jeſts,
The quality of perſons, and the time;
And, like the haggard,[5] check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wiſe man's art:
For folly, that he wiſely ſhows, is fit;
But wiſe men, folly-fallen,[6] quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, *and* SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.
Vio. And you, ſir.
Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monſieur.
Vio. Et vous auſſi; votre ſerviteur.
Sir And. I hope, ſir, you are; and I am yours.
Sir To. Will you encounter the houſe? my niece is deſirous you ſhould enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio.

[5] The hawk called the *haggard*, if not well trained and watched, will fly after every bird without diſtinction. STEEVENS.

The meaning may be, that he muſt catch every opportunity, as the wild hawk ſtrikes every bird. But perhaps it might be read more properly:

Not *like the haggard.*

He muſt chooſe perſons and times, and obſerve tempers; he muſt fly at proper game, like the trained hawk, and not fly at large like the unreclaimed *haggard*, to ſeize all that comes in his way. JOHNSON.

[6] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *folly ſhewn.* JOHNSON.

The firſt folio reads, *But wiſe men's folly falne, quite* taint *their wit.* Whence I ſhould conjecture, that Shakſpeare poſſibly wrote:

But wiſe men, folly-fallen, *quite taint their wit.*

i. e. wiſe men, fallen into folly. TYRWHITT.

The ſenſe is: *But wiſe men's folly, when it is once fallen into extravagance, overpowers their diſcretion.* HEATH.

I explain it thus: The folly which he ſhews with proper adaption to perſons and times, *is fit*, has its propriety, and therefore produces no cenſure; but the folly of wiſe men when it *falls* or *happens*, taints their wit, deſtroys the reputation of their judgment. JOHNSON.

I have adopted Mr. Tyrwhitt's judicious emendation. STEEVENS

Vio. I am bound to your niece, ſir: I mean, ſhe is the liſt[7] of my voyage.

Sir To. Taſte your legs, ſir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better underſtand me, ſir, than I underſtand what you mean by bidding me taſte my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, ſir, to enter.

Vio. I will anſwer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.[9]

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Moſt excellent accompliſh'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! *Rain odours!* well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own moſt pregnant and vouchſafed ear.[2]

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and *vouchſafed:*—I'll get 'em all three ready.[3]

Oli. Let the garden door be ſhut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* MARIA. Give me your hand, ſir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and moſt humble ſervice.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Ceſario is your ſervant's name, fair princeſs.

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7 Is the *bound, limit, fartheſt point.* JOHNSON.

8 Perhaps this expreſſion was employed to ridicule the fantaſtic uſe of a verb, which is many times as quaintly introduced in the old pieces, as in this play, and in *The true Tragedies of Marius and Scilla,* 1594:

" A climbing tow'r that did not *taſte* the wind." STEEVENS.

9 i. e. our purpoſe is anticipated. So, in the 119th Pſalm:

" Mine eyes *prevent* the night-watches. STEEVENS.

2 *Pregnant* for ready; as in *Meaſure for Meaſure,* Act I. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

Vouchſafed for *vouchſafing.* MALONE.

3 The old copy has—*all three* already. Mr. Malone reads—" all three *all* ready." STEEVENS.

The editor of the third folio reformed the paſſage by reading only—*ready.* But omiſſions ought always to be avoided if poſſible. The repetition of the word *all* is not improper in the mouth of Sir Andrew. MALONE.

Præferatur lectio brevior, is a well known rule of criticiſm; and in the preſent inſtance I moſt willingly follow it, omitting the uſeleſs repetition —*all.* STEEVENS.

Oli. My ſervant, ſir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You are ſervant to the count Orſino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his muſt needs be yours;
Your ſervant's ſervant is your ſervant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never ſpeak again of him;
But, would you undertake another ſuit,
I had rather hear you to ſolicit that,
Than muſick from the ſpheres.

Vio. Dear lady,——

Oli. Give me leave, I beſeech you: I did ſend,
After the laſt enchantment you did here,[4]

A ring

[4] The old copy reads—*heare*. STEEVENS.
Nonſenſe. Read and point it thus:

After the laſt enchantment you did here,

i. e. after the enchantment your preſence worked in my affections. WARBURTON.

The preſent reading is no more nonſenſe than the emendation. JOHNSON.

Warburton's amendment, the reading, "you did *here*," though it may not perhaps be abſolutely neceſſary to make ſenſe of the paſſage, is evidently right. Olivia could not ſpeak of her ſending him a ring, as a matter he did not know except by hearſay; for the ring was abſolutely delivered to him. It would, beſides, be impoſſible to know what Olivia meant by *the laſt enchantment*, if ſhe had not explained it herſelf, by ſaying—"the laſt enchantment *you did here*." There is not, perhaps, a paſſage in Shakſpeare, where ſo great an improvement of the ſenſe is gained by changing a ſingle letter. M. MASON.

The two words are very frequently confounded in the old editions of our author's plays, and the other books of that age. See the laſt line of *K. Richard III.* quarto, 1613:

"That ſhe may long live *beare*, God ſay amen."

I could add twenty other inſtances, were they neceſſary. Throughout the firſt edition of our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594, which was probably printed under his own inſpection, the word we now ſpell *here* is conſtantly written *beare*. Let me add, that Viola had not ſimply *heard* that a ring had been ſent (if even ſuch an expreſſion as—"After the laſt enchantment, you did *beare*," were admiſſible;) ſhe had *ſeen* and *talked* with the bearer of it. MALONE.

A ring in chaſe of you; ſo did I abuſe
Myſelf, my ſervant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard conſtruction muſt I ſit,
To force that on you, in a ſhameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?
Have you not ſet mine honour at the ſtake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving[5]
Enough is ſhewn; a cyprus,[6] not a boſom,
Hides my poor heart: So let me hear you ſpeak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree of love.

Vio. No, not a griſe;[7] for 'tis a vulgar proof,[8]
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to ſmile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one ſhould be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf? [*Clock ſtrikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waſte of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harveſt,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due weſt.

Vio. Then weſtward-hoe:[9]
Grace, and good diſpoſition 'tend your ladyſhip!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:
I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'ſt of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think ſo, I think the ſame of you.

Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am.

5 i. e. to one of your *ready apprehenſion.* She conſiders him as an arch page. WARBURTON.

6 Tranſparent ſtuff. JOHNSON.

7 Is a *ſtep*, ſometimes written *greeſe* from *degres*, French. JOHNSON.

8 That is, it is a *common* proof. The experience of every day ſhews that, &c. MALONE.

9 This is the name of a comedy by T. Decker, 1607. He was aſſiſted in it by Webſter, and it was acted with great ſucceſs by *the children of Paul's*, on whom Shakſpeare has beſtowed ſuch notice in *Hamlet*, that we may be ſure they were rivals to the company patronized by himſelf.
STEEVENS.

Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wiſh it might; for now I am your fool.
Oli. O, what a deal of ſcorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt ſhows not itſelf more ſoon
Than love that would ſeem hid: love's night is noon.
Ceſario, by the roſes of the ſpring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee ſo, that, maugre [2] all my pride,
Nor wit, nor reaſon, can my paſſion hide.
Do not extort thy reaſons from this clauſe,
For, that I woo, thou therefore haſt no cauſe:
But, rather, reaſon thus with reaſon fetter:
Love ſought is good, but given unſought, is better.
Vio. By innocence I ſwear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one boſom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; [3] nor never none
Shall miſtreſs be of it, ſave I alone.[4]
And ſo adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my maſter's tears to you deplore.
Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'ſt move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A room in Olivia's *houſe.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not ſtay a jot longer.
Sir To. Thy reaſon, dear venom, give thy reaſon.
Fab. You muſt needs yield your reaſon, ſir Andrew.
Sir And. Marry, I ſaw your niece do more favours to the count's

[2] i. e. in ſpite of. STEEVENS.

[3] And that *heart* and *boſom* I have never yielded to any woman. JOHNSON.

[4] Theſe three words Sir Thomas Hanmer gives to Olivia probably enough. JOHNSON.

count's ſerving man, than ever ſhe beſtowed upon me; I ſaw't i'the orchard.

Sir To. Did ſhe ſee thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I ſee you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an aſs o'me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, ſir, upon the oaths of judgement and reaſon.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, ſince before Noah was a ſailor.

Fab. She did ſhow favour to the youth in your ſight, only to exaſperate you, to awake your dormouſe valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimſtone in your liver: You ſhould then have accoſted her; and with ſome excellent jeſts, fire-new from the mint, you ſhould have bang'd the youth into dumbneſs. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time waſh off, and you are now ſailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unleſs you do redeem it by ſome laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it muſt be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Browniſt,[5] as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the baſis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece ſhall take note of it: and aſſure thyſelf, there is no love-broker in the world can

[5] The *Brownists* were ſo called from Mr. *Robert Browne*, a noted ſeparatiſt in Queen Elizabeth's reign. Strype, in his life of Whitgift, p. 323, informs us, that *Browne*, in the year 1589, "went off from the ſeparation, and came into the communion of the church."

This *Browne* was deſcended from an ancient and honourable family in Rutlandſhire; his grandfather Francis, had a charter granted him by *K.* Henry VIII. and confirmed by act of parliament; giving him leave "*to put on his hat in the preſence of the king, or his heirs, or any lord ſpiritual or temporal in the land; and not to put it off, but for his own eaſe and pleaſure.*" Neal's *Hiſtory of New-England*, Vol. I. p. 58. GREY.

The *Browniſts* ſeem, in the time of our author, to have been the conſtant object of popular ſatire.

more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, ſir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curſt[6] and brief: it is no matter how witty, ſo it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'ſt* him ſome thrice,[7] it ſhall not be amiſs; and as many lies as will

[6] *Martial hand*, ſeems to be a careleſs ſcrawl, ſuch as ſhewed the writer to neglect ceremony. *Curſt*, is petulant, crabbed. A curſt cur, is a dog that with little provocation ſnarls and bites. JOHNSON.

[7] There is no doubt, I think, but this paſſage is one of thoſe in which our author intended to ſhew his reſpect for Sir Walter Raleigh, and a deteſtation of the virulence of his proſecutors. The words quoted, ſeem to me directly levelled at the Attorney-general Coke, who, in the trial of Sir Walter, attacked him with all the following indecent expreſſions:—"*All that he did was by thy inſtigation*, thou *viper*; *for I* thou *thee*, thou *traytor!*" (Here, by the way, are the poet's *three* thou's.) "*You are an odious man.*"—"*Is he baſe? I return it into thy throat, on his behalf.*"—"*O damnable atheiſt.*"—"*Thou art a monſter; thou haſt an Engliſh face, but a Spaniſh heart.*"—"*Thou haſt a Spaniſh heart, and thyſelf art a ſpider of hell.*"—"*Go to, I will lay thee on thy back for the confident'ſt traytor that ever came at a bar,*" &c. Is not here all the licence of tongue, which the poet ſatirically preſcribes to Sir Andrew's ink? And how mean an opinion Shakſpeare had of theſe petulant invectives, is pretty evident from his cloſe of this ſpeech: *Let there be gall enough in thy ink: though thou write it with a* gooſe-pen, *no matter.*—A keener laſh at the attorney for a fool, than all the contumelies the attorney threw at the priſoner, as a ſuppoſed traytor! THEOBALD.

The reſentment of our author, as Dr. Farmer obſerves to me, might likewiſe have been excited by the contemptuous manner in which Lord Coke has ſpoken of players, and the ſeverity he was always willing to exert againſt them. Thus, in his *Speech and Charge at Norwich, with a diſcoverie of the abuſes and corruption of officers.* Nath. Butter, 4to. 1607: "Becauſe I muſt haſt unto an end, I will requeſt that you will carefully put in execution the ſtatute againſt *vagrants*; ſince the making whereof I have found fewer theeves, and the gaole leſſe peſtered than before. The abuſe of *ſtage-players* wherewith I find the country much troubled, may eaſily be reformed; they having no commiſſion to play in any place without leave: and therefore, if by your willingneſſe they be not entertained, you may ſoone be rid of them." STEEVENS.

Though I think it probable Lord Coke might have been in Shakſpeare's mind when he wrote the above paſſage, yet it is by no means certain. It ought to be obſerved, that the conduct of that great lawyer, bad as it was

on

will lie in thy ſheet of paper, although the ſheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, ſet 'em down; go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a gooſe-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where ſhall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo:*[7] Go.

[*Exit* SIR ANDREW.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, ſir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; ſome two thouſand ſtrong, or ſo.

Fab. We ſhall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never truſt me then; and by all means ſtir on the youth to an anſwer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find ſo much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the reſt of the anatomy.

Fab. And his oppoſite,[8] the youth, bears in his viſage no great preſage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngeſt wren of nine comes.[9]

Mar. If you deſire the ſpleen, and will laugh yourſelves into ſtitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Chriſtian, that means

to

on this occaſion, received too much countenance from the practice of his predeceſſors, both at the bar and on the bench. The *State Trials* will ſhew, to the diſgrace of the profeſſion, that many other criminals were THOU'D by their proſecutors and judges, beſides Sir Walter Raleigh. In Knox's *Hiſtory of the Reformation*, are eighteen articles exhibited againſt Maſter George Wiſchard, 1546, every one of which begins —THOU *falſe heretick*, and ſometimes with the adition of *thief*, *traitor*, *runagate*, &c. REED.

[7] I believe we ſhould read—at *thy* cubiculo. MALONE.

[8] *Oppoſite* in our author's time was uſed as a ſubſtantive, and ſynonymous to *adverſary*. MALONE.

[9] The women's parts were then acted by boys, ſometimes ſo low in ſtature, that there was occaſion to obviate the impropriety by ſuch kind of oblique apologies. WARBURTON.

The *wren* generally lays nine or ten eggs at a time, and the laſt hatch'd of all birds are uſually the ſmalleſt and weakeſt of the whole brood. STEEVENS.

to be ſav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe ſuch impoſſible paſſages of groſſneſs. He's in yellow ſtockings.

Sir To. And croſs-garter'd?

Mar. Moſt villainouſly; like a pedant that keeps a ſchool i'the church.—I have dogg'd him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He does ſmile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not ſeen ſuch a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will ſtrike him;[2] if ſhe do, he'll ſmile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;
But, ſince you make your pleaſure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not ſtay behind you; my deſire,
More ſharp than filed ſteel, did ſpur me forth;
And not all love to ſee you, (though ſo much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,)
But jealouſy what might befall your travel,
Being ſkilleſs in theſe parts; which to a ſtranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhoſpitable: My willing love,
The rather by theſe arguments of fear,
Set forth in your purſuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other anſwer make, but, thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks: Often good turns
Are ſhuffled off with ſuch incurrent pay:
But,

[2] We may ſuppoſe, that in an age when ladies ſtruck their ſervants, the box on the ear which Queen Elizabeth is ſaid to have given to the Earl of Eſſex, was not regarded as a tranſgreſſion againſt the rules of common behaviour. STEEVENS.

But, were my worth,[3] as is my conſcience, firm,
You ſhould find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go ſee the reliques of this town? [4]
Ant. To-morrow, ſir; beſt, firſt, go ſee your lodging.
Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us ſatisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.
Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk theſe ſtreets:
Once, in a ſea-fight, 'gainſt the Count his gallies,[5]
I did ſome ſervice; of ſuch note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would ſcarce be anſwer'd.
Seb. Belike, you ſlew great number of his people.
Ant. The offence is not of ſuch a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have ſince been anſwer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffick's ſake,
Moſt of our city did: only myſelf ſtood out:
For which, if I be lapſed in this place,
I ſhall pay dear.
Seb. Do not then walk too open.
Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, ſir, here's my purſe:
In the ſouth ſuburbs, at the Elephant,
Is beſt to lodge: I will beſpeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there ſhall you have me.
Seb. Why I your purſe?
Ant. Haply, your eye ſhall light upon ſome toy
You have deſire to purchaſe; and your ſtore,
I think, is not for idle markets, ſir.
Seb. I'll be your purſe-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

3 *Worth* in this place means *wealth* or *fortune*. M. MASON.

4 I ſuppoſe, Sebaſtian means, the *reliques of ſaints*, or the remains of ancient fabricks. STEEVENS.

5 I ſuſpect our author wrote—*county's* gallies, i. e. the gallies of the county, or count; and that the tranſcriber's ear deceived him. However, as the preſent reading is conformable to the miſtaken grammatical uſage of the time, I have not diſturbed the text. MALONE.

Ant. To the Elephant.—
Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter OLIVIA, *and* MARIA.

Oli. I have ſent after him: He ſays, he'll come;[6]
How ſhall I feaſt him? what beſtow on him?[7]
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.
I ſpeak too loud.——
Where is Malvolio?—he is ſad, and civil,[8]
And ſuits well for a ſervant with my fortunes;—
Where is Malvolio?
Mar. He's coming, madam;
But in ſtrange manner. He is ſure poſſeſs'd.
Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?
Mar. No, madam,
He does nothing but ſmile: your ladyſhip
Were beſt have guard about you, if he come;
For, ſure, the man is tainted in his wits.
Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,
If ſad and merry madneſs equal be.—

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio?
Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles fantaſtically.*
Oli. Smil'ſt thou?
I ſent for thee upon a ſad occaſion.
Mal. Sad, lady? I could be ſad: This does make ſome obſtruction in the blood, this croſs-gartering; But what of that? if it pleaſe the eye of one, it is with me as the very true ſonnet is: *Pleaſe one, and pleaſe all.*

Oli.

[6] i. e. I ſuppoſe now, or admit now, he ſays, he'll come. WARBURTON.

[7] The old copy reads—"beſtow *of* him," a vulgar corruption of—*en.* STEEVENS.

Of, is very commonly, in the North, ſtill uſed for *on.* HENLEY.

[8] *Civil*, in this inſtance, and ſome others, means only, *grave, decent*, or *ſolemn.* STEEVENS.

Oli. Why, how doſt thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands ſhall be executed. I think, we do know the ſweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, ſweet-heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why doſt thou ſmile ſo, and kiſs thy hand ſo oft?[9]

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your requeſt? Yes; Nightingales anſwer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with thi ridiculous boldneſs before my lady?

Mal. *Be not afraid of greatneſs:*—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meaneſt thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. *Some are born great,*—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. *Some atchieve greatneſs,*——

Oli. What ſay'ſt thou?

Mal. *And ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them.*

Oli. Heaven reſtore thee!

Mal. *Remember, who commended thy yellow ſtockings;*—

Oli. Thy yellow ſtockings?

Mal. *And wiſh'd to ſee thee croſs-garter'd.*

Oli. Croſs-garter'd?

Mal. *Go to: thou art made, if thou deſireſt to be ſo;*—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. *If not, let me ſee thee a ſervant ſtill.*

Oli. Why, this is very midſummer madneſs.[2]

[9] This fantaſtical cuſtom is taken notice of by Barnaby Riche, in *Faults and nothing but Faults*, 4to. 1606, p. 6: "—— and theſe *Flowers of Courteſie*, as they are full of affectation, ſo are they no leſs formall in their ſpeeches, full of fuſtian phraſes, many times delivering ſuch ſentences, as do betray and lay open their maſters' ignorance: and they are ſo frequent *with the kiſſe on the hand*, that word ſhall not paſſe their mouthes, till they have clapt their fingers over their lippes." REED.

[2] Hot weather often hurts the brain, which is, I ſuppoſe, alluded to here. JOHNSON.

'*Tis midſummer moon with you*, is a proverb in Ray's collection, ſignifying, you are mad. STEEVENS.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orſino's is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyſhip's pleaſure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit* Servant.] Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my couſin Toby? Let ſome of my people have a ſpecial care of him; I would not have him miſcarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt* Olivia *and* Maria.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worſe man than ſir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: ſhe ſends him on purpoſe, that I may appear ſtubborn to him; for ſhe incites me to that in the letter. *Caſt thy humble ſlough*, ſays ſhe;—*be oppoſite with a kinſman*,[3] *ſurly with ſervants*,—*let thy tongue tang with arguments of ſtate*,—*put thyſelf into the trick of ſingularity*;—and, conſequently, ſets down the manner how: as, a ſad face, a reverend carriage, a ſlow tongue, in the habit of ſome ſir of note, and ſo forth. I have limed her;[4] but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when ſhe went away now, *Let this fellow be look'd to:* Fellow![5] not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a ſcruple, no ſcruple of a ſcruple, no obſtacle, no incredulous or unſafe circumſtance,—What can be ſaid? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full proſpect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter Maria, *with* Sir Toby Belch, *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of ſanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himſelf poſſeſſed him, yet I'll ſpeak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is:—How is't with you, ſir? how is't with you, man?

Mal.

3 *Oppoſite*, here, as in many other places, means—*adverſe, hoſtile.* Malone.

4 I have entangled or caught her, as a bird is caught with *birdlime.* Johnson.

5 This word, which originally ſignified *companion*, was not yet totally degraded to its preſent meaning; and Malvolio takes it in the favourable ſenſe. Johnson.

Mal. Go off; I diſcard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend ſpeaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does ſhe ſo?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we muſt deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: conſider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you ſay?

Mar. La you, an you ſpeak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

Fab. Carry his water to the wiſe woman.

Mar. Marry, and it ſhall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not loſe him for more than I'll ſay.

Mal. How now, miſtreſs?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: Do you not ſee, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleneſs; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly uſed.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how doſt thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit [6] with Satan: Hang him, foul collier! [7]

Mar. Get him to ſay his prayers; good ſir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godlineſs.

Mal.

[6] *Cherry-pit* is pitching cherry-ſtones into a little hole. Naſh, ſpeaking of the paint on ladies' faces, ſays: "You may play at *cherry-pit* in their cheeks." STEEVENS.

[7] *Collier* was, in our author's time, a term of the higheſt reproach. So great were the impoſitions practiſed by the venders of coals, that R. Greene at the concluſion of his *Notable Diſcovery of Cozenage*, 1592, has publiſhed what he calls, *A pleaſant Diſcovery of the Coſenage of Colliers.*

STEEVENS.

The devil is called *Collier* for his blackneſs; *Like will to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier.* JOHNSON.

Mal. Go, hang yourſelves all! you are idle ſhallow things: I am not of your element; you ſhall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't poſſible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a ſtage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, purſue him now; leſt the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we ſhall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The houſe will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleaſure, and his penance, till our very paſtime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen.[8] But ſee, but ſee.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.[9]

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't ſo ſawcy?

Sir And. Ay, is it, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*reads.*] *Youth, whatſoever thou art, thou art but a ſcurvy fellow.*

Fab.

[8] This is, I think, an alluſion to the *witch-finders*, who were very buſy. JOHNSON.

If there he any doubt whether a culprit is become *non compos mentis*, after indictment, conviction, or judgement, the matter is tried by a jury; and if he be *found* either an ideot or *lunatick*, the lenity of the Engliſh law will not permit him, in the firſt caſe, to be tried, in the ſecond, to receive judgement, or in the third, to be executed. In other caſes alſo inqueſts are held for the *finding of madmen.* MALONE.

Finders of madmen muſt have been thoſe who acted under the writ *De lunatico inquirendo*; in virtue whereof they *found* the man *mad.* It does not appear that a *finder of madmen* was ever a profeſſion, which was moſt certainly the caſe with *witch-finders.* RITSON.

[9] It was uſual on the firſt of *May* to exhibit metrical interludes of the comic kind, as well as the *morris-dance*, of which a plate is given at the end of the Firſt Part of *King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's obſervations on it. STEEVENS.

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. *Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee ſo, for I will ſhow thee no reaſon for't.*

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. *Thou comeſt to the lady Olivia, and in my ſight ſhe uſes thee kindly: but thou lieſt in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good ſenſe-leſs.

Sir To. *I will way lay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—*

Fab. Good.

Sir To. *Thou kill'ſt me like a rogue and a villain.*

Fab. Still you keep o'the windy ſide of the law: Good.

Sir To. *Fare thee well; And God have mercy upon one of our ſouls! He may have mercy upon mine;* [2] *but my hope is better, and ſo look to thyſelf. Thy friend, as thou uſeſt him, and thy ſworn enemy,* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occaſion for't; he is now in ſome commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, ſir Andrew; ſcout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: ſo ſoon as ever thou ſeeſt him, draw; and, as thou draw'ſt, ſwear horrible: [3] for it comes to paſs oft, that a terrible oath, with a ſwaggering accent ſharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itſelf would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for ſwearing. [*Exit.*

Sir

[2] We may read—*He may have mercy upon* thine, *but my hope is better.* Yet the paſſage may well enough ſtand without alteration.

It were much to be wiſhed that Shakſpeare, in this, and ſome other paſſages, had not ventured ſo near profaneneſs. JOHNSON.

The preſent reading is more humourous than that ſuggeſted by Johnſon. The man on whoſe ſoul he hopes that God will have mercy, is the one that he ſuppoſes will fall in the combat: but Sir Andrew hopes to eſcape unhurt, and to have no preſent occaſion for that bleſſing.

The ſame idea occurs in *Henry V.* where Mrs. Quickly, giving an account of poor Falſtaff's diſſolution, ſays: "Now I, to comfort him, bid him not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himſelf with any ſuch thoughts yet." M. MASON.

[3] Adjectives are often uſed by our author and his contemporaries, adverbially. MALONE.

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no leſs; therefore this letter, being ſo excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, ſir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; ſet upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it,) into a moſt hideous opinion of his rage, ſkill, fury, and impetuoſity. This will ſo fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA *and* VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and preſently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon ſome horrid meſſage for a challenge.

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, FABIAN, *and* MARIA.

Oli. I have ſaid too much unto a heart of ſtone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out;
There's ſomething in me, that reproves my fault;
But ſuch a headſtrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the ſame 'haviour that your paſſion bears,
Go on my maſter's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me,[3] 'tis my picture;
Refuſe it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beſeech you, come again to-morrow.
What ſhall you aſk of me, that I'll deny;
That honour, ſav'd, may upon aſking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my maſter.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;
A fiend, like thee, might bear my ſoul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God ſave thee.

Vio.

[3] *Jewel* does not properly ſignify a ſingle *gem*, but any precious ornament or ſuperfluity. JOHNSON.

Vio. And you, ſir.

Sir To. That defence thou haſt, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou haſt done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of deſpight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: diſmount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy aſſailant is quick, ſkilful, and deadly.

Vio. You miſtake, ſir; I am ſure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwiſe, I aſſure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your oppoſite hath in him what youth, ſtrength, ſkill, and wrath, can furniſh man withal.

Vio. I pray you, ſir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubb'd with unhack'd[4] rapier, and on carpet conſideration;[5] but he is a devil in private brawl: ſouls

[4] The modern editors read—*unback'd*. It appears from Cotgrave's Dictionary in v. *bacher*, [to hack, hew, &c.] that to *batch* the hilt of a ſword, was a technical term.——Perhaps we ought to read—with *an batch'd* rapier, i. e. with a rapier, the hilt of which was richly *engraved* and ornamented. Our author, however, might have uſed *unbatch'd* in the ſenſe of *unback'd*; and therefore I have made no change. MALONE.

[5] That is, he is no ſoldier by profeſſion, not a knight banneret, dubbed in the field of battle, but, *on carpet conſideration*, at a feſtivity, or on ſome peaceable occaſion, when knights receive their dignity kneeling, not on the ground, as in war, but on a *carpet*. This is, I believe, the original of the contemptuous term a *carpet knight*, who was naturally held in ſcorn by the men of war. JOHNSON.

In *Francis Markham's Booke of Honour*, fo. 1625, p. 71, we have the following account of *Carpet Knights*. "Next unto theſe (i. e. thoſe he diſtinguiſhes by the title of *Dunghill or Truck Knights*) in degree, but not in qualitie, (for theſe are truly for the moſt part vertuous and worthie) is that rank of Knights which are called *Carpet Knights*, being men who are by the prince's grace and favour made knights at home and in the time of peace by the impoſition or laying on of the king's ſword, having by ſome ſpecial ſervice done to the commonwealth, or for ſome other particular virtues made known to the ſoveraigne, as alſo for the dignitie of their births, and in recompence of noble and famous actions done by their anceſtors, deſerved this great title and dignitie." He then enumerates the ſeveral orders of men on whom this honour was uſually conferred; and adds——"thoſe of the vulgar or common ſort are called *Carpet Knights*, becauſe (for the moſt part) they receive their honour from the king's hand in the court, and upon *carpets*, and ſuch like ornaments belonging to the king's ſtate and greatneſſe; *which howſoever a curious envie may wreſt to an*

ill

ſouls and bodies hath he divorced thee; and his incenſement at this moment is ſo implacable, that ſatisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and ſepulchre: hob, nob,[7] is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the houſe, and deſire ſome conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of ſome kind of men, that put quarrels purpoſely on others, to taſte their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itſelf out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his deſire. Back you ſhall not to the houſe, unleſs you undertake that with me, which with as much ſafety you might anſwer him: therefore, on, or ſtrip yourſelf ſtark naked; for meddle[8] you muſt, that's certain, or forſwear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as ſtrange. I beſeech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is ſomething of my negligence, nothing of my purpoſe.

Sir To. I will do ſo. Signior Fabian, ſtay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit* SIR TOBY.

Vio. Pray you, ſir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incenſed againſt you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumſtance more.

Vio. I beſeech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promiſe, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, ſir, the moſt ſkilful, bloody, and fatal oppoſite

ill ſenſe, yet queſtionleſſe there is no ſhadow of diſgrace belonging unto it, for it is an honour as perfect as any honour whatſoever, and the ſervices and merits for which it is received, as worthy and well deſerving both of the king and country, as that which hath wounds and ſcarres for his witneſſe." REED.

Greene uſes the term *Carpet-knights* in contempt of thoſe of whom he is ſpeaking. STEEVENS.

[7] This adverb is corrupted from *hap ne hap*; as *would ne would, will ne will*; that is, *let it happen or not*; and ſignifies at random, at the mercy of chance. See Johnſon's Dictionary. STEEVENS.

Is not this the origin of our *bob nob*, or challenge to drink a glaſs of wine at dinner? M. MASON.

[8] Is here perhaps uſed in the ſame ſenſe as the French *mêlée*. STEEVENS.

oppoſite that you could poſſibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I ſhall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with ſir prieſt, than ſir knight: I care not who knows ſo much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter SIR TOBY, *with* SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; [9] I have not ſeen ſuch a virago.[2] I had a paſs with him, rapier, ſcabbard, and all, and he gives me the ſtuck-in,[3] with ſuch a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the anſwer, he pays you [4] as ſurely as your feet hit the ground they ſtep on: They ſay, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can ſcarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and ſo cunning in fence, I'd have ſeen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter ſlip, and I'll give him my horſe, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good ſhow on't; this ſhall end without the perdition of ſouls: Marry, I'll ride your horſe as well as I ride you. [*Aſide.*

Re-enter

[9] Shakſpeare might have caught a hint for this ſcene from Ben Jonſon's *Silent Woman*, which was printed in 1609. The behaviour of Viola and Ague-cheek appears to have been formed on that of Sir John Daw, and Sir Amorous La Foole. STEEVENS.

[2] *Virago* cannot be properly uſed here, unleſs we ſuppoſe Sir Toby to mean, I never ſaw one that had ſo much the look of a woman with the proweſs of man. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads—*firago*. A *virago* always means a female warrior, or, in low language, a ſcold, or turbulent woman. If Shakſpeare (who knew Viola to be a woman, though ſir Toby did not) has made no blunder, Dr Johnſon has ſupplied the only obvious meaning of the word. *Firago* may however be a ludicrous term of Shakſpeare's coinage. STEEVENS.

Why may not the meaning be more ſimple, "I have never ſeen the moſt furious woman ſo obſtreperous and violent as he is?" MALONE.

[3] The *ſtuck* is a corrupted abbreviation of the *ſtoccata*, an Italian term in fencing. STEEVENS.

[4] i. e. hits you, does for you. STEEVENS.

Re-enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

I have his horſe [*to* FAB.] to take up the quarrel; I have perſuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him;[5] and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, ſir; he will fight with you for his oath ſake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now ſcarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the ſupportance of his vow; he proteſts, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [*Aſide.*

Fab. Give ground, if you ſee him furious.

Sir To. Come, ſir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will for his honour's ſake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello[6] avoid it: but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a ſoldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath! [*draws.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do aſſure you, 'tis againſt my will. [*draws.*

Ant. Put up your ſword;—If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*drawing.*

Sir To. You, ſir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, ſir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker,[7] I am for you. [*draws.*

Fab.

[5] That is, he has as horrid an idea or conception of him. MALONE.

[6] i. e. by the laws of the *duello*, which, in Shakſpeare's time, were ſettled with the utmoſt nicety. STEEVENS.

[7] But why was an *undertaker* ſo offenſive a character? I believe this is *a touch upon the times*, which may help to determine the date of this play. At the meeting of the parliament in 1614, there appears to have been a very general perſuaſion, or jealouſy at leaſt, that the King had been induced to call a parliament at that time, by certain perſons, who *had undertaken*, through their influence in the Houſe of Commons, to carry things according

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good ſir Toby, hold; here come the officers.
Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [*To* ANTONIO.
Vio. Pray, ſir, put your ſword up, if you pleaſe.
[*To* SIR ANDREW.
Sir And. Marry, will I, ſir;—and, for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you eaſily, and reins well.
1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.
2 *Off.* Antonio, I arreſt thee at the ſuit
Of count Orſino.
Ant. You do miſtake me, ſir.
1 *Off.* No, ſir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no ſea-cap on your head.
Take him away; he knows, I know him well.
Ant. I muſt obey.—This comes with ſeeking you;
But there's no remedy; I ſhall anſwer it.
What will you do? Now my neceſſity
Makes me to aſk you for my purſe: It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myſelf. You ſtand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.
2 *Off.* Come, ſir, away.
Ant. I muſt entreat of you ſome of that money.
Vio. What money, ſir?
For the fair kindneſs you have ſhow'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your preſent trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability

I'll

according to his Majeſty's wiſhes. Theſe perſons were immediately ſtigmatized with the invidious name of *undertakers*; and the idea was ſo unpopular, that the King thought it neceſſary, in two ſet ſpeeches, to deny poſitively (how truly is another queſtion) that there had been any ſuch *undertaking*. *Parl. Hiſt.* Vol. V. p. 277, and 286. Sir Francis Bacon alſo (then Attorney-general) made an artful, apologetical ſpeech in the Houſe of Commons upon the ſame ſubject; *when the houſe* (according to the title of the ſpeech) *was in great heat, and much troubled about the undertakers.* Bacon's Works, Vol. II. p. 236, 4to. edit. TYRWHITT.

Undertakers were perſons employed by the King's purveyors to take up proviſions for the royal houſehold, and were no doubt exceedingly odious! But ſtill, I think, the ſpeaker intends a quibble; the ſimple meaning of the word being one who undertakes, or takes up the quarrel or buſineſs of another. RITSON.

I'll lend you ſomething: my having is not much;
I'll make diviſion of my preſent with you:
Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't poſſible, that my deſerts to you
Can lack perſuaſion? Do not tempt my miſery,
Leſt that it make me ſo unſound a man,
As to upbraid you with thoſe kindneſſes
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainneſs, babbling, drunkenneſs,
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themſelves!

2 *Off.* Come, ſir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me ſpeak a little. This youth that you ſee here,
I ſnatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with ſuch ſanctity of love,——
And to his image, which, methought, did promiſe
Moſt venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by; away.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou haſt, Sebaſtian, done good feature ſhame.—
In nature there's no blemiſh, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflouriſh'd by the devil.[8]

1 *Off.* The man grows mad; away with him.
Come, come, ſir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt* Officers, *with* ANTONIO.

Vio. Methinks, his words do from ſuch paſſion fly,
That

[8] In the time of Shakſpeare, trunks, which are now depoſited in lumber-rooms, or other obſcure places, were part of the furniture of apartments in which company was received. I have ſeen more than one of theſe, as old as the time of our poet. They were richly ornamented on the tops and ſides with ſcroll-work, emblematical devices, &c. and were elevated on feet. Shakſpeare has the ſame expreſſion in *Meaſure for Meaſure*. STEEVENS.

That he believes himſelf; ſo do not I.[9]
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll whiſper o'er a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſaws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebaſtian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glaſs;[2] even ſuch, and ſo,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempeſts are kind, and ſalt waves freſh in love! [*Exit.*

Sir To. A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his diſhoneſty appears, in leaving his friend here in neceſſity, and denying him; and for his cowardſhip, aſk Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a moſt devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him ſoundly, but never draw thy ſword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's ſee the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street before Olivia's *houſe.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe, that I am not ſent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a fooliſh fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not ſent to you by my lady, to bid you come ſpeak with

[9] This, I believe, means, I do not yet believe myſelf, when, from this accident, I gather hope of my brother's life. JOHNSON.

[2] I ſuppoſe Viola means—*As often as I behold myſelf in my glaſs*, I think I *ſee my brother alive*; i. e. I *acknowledge* that his reſemblance *ſurvives* in the reflection of my own figure. STEEVENS.

with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else;
Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool.[3] Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber[4] the world will prove a cockney.[5] —I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek,[6] depart from me;
There's money for thee; if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.[7]

Enter

[3] This affected word seems to have been in use in Shakspeare's time. In *Melvil's Memoirs*, p. 198, we have "My Lord Lindsay *vented* himself that he was one of the number," &c. REED.

[4] That is, affectation and foppery will overspread the world. JOHNSON.

[5] So, in *A Knight's Conjuring*, by Decker: "——'tis not their fault, but our mothers', our *cockering* mothers, who for their labour make us to be called *Cockneys*, &c. STEEVENS.

[6] Greek, was as much as to say bawd or pander. He understood the Clown to be acting in that office. A bawdy-house was called Corinth, and the frequenters of it Corinthians, which words occur frequently in Shakspeare, especially in *Timon of Athens*, and *Henry IV*. Yet the Oxford editor alters it to *Geck*. WARBURTON.

[7] This seems to carry a piece of satire upon *monopolies*, the crying grievance of that time. The grants generally were for fourteen years; and the petitions being referred to a committee, it was suspected that money gained favourable reports from thence. WARBURTON.

Perhaps *fourteen years' purchase* was in Shakspeare's time, the highest price for land. Lord Bacon's *Essay on Usury* mentions *sixteen* years purchase. "I will not give more than according to *fifteen* years purchase, said a dying usurer to a clergyman, who advised him to study for a purchase of the kingdom of heaven." TOLLET.

Mr. Heath thinks the meaning is, "——purchase a good report [or character] at a very extravagant price." MALONE.

Dr. Warburton's conjecture that there is here a reference to monopolies, is, I believe, unfounded. Mr. Tollet and Mr. Heath are probably right. Sir Josiah Child, in his Discourse on Trade, says, "—*certainly* anno 1621, the

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, ſir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: Are all the people mad? [*Beating* SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Hold, ſir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the houſe.

Clo. This will I tell my lady ſtraight: I would not be in ſome of your coats for two-pence. [*Exit* Clown.

Sir To. Come on, ſir; hold. [*Holding* SEBASTIAN.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery againſt him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I ſtruck him firſt, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, ſir, I will not let you go. Come, my young ſoldier, put up your iron: you are well fleſh'd; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What would'ſt thou now? If thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy ſword. [*draws.*

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I muſt have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*draws.*

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my ſight!
Be not offended, dear Ceſario:——
Rudeſby, be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.
Let thy fair wiſdom, not thy paſſion, ſway

the current price of lands in England was *twelve* years purchaſe; and ſo I have been aſſured by many ancient men whom I have queſtioned particularly as to this matter; and I find it ſo by purchaſes made about that time by my own relations and acquaintance." Sir Thomas Culpepper, ſenior, who wrote in 1621, affirms, "that land was then at *twelve* years purchaſe." REED.

In this uncivil and unjuſt extent [8]
Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe;
And hear thou there how many fruitleſs pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up,[9] that thou thereby
May'ſt ſmile at this: thou ſhalt not chooſe but go;
Do not deny: Beſhrew his ſoul for me,
He ſtarted one poor heart of mine in thee.[2]

Seb. What reliſh is in this?[3] how runs the ſtream?
Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dream:—
Let fancy ſtill my ſenſe in Lethe ſteep;
If it be thus to dream, ſtill let me ſleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would, thoud'ſt be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, ſay ſo, and ſo be! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A room in Olivia's *houſe.*

Enter MARIA *and* Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this beard: make him believe, thou art ſir Topas the curate; do it quickly: I'll call ſir Toby the whilſt. [*Exit* MARIA.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will diſſemble myſelf [4] in't; and I would I were the firſt that ever diſſembled in ſuch a gown.

[8] *Extent* is, in law, a writ of execution, whereby goods are ſeized for the King. It is therefore taken here for *violence* in general. JOHNSON.

[9] A coarſe expreſſion for *made up*, as a bad tailor is called a *botcher*, and to botch is to make clumſily. JOHNSON.

[2] I know not whether here be not an ambiguity intended between *heart* and *hart*. The ſenſe however is eaſy enough. *He that offends thee, attacks one of my hearts*; or, as the ancients expreſſed it, *half my heart*. JOHNSON.

The equivoque ſuggeſted by Dr. Johnſon was, I have no doubt, intended. *Heart* in our author's time was frequently written *hart*; and Shakſpeare delights in playing on theſe words. MALONE.

[3] How does this taſte? What judgement am I to make of it? JOHNSON.

[4] i. e. diſguiſe myſelf. MALONE.

Shakſpeare has here ſtumbled on a Latiniſm: Thus Ovid, ſpeaking of Achilles:

" Veſte virum longa *diſſimulatus* erat. STEEVENS.

gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well;[5] nor lean enough to be thought a good ſtudent: but to be ſaid, an honeſt man, and a good houſekeeper, goes as fairly, as to ſay, a careful man, and a great ſcholar.[6] The competitors enter.[7]

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, *and* MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bleſs thee, maſter parſon.

Clo. Bonos dies, ſir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never ſaw pen and ink, very wittingly ſaid to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is*: [8]ſo I, being maſter parſon, am maſter parſon; For what is that, but that; and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, ſir Topas.

Clo. What, hoa, I ſay,—Peace in this priſon!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*in an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to viſit Malvolio the lunatick.

Mal. Sir Topas, ſir Topas, good ſir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexeſt thou this man? talkeſt thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well ſaid, maſter parſon.

5 This cannot be right. The word wanted ſhould be part of the deſcription of *a careful man*. I ſhould have no objection to read—*pale*.

TYRWHITT.

Not tall enough, perhaps means *not of ſufficient height to overlook a pulpit*.

STEEVENS.

6 This refers to what went before: *I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good ſtudent*: it is plain then Shakſpeare wrote:—*as to ſay a* graceful *man*, i. e. comely. To this the Oxford editor ſays, *rectè*. WARBURTON.

A *careful* man, I believe, means a man who has ſuch a regard for his character, as to intitle him to ordination. STEEVENS.

7 That is, the confederates or aſſociates. The word *competitor* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *Richard III.* and in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

M. MASON.

8 This is a very humourous banter of the rules eſtabliſhed in the ſchools, that all reaſonings are *ex præcognitis & præconceſſis*, which lay the foundation of every ſcience in theſe maxims, *whatſoever is, is*; *and it is impoſſible for the ſame thing to be and not to be*; with much trifling of the like kind. WARBURTON.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd: good ſir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkneſs.

Clo. Fye, thou diſhoneſt Sathan! I call thee by the moſt modeſt terms; for I am one of thoſe gentle ones, that will uſe the devil himſelf with courteſy; Say'ſt thou, that houſe[9] is dark?

Mal. As hell, ſir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows[2] tranſparent as barricadoes, and the clear ſtones towards the ſouth-north are as luſtrous as ebony; and yet complaineſt thou of obſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad, ſir Topas; I ſay to you, this houſe is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou erreſt: I ſay, there is no darkneſs, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I ſay, this houſe is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I ſay, there was never man thus abuſed: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any conſtant queſtion.[3]

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the ſoul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'ſt thou of this opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the ſoul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou ſtill in darkneſs: thou ſhalt

[9] That manſion, in which you are now confined. The clown gives this pompous appellation to the ſmall room in which Malvolio, we may ſuppoſe, was confined, to exaſperate him. The word *it* in the clown's next ſpeech plainly means Malvolio's chamber, and confirms this interpretation. MALONE.

[2] A *bay-window* is the ſame as a *bow-window*; a window *in a receſs*, or *bay*. See *A. Wood's Life*, publiſhed by T. Hearne, 1730, p. 548 and 553. STEEVENS.

See Minſheu's DICT. in v. "A *bay-window*,—becauſe it is builded in manner of a baie or rode for ſhippes, that is, round. L. *Cavæ feneſtræ*. G. Une feneſtre ſort anthors de la maiſon." MALONE.

[3] A ſettled, a determinate, a regular queſtion. JOHNSON.

Rather, in any regular *converſation*, for ſo generally Shakſpeare uſes the word *queſtion*. MALONE.

ſhalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock,[4] leſt thou diſpoſſeſs the ſoul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, ſir Topas,—

Sir To. My moſt exquiſite ſir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.[5]

Mar. Thou might'ſt have done this without thy beard, and gown; he ſees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'ſt him: I would, we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were; for I am now ſo far in offence with my niece, that I cannot purſue with any ſafety this ſport to the upſhot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY *and* MARIA.

CLO. *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,*[6]
Tell me how thy lady does. [*Singing.*

4 The Clown mentions a *woodcock* particularly, becauſe that bird was ſuppoſed to have very little brains, and therefore was a proper anceſtor for a man out of his wits. MALONE.

5 A phraſe taken from the actor's ability of making the audience cry either with mirth or grief. WARBURTON.

I rather think this expreſſion borrowed from ſportſmen, and relating to the qualifications of a complete ſpaniel. JOHNSON.

A cloak for all kinds of knavery; taken from the Italian proverb, *Tu hai mantillo da ogni acqua.* SMITH.

I can turn my hand to any thing; I can aſſume any character I pleaſe; like a fiſh, I can ſwim equally in all waters. The equivoque ſuggeſted in the following note may, however, have been alſo in our author's thoughts. MALONE.

The word *water*, as uſed by jewellers, denotes the colour and luſtre of diamonds, and from thence is applied, though with leſs propriety, to the colour and hue of other precious ſtones. I think that Shakſpeare, in this place, alludes to this ſenſe of the word *water*, not to thoſe adopted either by Johnſon or Warburton. The Clown is complimented by ſir Toby, for perſonating ſir *Topas* ſo exquiſitely; to which he replies, that he can put on all colours, alluding to the word *Topaz*, which is the name of a jewel, and was alſo that of the Curate. M. MASON.

Mr. Henley has adopted the ſame idea; and adds,—that "the Clown in his reply plays upon the name of *Topas*, and intimates that he could ſuſtain as well the character of any other perſon, let him be called by what *gem* he might." STEEVENS.

6 This ſong ſhould certainly begin:

"Hey

Mal. Fool,—
Clo. *My lady is unkind, perdy.*
Mal. Fool,—
Clo. *Alas, why is she so?*
Mal. Fool, I say;—
Clo. *She loves another*—Who calls, ha?
Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.
Clo. Master Malvolio!
Mal. Ay, good fool.
Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?[8]
Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.
Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.
Mal. They have here property'd me;[9] keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.
Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.
Mal. Sir Topas,——
Clo. Maintain no words with him,[2] good fellow.—Who, I, sir?

" Hey, jolly Robin, tell to me
" How does thy lady, do?—
" My lady is unkind, perdy.—
" Alas, why is she so? FARMER.

This song seems to be alluded to in the following passage of *The Merchandises of Popish Priestes*, 4to. 1629, Sign. F. 2.——" there is no one so lively and jolly as St. Mathurine. I can best describe you this arch singer, by such common phrase as we use of him whom we see very lively and pleasantly disposed, we say this, *His head is full of jolly Robbins.*" REED.

[8] Thus the *five senses* were anciently called. STEEVENS.

The *Wits*, Dr. Johnson some where observes, were reckoned *five* in analogy to the five senses. From Stephen Hawes's poem called *Graunde Amoure*, ch. xxiv. edit. 1554, it appears that the *five wits* were—" common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory." *Wit* in our author's time was the general term for the intellectual power. MALONE.

[9] They have taken possession of me, as of a man unable to look to himself. JOHNSON.

[2] Here the Clown in the dark acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variatio

I, ſir? not I, ſir. God b'w'you, good ſir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, ſir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I ſay,—

Clo. Alas, ſir, be patient. What ſay you, ſir? I am ſhent[3] for ſpeaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to ſome light, and ſome paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day,—that you were, ſir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, ſome ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will ſet down to my lady; it ſhall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?[4]

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I ſee his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the higheſt degree: I pr'ythee, be gone.

variation of voice, a dialogue between himſelf and ſir Topas. ——*I will, ſir, I will,* is ſpoken after a pauſe, as if, in the mean time, ſir Topas had whiſpered. JOHNSON.

3 i. e. *ſcolded, reproved.* REED.

4 If he was not mad, what did he counterfeit by declaring that he was not mad? The fool, who meant to inſult him, I think, aſks, *are you mad, or do you but counterfeit?* That is, *you look like a madman, you talk like a madman: Is your madneſs real, or have you any ſecret deſign in it?* This, to a man in poor Malvolio's ſtate, was a ſevere taunt. JOHNSON.

The meaning of this paſſage appears to me to be this. Malvolio had aſſured the Clown that he was as well in his ſenſes as any man in Illyria; and the Clown in reply, aſks him this provoking queſtion: "Is it true that you are really not mad?" that is, that you are really in your right ſenſes, or do you only pretend to be ſo? M. MASON.

Dr. Johnſon, in my apprehenſion, miſinterprets the words, "— do you but counterfeit?" They ſurely mean, "do you but counterfeit *madneſs*, or, in other words, "aſſume the appearance of a madman, though not one." Our author ought, I think, to have written, either, "— are you *mad* indeed, *or* do you but counterfeit?" or elſe, "—are you *not* not mad indeed, *and* do you but counterfeit?" But I do not ſuſpect any corruption; for the laſt I have no doubt was what he *meant*, though he has not expreſſed his meaning accurately. He is often careleſs in ſuch minute matters. Mr. Maſon's interpretation removes the difficulty; but, conſidering the words that immediately precede, is very harſh, and appears to be inadmiſſible. MALONE.

Clo. *I am gone, ſir,*
And anon, ſir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,[5]
Your need to ſuſtain;
Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman drivel.[6] [Exit.

SCENE

[5] The *vice* was the fool of the old moralities. Some traces of this character are ſtill preſerved in puppet-ſhows, and by country mummers. JOHNSON.

This character was always acted in a *maſk*; it probably had its name from the old French word *vis*, for which they now uſe *viſage*, though they ſtill retain it in *vis à vis*, which is literally, *face to face*. STEEVENS.

[6] This laſt line has neither rhime nor meaning. I cannot but ſuſpect that the fool tranſlates *Malvolio*'s name, and ſays:

Adieu, goodman mean-evil. JOHNSON.

We have here another old catch; apparently, I think, not of Shakſpeare. I am therefore willing to receive the common reading of the laſt line:

Adieu, goodman drivel.

The name of *Malvolio* ſeems to have been form'd by an accidental tranſpoſition in the word, *Malivolo*.

I know not whether a part of the preceding line ſhould not be thrown into a queſtion, "pare thy nails, dad?"

In *Henry V.* we again meet with "this roaring devil i'th' old play; every one may *pare his nails* with a wooden dagger." FARMER.

In the old tranſlation of the *Menæchmi*, 1595, Menæchmus ſays to Peniculus: "Away, filthie *mad drivell*, away! I will talk no longer with thee." As I cannot ſuppoſe the author of this ballad deſigned that *devil* ſhould be the correſponding rhyme to *devil*, I read with Dr. Farmer, *drivel*. STEEVENS.

I believe, with Johnſon, that this is an alluſion to *Malvolio's name*, but not in his reading, which deſtroys the metre. We ſhould read—

Adieu, good mean-evil:

that is, *good Malvolio*, literally tranſlated. M. MASON.

The laſt two lines of this ſong have, I think, been miſunderſtood. They are not addreſſed in the *firſt* inſtance to Malvolio, but are quoted by the Clown, as the words, *ah, ha!* are, as the uſual addreſs in the old Moralities

SCENE III.

Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious ſun;
This pearl ſhe gave me, I do feel't, and ſee't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madneſs. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to ſeek me out.[7]
His counſel now might do me golden ſervice:
For though my ſoul diſputes well with my ſenſe,
That this may be ſome error, but no madneſs,

ralities to the Devil. I do not therefore ſuſpect any corruption in the words "goodman *Devil.*" We have in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*:—"No *man* means evil but the *devil*;" and in *Much ado about Nothing*, "God's a good *man.*"

The compound, *good-man*, is again uſed adjectively, and as a word of contempt, in *King Lear*:—"Part (ſays Edmund to Kent and the Steward.) "With you, (replies Kent,) *good-man boy*, if you pleaſe."

The reaſon why the Vice exhorts the Devil to pare his nails, is, becauſe the Devil was ſuppoſed from choice to keep his nails always unpared, and therefore to pare them was an affront. MALONE.

[7] i. e. I found it juſtified, credibly vouched. Whether the word *credit* will eaſily carry this meaning, I am doubtful. The expreſſion ſeems obſcure; and though I have not diſturbed the text, I very much ſuſpect that the poet wrote:

—— *and there I found this* credent. THEOBALD.

Credit, for account, information. The Oxford editor roundly alters it to *current*; as he does almoſt every word that Shakſpeare uſes in an anomalous ſignification. WARBURTON.

Theobald propoſes to read *credent*, but *credent* does not ſignify juſtified or vouched; it means probable only, as appears from the paſſage he himſelf has quoted. Warburton ſays, that *credit* means account or information; but as I know no inſtance of the word's being uſed in that acceptation, I believe we ſhould read, *credited* inſtead of *credit*. M. MASON.

Credent is creditable, not queſtionable. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Angelo ſays:

"For my authority bears a *credent* bulk." STEEVENS.

Perhaps *credit* is here uſed for *credited*. So, in the firſt ſcene of this play, *beat* for *beated*; and in *Hamlet*, *boiſt* for *boiſted*. MALONE.

Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all inſtance, all diſcourſe,[8]
That I am ready to diſtruſt mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reaſon, that perſuades me
To any other truſt,[9] but that I am mad,
Or elſe the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere ſo,
She could not ſway her houſe, command her followers,
Take, and give back, affairs, and their diſpatch,
With ſuch a ſmooth, diſcreet, and ſtable bearing,
As, I perceive, ſhe does: there's ſomething in't,
That is deceivable.[2] But here comes the lady.

Enter OLIVIA, *and a* Prieſt.

Oli. Blame not this haſte of mine: If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by:[3] there, before him,
And underneath that conſecrated roof,
Plight me the full aſſurance of your faith;
That my moſt jealous and too doubtful ſoul
May live at peace: He ſhall conceal it,
Whiles[4] you are willing it ſhall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you ſay?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having ſworn truth,[5] ever will be true.

Oli.

8 *Diſcourſe*, for reaſon. WARBURTON.
Inſtance is *example*. JOHNSON.

9 To any other belief, or confidence, to any other fixed opinion. JOHNSON.

2 Our author licentiouſly uſes this word for *deceptious*. MALONE.

3 *Chantries* (ſays Cowel in his *Law Dictionary*) are uſually little chapels, or particular altars, in ſome cathedral or parochial church; and endowed with revenues for the maintenance of one or more prieſts, whoſe office it is to ſing maſſes for the ſouls of their founders, &c. STEEVENS.

4 *Whiles* —] is *until*. This word is ſtill ſo uſed in the northern countries. It is, I think, uſed in this ſenſe in the preface to the Accidence. JOHNSON.

Almoſt throughout the old copies of Shakſpeare, *whiles* is given us inſtead of *while*. Mr. Rowe, the firſt reformer of his ſpelling, made the change. STEEVENS.

5 *Truth* is *fidelity*. JOHNSON.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father;—And heavens so shine,[6]
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Street before Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Clown, *and* FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou loveſt me, let me ſee his letter.
Clo. Good maſter Fabian, grant me another requeſt.
Fab. Any thing.
Clo. Do not deſire to ſee this letter.
Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompence, deſire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Belong you to the lady ~~Olivia~~, friends?
Clo. Ay, ſir; we are ſome of her trappings.
Duke. I know thee well; How doſt thou, my good fellow?
Clo. Truly, ſir, the better for my foes, and the worſe for my friends.
Duke. Juſt the contrary; the better for thy friends.
Clo. No, ſir, the worſe.
Duke. How can that be?
Clo. Marry, ſir, they praiſe me, and make an aſs of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an aſs: ſo that by my foes, ſir, I profit in the knowledge of myſelf; and by my friends I am abuſed: ſo that, concluſions to be as kiſſes, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives,[7] why, then the worſe for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke.

[6] Alluding perhaps to a ſuperſtitious ſuppoſition, the memory of which is ſtill preſerved in a proverbial ſaying: "*Happy is the bride upon whom the ſun ſhines, and bleſſed the corpſe upon which the rain falls.*" STEEVENS.

[7] One cannot but wonder, that this paſſage ſhould have perplexed the commentators. In Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*, the Queen ſays to the Moor:

"——— Come,

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, ſir, no; though it pleaſe you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou ſhalt not be the worſe for me; there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, ſir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counſel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, ſir, for this once, and let your fleſh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be ſo much a ſinner to be a double dealer; there's another.

Clo. *Primo, ſecundo, tertio,* is a good play; and the old ſaying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex*, ſir, is a good tripping meaſure; or the bells of St. Bennet,[8] ſir, may put you in mind; One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to ſpeak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, ſir; lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, ſir; but I would not have you to think, that my deſire of having is the ſin of covetouſneſs: but, as you ſay, ſir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit* Clown.

"——— Come, let's kiſſe."

Moor. "Away, away."

Queen. "No, no, ſayes, *I*; and *twice away*, ſayes *ſtay*."

Sir Philip Sidney has enlarged upon this thought in the ſixty-third ſtanza of his *Aſtrophel and Stella.* FARMER.

8 That is, if the other arguments I have uſed are not ſufficient, the bells of St. Bennet, &c. MALONE.

We ſhould read—"*as* the bells of St. Bennet," &c. inſtead of *or*.

M. MASON.

When in this play Shakſpeare mentioned the *bed of* Ware, he recollected that the ſcene was in Illyria, and added, *in England*; but his ſenſe of the ſame impropriety could not reſtrain him from the bells of St. Bennet.

JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare's impropriety and anachroniſms are ſurely venial in compariſon with thoſe of contemporary writers. Lodge, in his *True Tragedies of Marius and Sylla*, 1594, has mentioned *the razors of Palermo* and *St. Paul's ſteeple*, and has introduced a *Frenchman*, named *Don Pedro*, who, in conſideration of receiving *forty crowns*, undertakes to poiſon Marius.

STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter ANTONIO, *and* Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, ſir, that did reſcue me.
Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I ſaw it laſt, it was beſmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the ſmoke of war:
A bawbling veſſel was he captain of,
For ſhallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;
With which ſuch ſcathful [9] grapple did he make
With the moſt noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loſs,
Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?
1 *Off.* Orſino, this is that Antonio,
That took the Phœnix, and her fraught, from Candy;
And this is he, that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus loſt his leg:
Here in the ſtreets, deſperate of ſhame, and ſtate,[2]
In private brabble did we apprehend him.
Vio. He did me kindneſs, ſir; drew on my ſide;
But, in concluſion, put ſtrange ſpeech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but diſtraction.
Duke. Notable pirate! thou ſalt-water thief!
What fooliſh boldneſs brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms ſo bloody, and ſo dear,[3]
Haſt made thine enemies?
Ant. Orſino, noble ſir,
Be pleas'd that I ſhake off theſe names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confeſs, on baſe and ground enough,
Orſino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That moſt ingrateful boy there, by your ſide,
From the rude ſea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck paſt hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention, or reſtraint,
All his in dedication: for his ſake,

Did

[9] ——— *ſcathful* ——] i. e. miſchievous, deſtructive. STEEVENS.
[2] Unattentive to his character or his condition, like a deſperate man. JOHNSON.
[3] *Dear* is *immediate, conſequential.* So, in *Hamlet:*
"Would I had met my *deareſt* foe in heaven," &c. STEEVENS.

Did I expoſe myſelf, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverſe town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beſet:
Where being apprehended, his falſe cunning,
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger,)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; deny'd me mine own purſe,
Which I had recommended to his uſe
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,)
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA *and Attendants.*

Duke. Here comes the counteſs; now heaven walks on earth.——
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madneſs:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.——Take him aſide.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may ſeem ſerviceable?—
Ceſario, you do not keep promiſe with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you ſay, Ceſario?—Good my lord,——

Vio. My lord would ſpeak, my duty huſhes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulſome[4] to mine ear,
As howling after muſick.

Duke. Still ſo cruel?

Oli. Still ſo conſtant, lord.

Duke. What! to perverſeneſs? you uncivil lady,
To whoſe ingrate and unauſpicious altars
My ſoul the faithfull'ſt offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What ſhall I do?

Oli.

[4] *Fat* means *dull*; ſo we ſay a *fat-headed* fellow; *fat* likewiſe means *groſs*, and is ſometimes uſed for *obſcene*. JOHNSON.

Oli. Even what it pleaſe my lord, that ſhall become him.
Duke. Why ſhould I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love; [5] a ſavage jealouſy,
That ſometime ſavours nobly? But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance caſt my faith,
And that I partly know the inſtrument
That ſcrews me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breaſted tyrant, ſtill;
But this, your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heaven I ſwear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he ſits crowned in his maſter's ſpite.—
Come boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in miſchief:
I'll ſacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To ſpite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*
Vio. And I, moſt jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you reſt, a thouſand deaths would die. [*Following.*
Oli. Where goes Ceſario?
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love theſe eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I ſhall love wife:
If I do feign, you witneſſes above,
Puniſh my life, for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ah me, deteſted! how am I beguil'd!
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli.

[5] In this *ſimile*, a particular ſtory is pre-ſuppos'd, which ought to be known to ſhow the juſtneſs and propriety of the compariſon. It is taken from *Heliodorus's Æthiopics*, to which our author was indebted for the alluſion. This *Egyptian thief* was Thyamis, who was a native of Memphis, and at the head of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thyamis fell deſperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a ſtronger body of robbers coming down upon Thyamis's party, he was in ſuch fears for his miſtreſs, that he had her ſhut into a cave with his treaſure. It was cuſtomary with thoſe barbarians, *when they deſpaired of their own ſafety, firſt to make away with thoſe whom they held dear*, and deſired for companions in the next life. Thyamis, therefore, benetted round with his enemies, raging with love, jealouſy, and anger, went to his cave; and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, ſo ſoon as he heard himſelf anſwer'd toward the cave's mouth by a Grecian, making to the perſon by the direction of her voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (ſuppoſing her to be Chariclea) with his right hand plunged his ſword into her breaſt. THEOBALD.

Oli. Haſt thou forgot thyſelf? Is it ſo long?—
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an Attendant.*
Duke. Come, away. [*To* VIOLA.
Oli. Whither my lord?—Ceſario, huſband, ſtay.
Duke. Huſband?
Oli. Ay, huſband; Can he that deny?
Duke. Her huſband, ſirrah?
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baſeneſs of thy fear,
That makes thee ſtrangle thy propriety: [6]
Fear not, Ceſario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'ſt thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'ſt.—O, welcome, father!

Re-enter Attendant, and Prieſt.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkneſs, what occaſion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe,) what thou doſt know,
Hath newly paſt between this youth and me.
Prieſt. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Atteſted by the holy cloſe of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings; [7]
And all the ceremony of this compáct
Seal'd in my function, by my teſtimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave,
I have travell'd but two hours.
Duke. O, thou diſſembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath ſow'd a grizzle on thy caſe? [8]
Or will not elſe thy craft ſo quickly grow,
That thine own trip ſhall be thine overthrow?
Farewel, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.
Vio. My lord, I do proteſt,—

[6] *Suppreſs*, or diſown thy property. MALONE.

[7] In our ancient marriage ceremony, the man received as well as gave a ring. STEEVENS.

[8] *Caſe* is a word uſed contemptuouſly for *ſkin*. We yet talk of a *fox-caſe*, meaning the ſtuffed ſkin of a fox. JOHNSON.

Oli. O, do not ſwear;
Hold little faith, though thou haſt too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *with his head broke.*

Sir And. For the love of God, a ſurgeon; ſend one preſently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head acroſs, and has given ſir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, ſir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Ceſario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Ceſario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was ſet on to do't by ſir Toby.

Vio. Why do you ſpeak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your ſword upon me, without cauſe;
But I beſpake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think, you ſet nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, *drunk, led by the* Clown.

Here comes ſir Toby halting, you ſhall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.——Sot, did'ſt ſee Dick ſurgeon, ſot?

Clo. O he's drunk, ſir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were ſet at eight i'the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue. After a paſſy-meaſure, or a pavin,[9] I hate a drunken rogue.

[9] Bailey's Dictionary ſays, *pavan* is the loweſt ſort of inſtrumental muſic; and when this play was written, the *pavin* and the *paſſamezzo* might be in vogue only with the vulgar, as with Falſtaff and Doll Tear-ſheet: and hence ſir Toby may mean—he is a rogue, and a mean low fellow. TOLLET.

Ben Jonſon alſo mentions the *pavin*, and calls it a Spaniſh dance, *Alche-*

miſt,

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, ſir Toby, becauſe we'll be dreſſed together.

Sir To.

miſt, p. 97; [Whalley's edition] but it ſeems to come originally from Padua, and ſhould rather be written *pavane* as a corruption of *paduana*. A dance of that name (*ſaltatio paduana*) occurs in an old writer, quoted by the annotator on *Rabelais*, B. V. c. 30.

Paſſy meaſures is undoubtedly a corruption, but I know not how it ſhould be rectified. TYRWHITT.

The *pavan*, from *pavo* a peacock, is a grave and majeſtick dance. The method of dancing it was anciently by gentlemen dreſſed with a cap and ſword, by thoſe of the long robe in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance, reſembled that of a peacock's tail. This dance is ſuppoſed to have been invented by the Spaniards, and its figure is given with the characters for the ſtep, in the *Orcheſography* of *Thoinet Arbeau*. Every pavin has its galliard, a lighter kind of air, made out of the former. The courant, the jig, and the hornpipe are ſufficiently known at this day.

Of the *paſſamezzo* little is to be ſaid, except that it was a favourite air in the days of Q. Elizabeth. Ligon, in his Hiſtory of Barbadoes, mentions a *paſſamezzo* galliard, which in the year 1647, a Padre in that iſland played to him on the lute; the very ſame, he ſays, with an air of that kind which in Shakſpeare's play of *Henry IV.* was originally played to Sir John Falſtaff and Doll Tearſheet, by Sneak, the muſician, there named. This little anecdote Ligon might have by tradition; but his concluſion, that becauſe it was played in a dramatic repreſentation of the hiſtory of *Henry IV.* it muſt be ſo ancient as his time, is very idle and injudicious.—— *Paſſy-meaſure* is therefore undoubtedly a corruption from *paſſamezzo*.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

With the help of Sir John Hawkins's explanation of *paſſy-meaſure*, I think I now ſee the meaning of this paſſage. The ſecond folio reads—*after a paſſy meaſures pavin.*—So that I ſhould imagine the following regulation of the whole ſpeech would not be far from the truth:

Then he's a rogue. After a paſſy-meaſure or a *pavin*, *I hate a drunken rogue*, i. e. *next to a paſſy-meaſure or a pavin*, &c. It is in character, that Sir Toby ſhould expreſs a ſtrong diſlike of *ſerious dances*, ſuch as the *paſſamezzo* and the *pavan* are deſcribed to be. TYRWHITT.

From what has been ſtated, I think, it is manifeſt that Sir Toby means only by this quaint expreſſion, that the ſurgeon is a rogue, and a *grave ſolemn coxcomb*. It is one of Shakſpeare's unrivalled excellencies, that his characters are always conſiſtent. Even in drunkenneſs they preſerve the traits which diſtinguiſhed them when ſober. Sir Toby, in the firſt act of this play, ſhewed himſelf well acquainted with the various kinds of the dance. MALONE.

I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's regulation, which appears to be well founded. STEEVENS.

Sir To. Will you help an asſ-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?[2]

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt* Clown, SIR TOBY, *and* SIR ANDREW.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am ſorry, madam, I have hurt your kinſman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I muſt have done no leſs, with wit, and ſafety.
You throw a ſtrange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, ſweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but ſo late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two perſons;
A natural perſpective,[3] that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have loſt thee?

Ant. Sebaſtian are you?

Seb. Fear'ſt thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made diviſion of yourſelf?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than thoſe two creatures. Which is Sebaſtian?

Oli. Moſt wonderful!

Seb.

[2] I believe, Sir Toby means to apply all theſe epithets either to the ſurgeon or Sebaſtian; and have pointed the paſſage accordingly. It has been hitherto printed, "Will you help an aſs-head," &c. but why ſhould Sir Toby thus unmercifully abuſe himſelf? MALONE.

As I cannot help thinking that Sir Toby, out of humour with himſelf, means to diſcharge theſe reproaches on the officious Sir Andrew, who alſo needs the ſurgeon's *help*, I have left the paſſage as I found it. Mr. Malone points it thus: "Will you help?—An aſs-head," &c! STEEVENS.

[3] A *perſpective* ſeems to be taken for ſhows exhibited through a glaſs with ſuch lights as make the pictures appear really protuberant. The Duke therefore ſays, that nature has here exhibited ſuch a ſhow, where ſhadows ſeem realities; where that which *is not* appears like that which is. JOHNSON.

I believe Shakſpeare meant nothing more by this *natural perſpective*, than a reflection from a glaſs or mirror. M. MASON.

Perſpective certainly means a glaſs uſed for optical deluſion, or a glaſs generally. DOUCE.

Seb. Do I ſtand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a ſiſter,
Whom the blind waves and ſurges have devour'd:—
Of charity,[4] what kin are you to me? [*To* VIOLA.
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Meſſaline: Sebaſtian was my father;
Such a Sebaſtian was my brother too,
So went he ſuited to his watery tomb:
If ſpirits can aſſume both form and ſuit
You come to fright us.

Seb. A ſpirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimenſion groſsly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the reſt goes even,
I ſhould my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And ſay—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And ſo had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my ſoul!
He finiſhed, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my ſiſter thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my maſculine uſurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumſtance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whoſe gentle help
I was preſerv'd, to ſerve this noble count:
All the occurrence[5] of my fortune ſince
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been miſtook:
[*To* OLIVIA.
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;

Nor

[4] i. e. out of charity, tell me, &c. STEEVENS.
[5] I believe our author wrote—*occurrents*. MALONE.

Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be ſo, as yet the glaſs ſeems true,
I ſhall have ſhare in this moſt happy wreck:
Boy, thou haſt ſaid to me a thouſand times, [*To* VIOLA.
Thou never ſhould'ſt love woman like to me.

Vio. And all thoſe ſayings will I over-ſwear;
And all thoſe ſwearings keep as true in ſoul,
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That ſevers day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me ſee thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me firſt on ſhore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon ſome action,
Is now in durance; at Malvolio's ſuit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He ſhall enlarge him:—Fetch Malvolio hither:—
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They ſay, poor gentleman, he's much diſtract.

Re-enter Clown, *with a letter.*

A moſt extracting frenzy [6] of mine own
From my remembrance clearly baniſh'd his.—
How does he, ſirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the ſtave's end, as well as a man in his caſe may do: he has here writ a letter to you, I ſhould have given it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epiſtles are no goſpels, ſo it ſkills not much, when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman.—*By the Lord, madam,*—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madneſs: an your ladyſhip will have it as it ought to be, you muſt allow *vox.*[7]

Oli.

[6] i. e. a frenzy that drew me away from every thing but its own object. WARBURTON.

[7] I am by no means certain that I underſtand this paſſage, which, indeed

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits,[8] is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princeſs, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, ſirrah. [*To* FABIAN.

Fab. [reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world ſhall know it: though you have put me into darkneſs, and given your drunken couſin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my ſenſes as well as your ladyſhip. I have your own letter that induced me to the ſemblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myſelf much right, or you much ſhame. Think of me as you pleaſe. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and ſpeak out of my injury.*

The madly-uſed Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This favours not much of diſtraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[*Exit* FABIAN.

My lord, ſo pleaſe you, theſe things further thought on,
To think me as well a ſiſter as a wife,
One day ſhall crown the alliance on't, ſo pleaſe you,[9]
Here at my houſe, and at my proper coſt.

Duke. Madam, I am moſt apt to embrace your offer.—

Your

deed, the author of *The Reviſal* pronounces to have no meaning. I ſuppoſe the Clown begins reading the letter in ſome fantaſtical manner, on which Olivia aſks him, *if he is mad. No, madam*, ſays he, *I do but barely deliver the ſenſe of this madman's epiſtle; if you would have it read as it ought to be*, that is, with *ſuch a fantastic accent and geſture as a madman would read it, you muſt allow vox*, i. e. *you muſt furniſh the reader with a voice*, or, in other words, *read it yourſelf.* But Mr. Malone's explanation, I think, is preferable to mine. STEEVENS.

The Clown, we may preſume, had begun to read the letter in a very loud tone, and probably with extravagant geſticulation. Being reprimanded by his miſtreſs, he juſtifies himſelf by ſaying, *If you would have it read in character, as ſuch a* mad *epiſtle ought to be read, you muſt permit me to aſſume a* frantick *tone.* MALONE.

[8] To repreſent his preſent ſtate of mind, is to read a madman's letter, as I now do, like a madman. JOHNSON.

[9] The word *on't*, in this place, is mere nonſenſe. I doubt not the poet wrote:

——an't, *ſo pleaſe you.* HEATH.

This is well conjectured; but *on't* may relate to the double character of ſiſter and wife. JOHNSON.

Your maſter quits you; [*To* VIOLA.] and, for your ſervice done him;
So much againſt the mettle of your ſex,[2]
So far beneath your ſoft and tender breeding,
And ſince you call'd me maſter for ſo long,
Here is my hand; you ſhall from this time be
Your maſter's miſtreſs.

Oli. A ſiſter?—you are ſhe.

Re-enter FABIAN, *and* MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this ſame:
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruſe that letter:
You muſt not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phraſe;
Or ſay, 'tis not your ſeal, nor your invention:
You can ſay none of this: We'l, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modeſty of honour,
Why you have given me ſuch clear lights of favour;
Bade me come ſmiling, and croſs-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow ſtockings, and to frown
Upon ſir Toby, and the lighter[3] people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you ſuffer'd me to be impriſon'd,
Kept in a dark houſe, viſited by the prieſt,
And made the moſt notorious geck,[4] and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell my why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confeſs, much like the character:
But, out of queſtion, 'tis Maria's hand.

And

[2] So much againſt the weak frame and conſtitution of woman. *Mettle* is uſed by our author in many other places for *ſpirit*; and as *ſpirit* may be either high or low, mettle ſeems here to ſignify natural *timidity*, or *deficiency of ſpirit*. MALONE.

[3] People of leſs dignity or importance. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*geck*,] A fool. JOHNSON.

And now I do bethink me, it was ſhe
Firſt told me, thou waſt mad; then cam'ſt in ſmiling,[5]
And in ſuch forms which here were preſuppos'd[6]
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath moſt ſhrewdly paſs'd upon thee;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou ſhalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cauſe.

Fab. Good madam, hear me ſpeak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this preſent hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it ſhall not,
Moſt freely I confeſs, myſelf, and Toby,
Set this device againſt Malvolio here,
Upon ſome ſtubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd againſt him:[7] Maria writ
The letter, at ſir Toby's great importance;[8]
In recompence whereof, he hath married her.
How with a ſportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be juſtly weigh'd,
That have on both ſides paſt.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee?

Clo. Why, *ſome are born great, ſome atchieve greatneſs, and ſome have greatneſs thrown upon them.* I was one, ſir, in this interlude; one ſir Topas, ſir; but that's al one:—*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;*—But do you remember? *Madam, why laugh you at ſuch a barren raſcal*

5 i. e. then, *that thou* cam'ſt in ſmiling. MALONE.

I believe the lady means only what ſhe had clearly expreſſed: "—then thou cameſt in ſmiling;" not *that* ſhe has been informed of this circumſtance by Maria. Maria's account, in ſhort, was juſtified by the ſubſequent appearance of Malvolio. STEEVENS.

6 *Preſuppos'd*, for impoſed. WARBURTON.

Preſuppos'd rather ſeems to mean previouſly pointed out for thy imitation; or ſuch as it was ſuppoſed thou would'ſt aſſume after thou hadſt read the letter. The *ſuppoſition* was *previous* to *the act*. STEEVENS.

7 Surely we ſhould rather read—*conceiv'd* in him. TYRWHITT.

8 *Importance* is *importunacy, importunement*. STEEVENS.

9 The old copy points this paſſage erroneouſly:—" But do you remember,

rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd: And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:—
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,[5]
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls—Mean time, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*

SONG.

CLO. *When that I was and a little tiny boy,*[6]
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knave and thief men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But

member, madam," &c. I have followed the regulation proposed in the subsequent note. STEEVENS.

As the Clown is speaking to Malvolio, and not to Olivia, I think this passage should be regulated thus—*but do you remember?*—Madam, why laugh you, &c. TYRWHITT.

[5] Perhaps we should read—*consents.* To *convent*, however, is to *assemble*; and therefore, the count may mean, when the happy hour *calls us* again *together*. STEEVENS.

——i. e. shall serve, agree, be convenient. DOUCE.

[6] Here again we have an old song, scarcely worth correction. 'Gainst knaves

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toſs-pots ſtill had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll ſtrive to pleaſe you every day. [Exit.

knaves and thieves muſt evidently be, againſt *knave and thief*.—When I was a boy, my folly and miſchievous actions were little regarded; but when I came to manhood, men ſhut their gates againſt me, as a *knave and a thief*.

Sir Thomas Hanmer rightly reduces the ſubſequent words, *beds* and *heads*, to the ſingular number; and a little alteration is ſtill wanting at the beginning of ſome of the ſtanzas.

Mr. Steevens obſerves in a note at the end of *Much ado about Nothing*, that the play had formerly paſſed under the name of *Benedict and Beatrix*. It ſeems to have been the *court-faſhion* to alter the titles. A very ingenious lady, with whom I have the honour to be acquainted, Mrs. Aſkew of Queen's-Square, has a fine copy of the ſecond folio edition of Shakſpeare, which formerly belonged to King Charles I. and was a preſent from him to his Maſter of the Revels, Sir Thomas Herbert. Sir Thomas has altered five titles in the liſt of the plays, to "*Benedick and Beatrice*,—*Pyramus and Thiſby*,—*Roſalinde*,—*Mr. Paroles*, and *Malvolio*."

It is lamentable to ſee how far party and prejudice will carry the wiſeſt men, even againſt their own practice and opinions, Milton, in his Εικονοκλάστης, cenſures King Charles for reading "one whom (ſays he) we well knew was the cloſet companion of his ſolitudes, *William Shakſpeare*."

FARMER.

I have followed the regulations propoſed by Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Farmer; and conſequently, inſtead of knaves, thieves, beds, and heads, have printed "knave, thief," &c.

Dr. Farmer might have obſerved, that the alterations of the titles are in his Majeſty's own hand-writing, materially differing from Sir Thomas Herbert's, of which the ſame volume affords more than one ſpecimen. I learn from another manuſcript note in it, that *John Lowine* acted *King Henry VIII.* and *John Taylor* the part of *Hamlet*. The book is now in my poſſeſſion.

To the concluding remark of Dr. Farmer, may be added the following paſſage from *An Appeal to all rational men concerning King Charles's Trial*, by John Cooke, 1649: "Had he but ſtudied ſcripture half ſo much as *Ben Jonſon* or *Shakſpeare*, he might have learnt that when Amaziah was ſettled in the kingdom, he ſuddenly did juſtice upon thoſe ſervants which killed

killed his father Joash," &c. With this quotation I was furnished by Mr. Malone.

A quarto volume of plays attributed to Shakspeare, with the cypher of King Charles II. on the back of it, is preserved in Mr. Garrick's collection.

Though we are well convinced that Shakspeare has written slight ballads for the sake of discriminating characters more strongly, or for other necessary purposes, in the course of his mixed dramas, it is scarce credible, that after he had cleared his stage, he should exhibit his Clown afresh, and with so poor a recommendation as this song, which is utterly unconnected with the subject of the preceding comedy. I do not therefore hesitate to call the nonsensical ditty before us, some buffoon actor's composition, which was accidentally tacked to the Prompter's copy of *Twelfth-Night*, having been casually subjoined to it for the diversion, or at the call, of the lowest order of spectators. In the year 1766, I saw the late Mr. Weston summoned out and obliged to sing *Johnny Pringle and his Pig*, after the performance of Voltaire's *Mahomet*, at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.

STEEVENS.

This play is in the graver part elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely humourous. Ague-cheek is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a satirist. The soliloquy of Malvolio is truly comic; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of Olivia, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert the stage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life.

JOHNSON.

MEASURE
FOR
MEASURE.

*** MEASURE FOR MEASURE.] The ſtory is taken from *Cinthio's Novels*, Decad. 8, Novel 5. POPE.

We are ſent to Cinthio for the plot of *Meaſure for Meaſure*, and Shakſpeare's judgment hath been attacked for ſome deviations from him in the conduct of it, when probably all he knew of the matter was from Madam *Iſabella*, in *The Heptameron* of *Whetſtone*, Lond. 4to, 1582.——She *reports*, in the fourth dayes Exerciſe, the rare *Hiſtorie of Promos and Caſſandra*. A marginal note informs us, that *Whetſtone* was the author of the *Comedie* on that ſubject; which likewiſe had probably fallen into the hands of Shakſpeare. FARMER.

There is perhaps not one of Shakſpeare's plays more darkened than this by the peculiarities of its author, and the unſkilfulneſs of its editors, by diſtortions of phraſe, or negligence of tranſcription. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's remark is ſo juſt reſpecting the corruptions of this play, that I ſhall not attempt much reformation in its metre, which is too often rough, redundant, and irregular. Additions and omiſſions (however trifling) cannot be made without conſtant notice of them; and ſuch notices, in the preſent inſtance, would ſo frequently occur, as to become equally tireſome to the commentator and the reader.

Shakſpeare took the fable of this play from the *Promos and Caſſandra* of George Whetſtone, publiſhed in 1578. See Theobald's note at the end.

A hint, like a ſeed, is more or leſs prolific, according to the qualities of the ſoil on which it is thrown. This ſtory, which in the hands of Whetſtone produced little more than barren inſipidity, under the culture of Shakſpeare became fertile of entertainment. The curious reader will find that the old play of *Promos and Caſſandra* exhibits an almoſt complete embryo of *Meaſure for Meaſure*; yet the hints on which it is formed are ſo ſlight, that it is nearly as impoſſible to detect them, as it is to point out in the acorn the future ramifications of the oak.

Whetſtone opens his play thus:

Act I. Scene i.

" Promos, Mayor, Shirife, Sworde bearer: one with a bunche of keyes:

Phallax, *Promos Man.*

" You officers which now in *Julio* ſtaye,
" Know you your leadge, the King of *Hungarie*,
" Sent me to *Promos*, to joyne with you in ſway:
" That ſtyll we may to *Juſtice* have an eye.
" And now to ſhow my rule and power at lardge,
" Attentivelie his letters patents heare:
" *Phallax*, reade out my Soveraines chardge.

Phal. " As you commaunde I wyll: give heedeful eare.

Phallax *readeth the Kinges Letters Pattents, which muſt be fayre written in parchment, with ſome great counterfeat zeale.*

Pro. " Loe, here you ſee what is our Soveraignes wyl,
" Loe, heare his wiſh, that right, not might, beare ſwaye:
" Loe, heare his care, to weede from good the yll,
" To ſcoorge the wights, good lawes that diſobay.

" Such

" Such zeale he beares, unto the common weale,
" (How ſo he byds, the ignoraunt to ſave)
" As he commaundes, the lewde doo rigor feele, &c. &c. &c.

Pro. " Both ſwoorde and keies, unto my princes uſe,
" I do receyve, and gladlie take my chardge.
" It reſteth now, for to reforme abuſe,
" We poynt a tyme of counſell more at lardge,
" To treate of which, a whyle we wyll depart.
Al. ſpeake. " To worke your wyll, we yeelde a willing hart. *Exeunt.*"

The reader will find the argument of G. Whetſtone's *Promos and Caſſandra*, at the end of this play. It is too bulky to be inſerted here. See likewiſe the piece itſelf among *Six old Plays on which Shakſpeare founded*, &c. publiſhed by S. Leacroft, Charing-croſs. STEEVENS.

Meaſure for Meaſure was, I believe, written in 1603. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Vincentio, *Duke of* Vienna.
Angelo, *lord deputy in the duke's abſence.*
Eſcalus, *an ancient lord, joined with* Angelo *in the deputation.*
Claudio, *a young gentleman.*
Lucio, *a fantaſtick.*
Two other like gentlemen.
Varrius,* *a gentleman, ſervant to the duke.*
Provoſt.
Thomas, } *two friars.*
Peter, }
A juſtice.
Elbow, *a ſimple conſtable.*
Froth, *a fooliſh gentleman.*
Clown, ſervant to Mrs. Over-done.
Abhorſon, *an executioner.*
Barnardine, *a diſſolute priſoner.*

Iſabella, *ſiſter to* Claudio.
Mariana, *betrothed to* Angelo.
Juliet, *beloved by* Claudio.
Franciſca, *a nun.*
Miſtreſs Over-done, *a bawd.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

* Varrius might be omitted, for he is only once ſpoken to, and ſays nothing. JOHNSON.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Eſcalus,—
Eſcal. My lord.
Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would ſeem in me to affect ſpeech and diſcourſe;
Since I am put to know,[2] that your own ſcience,
Exceeds, in that, the liſts [3] of all advice
My ſtrength can give you: Then no more remain,
But that to your ſufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work.[4] The nature of our people,

2 This may mean, *I am compelled to acknowledge.* STEEVENS.
3 ——— *liſts* —] Bounds, limits. JOHNSON.
4 To the integrity of this reading Mr. Theobald objects, and ſays, *What was Eſcalus to put to his ſufficiency? why, his ſcience: But his ſcience and ſufficiency were but one and the ſame thing. On what then does the relative* them *depend?* He will have it, therefore, that a line has been accidentally dropp'd, which he attempts to reſtore thus:

But that to your ſufficiency you add
Due diligence, *as your worth is able*, &c.

Nodum in ſcirpo quærit. And all for want of knowing, that by *ſufficiency* is meant *authority*, the power delegated by the duke to Eſcalus. The plain meaning of the word being this: *Put your ſkill in governing* (ſays the Duke) *to the power which I give you to exerciſe it, and let them work together.*
WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer having caught from Mr. Theobald a hint that a line was loſt, endeavours to ſupply it thus:

——— *Then no more remains,*
But that to your ſufficiency you join
A will to ſerve us, as *your worth is able.*

He has, by this bold conjecture, undoubtedly obtained a meaning, but, perhaps, not even in his own opinion, the meaning of Shakſpeare.

That the paſſage is more or leſs corrupt, I believe every reader will agree with the editors. I am not convinced that a line is loſt, as Mr. Theo-

Our city's inſtitutions, and the terms [5]

For

bald conjectures, nor that the change of *but* to *put*, which Dr. Warburton has admitted after ſome other editor [Rowe], will amend the fault. There was probably ſome original obſcurity in the expreſſion, which gave occaſion to miſtake in repetition or tranſcription. I therefore ſuſpect that the author wrote thus:

—— *Then no more remains,*
But that to your ſufficiencies *your worth is* abled,
And let them work.

Then nothing remains more than to tell you, that your virtue is now inveſted with power equal to your knowledge and wiſdom. Let therefore your knowledge and your virtue now work together. It may eaſily be conceived how *ſufficiencies* was, by an inarticulate ſpeaker, or inattentive hearer, confounded with *ſufficiency as*, and how *abled*, a word very unuſual, was changed into *able*. For *abled*, however, an authority is not wanting. Lear uſes it in the ſame ſenſe, or nearly the ſame with the Duke. As for *ſufficiencies*, D. Hamilton in his dying ſpeech, prays that Charles II. *may exceed both the* virtues *and* ſufficiencies *of his father*. JOHNSON.

The uncommon redundancy, as well as obſcurity, of this verſe may be conſidered as evidence of its corruption. Take away the *two firſt* words, and the ſenſe joins well enough with what went before. *Then* (ſays the Duke) *no more remains to ſay:*

Your ſufficiency as your worth is able,
And let them work.

i. e. *Your ſkill in government is, in ability to ſerve me, equal to the integrity of your heart, and let them co-operate in your future miniſtry.*

The verſification requires that either ſomething ſhould be added, or ſomething retrenched. The latter is the eaſier, as well as the ſafer taſk. I join in the belief, however, that a line is loſt; and whoever is acquainted with the inaccuracy of the folio, (for of this play there is no other old edition,) will find my opinion juſtified. STEEVENS.

Some words ſeem to be loſt here, the ſenſe of which, perhaps, may be thus ſupplied:

—— *then no more remains,*
But that to your ſufficiency you put
A zeal as willing *as your worth is able,*
And let them work.—————— TYRWHITT.

I agree with Warburton in thinking that by *ſufficiency* the duke means authority, or power; and, if that be admitted, a very ſlight alteration indeed will reſtore this paſſage—the changing the word *is* into *be*. It will then run thus, and be clearly intelligible:

—— *Then no more remains,*
But that your ſufficiency, as your worth, be *able,*
And let them work.

That is, you are thoroughly acquainted with your duty, ſo that nothing more is neceſſary to be done, but to inveſt you with power equal to your abilities. M. MASON.

For common juſtice, you are as pregnant in,[6]
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: There is our commiſſion,
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,
I ſay, bid come before us Angelo.— [*Exit an Attendant.*
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you muſt know, we have with ſpecial ſoul
Elected him our abſence to ſupply;[7]
Lent him our terror, dreſt him with our love;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: What think you of it?

Eſcal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo ſuch ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleaſure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,

Sufficiency is ſkill in government; ability to execute his office. *And let them work*, a figurative expreſſion; *Let them ferment*. MALONE.

5 *Terms* mean the technical language of the courts. An old book called *Les Termes de la Ley*, (written in Henry the Eighth's time) was in Shakſpeare's days, and is now, the accidence of young ſtudents in the law. BLACKSTONE.

6 The later editions all give it, without authority,

——— *the terms*
Of *juſtice*, ———

and Dr. Warburton makes *terms* ſignify *bounds* or *limits*. I rather think the Duke meant to ſay, that Eſcalus was *pregnant*, that is *ready* and knowing in all the forms of the law, and, among other things, in the *terms* or *times ſet apart* for its adminiſtration. JOHNSON.

7 By the words *with ſpecial ſoul elected him*, I believe, the poet meant no more than *that he was the immediate choice of his heart*. STEEVENS.

Steevens has hit upon the true explanation of the paſſage; and might have found a further confirmation of it in *Troilus and Creſſida*, where, ſpeaking of himſelf, Troilus ſays,

" ——— ne'er did young man fancy
" *With ſo eternal, and ſo fix'd a ſoul.*"

To do a thing with all one's *ſoul*, is a common expreſſion. M. MASON.

That, to the obſerver,[8] doth thy hiſtory
Fully unfold: Thyſelf and thy belongings [9]
Are not thine own ſo proper,[2] as to waſte
Thyſelf upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themſelves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine iſſues: [3] nor nature never lends [4]
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddeſs, ſhe determines
Herſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and uſe.[5] But I do bend my ſpeech

To

[8] Either this introduction has more ſolemnity than meaning, or it has a meaning which I cannot diſcover. What is there peculiar in this, that a man's *life* informs the obſerver of his *hiſtory*? Might it be ſuppoſed that Shakſpeare wrote this?

There is a kind of character in thy look.

Hiſtory may be taken in a more diffuſe and licentious meaning, for *future occurrences*, or the part of life yet to come. If this ſenſe be received, the paſſage is clear and proper. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare muſt, I believe, be anſwerable for the unneceſſary pomp of this introduction. He has the ſame thought in *Henry IV.* P. II. which affords ſome comment on this paſſage before us:

" There is a hiſtory in all men's lives,
" Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:
" The which obſerv'd, a man may prophecy
" With a near aim, of the main chance of things
" As yet not come to life," &c. STEEVENS.

On conſidering this paſſage, I am induced to think that the words *character* and *hiſtory* have been miſplaced, and that it was originally written thus:

There is a kind of hiſtory in thy life,
That to the obſerver doth thy character
Fully unfold.

This tranſpoſition ſeems to be juſtified by the paſſage quoted by Steevens from the Second Part of *Henry IV.* M. MASON.

[9] i. e. endowments. MALONE.

[2] i. e. are not ſo much thy own property. STEEVENS.

[3] To great conſequences; for high purpoſes. JOHNSON.

[4] Two negatives, not employed to make an affirmative, are common in our author. STEEVENS.

[5] i. e. She (Nature) *requires and allots* to *herſelf* the ſame advantages that creditors uſually enjoy,—thanks for the endowments ſhe has beſtowed,

and

To one that can my part in him advértiſe; [6]
Hold therefore, Angelo; [7]
In our remove, be thou at full ourſelf;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: Old Eſcalus,
Though firſt in queſtion,[8] is thy ſecondary:
Take thy commiſſion.

Ang.

and extraordinary exertions in thoſe whom ſhe has thus favoured, by way of *intereſt* for what ſhe has lent.

Uſe in the phraſeology of our author's age, ſignified *intereſt of money*. MALONE.

[6] This is obſcure. The meaning is, I direct my ſpeech to one who is able to teach me how to govern; *my part in him*, ſignifying my office, which I have delegated to him. *My part in him advertiſe*; i. e. who knows what appertains to the character of a deputy or viceroy. *Can advertiſe my part in him*; that is, his repreſentation of my perſon. But all theſe quaintneſſes of expreſſion, the Oxford editor ſeems ſworn to extirpate; that is, to take away one of Shakſpeare's characteriſtic marks; which, if not one of the comelieſt, is yet one of the ſtrongeſt. So he alters this to,

To one that can, in my part me advertiſe.

A better expreſſion indeed, but, for all that, none of Shakſpeare's. WARBURTON

I know not whether we may not better read,—

One that can, my part to *him advertiſe,*

One that can *inform himſelf* of that which it would be otherwiſe *my part* to tell him. JOHNSON.

To *advertiſe* is uſed in this ſenſe, and with Shakſpeare's accentuation, by Chapman, in his verſion of the 11*th Book of the Odyſſey*:

" Or, of my father, if thy royal ear
" Hath been *advértis'd*——" STEEVENS.

I believe, the meaning is,—I am talking to one who is himſelf already ſufficiently converſant with the nature and duties of my office;—of that *office, which I have now delegated to him*. MALONE.

[7] That is, continue to be Angelo; *hold* as thou art. JOHNSON.

I believe that—*Hold therefore, Angelo*; are the words which the Duke utters on tendering his commiſſion to him. He concludes with—*Take thy commiſſion*. STEEVENS.

If a full point be put after *therefore*, the Duke may be underſtood to ſpeak of himſelf. *Hold therefore*, i. e. Let me therefore hold, or ſtop. And the ſenſe of the whole paſſage may be this.——The Duke, who has begun an exhortation to Angelo, checks himſelf thus: " But I am ſpeaking *to one, that can in him* [in or by himſelf] apprehend *my part* [all that I have to ſay]: I will therefore ſay no more [on that ſubject]." He then merely ſignifies to Angelo his appointment. TYRWHITT.

[8] That is, firſt called for; firſt appointed. JOHNSON.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be ſome more teſt made of my metal,
Before ſo noble and ſo great a figure
Be ſtamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evaſion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice[9]
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haſte from hence is of ſo quick condition,
That it prefers itſelf, and leaves unqueſtion'd
Matters of needful value. We ſhall write to you,
As time and our concernings ſhall impórtune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befal you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commiſſions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you ſomething on the way.[2]

Duke. My haſte may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any ſcruple: your ſcope is as mine own;[3]
So to enforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your ſoul ſeems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to ſtage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not reliſh well
Their loud applauſe, and *aves* vehement;
Nor do I think the man of ſafe diſcretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give ſafety to your purpoſes!

Eſcal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happineſs!

Duke.

[9] *Leaven'd choice* is one of Shakſpeare's harſh metaphors. His train of ideas ſeems to be this: *I have proceeded to you with choice* mature, concocted, fermented, *leavened*. When bread is *leavened* it is left to ferment: a *leavened* choice is therefore a choice not haſty, but conſiderate; not declared as ſoon as it fell into the imagination, but ſuffered to work long in the mind. Thus explained, it ſuits better with *prepared* than *levelled*.
JOHNSON.

[2] i. e. accompany you. So, in *A Woman kill'd with Kindneſs*, by Heywood, 1617: "She went very lovingly to *bring him on his way* to horſe." And the ſame mode of expreſſion is to be found in almoſt every writer of the times. REED.

[3] That is, your amplitude of power. JOHNSON.

Duke. I thank you: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Eſcal. I ſhall deſire you, ſir, to give me leave
To have free ſpeech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have; but of what ſtrength and nature
I am not yet inſtructed.

Ang. 'Tis ſo with me:—Let us withdraw together,
And we may ſoon our ſatisfaction have
Touching that point.

Eſcal. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter LUCIO, *and two* Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to compoſition with the king of Hungary, why, then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludeſt like the ſanctimonious pirate, that went to ſea with the ten commandments, but ſcraped one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou ſhalt not ſteal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the reſt from their functions; they put forth to ſteal: There's not a ſoldier of us all, that, in the thankſgiving before meat, doth reliſh the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any ſoldier diſlike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never waſt where grace was ſaid.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at leaſt.

1 *Gent.* What? in metre?[4]

Lucio.

[4] In the primers there are metrical graces, ſuch as, I ſuppoſe, were uſed in Shakſpeare's time. JOHNSON.

Lucio. In any proportion,[5] or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, deſpite of all controverſy:[6] As for example; Thou thyſelf art a wicked villain, deſpite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of ſheers between us.[7]

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the liſts and the velvet: Thou art the liſt.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a liſt of an Engliſh kerſey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet.[8] Do I ſpeak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou doſt; and, indeed, with moſt painful feeling of thy ſpeech: I will, out of thine own confeſſion, learn to begin thy health; but, whilſt I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.*

[5] *Proportion* ſignifies *meaſure*; and refers to the queſtion, *What? in metre?* WARBURTON.

This ſpeech is improperly given to *Lucio*. It clearly belongs to the *ſecond Gentleman*, who had heard grace "a dozen times at leaſt." RITSON.

[6] Satirically inſinuating, that the *controverſies* about *grace* were ſo intricate and endleſs, that the diſputants unſettled every thing but this, that *grace was grace*; which, however, in ſpite of controverſy, ſtill remained certain. WARRURTON.

I am in doubt whether Shakſpeare's thoughts reached ſo far into eccleſiaſtical diſputes. Every commentator is warped a little by the tract of his own profeſſion. The queſtion is, whether the ſecond gentleman has ever heard grace. The firſt gentleman limits the queſtion to *grace in metre*. Lucio enlarges it to *grace in any* form *or language*. The firſt gentleman, to go beyond him, ſays, or *in any religion*, which Lucio allows, becauſe the nature of things is unalterable; grace is as immutably grace, as his merry antagoniſt is a *wicked villain*. Difference in religion cannot make a *grace* not to be *grace*, a *prayer* not to be *holy*; as nothing can make a *villain* not to be a *villain*. This ſeems to be the meaning, ſuch as it is. JOHNSON.

[7] We are both of the ſame piece. JOHNSON.

[8] The jeſt about the pile of a French velvet, alludes to the loſs of hair in the French diſeaſe, a very frequent topick of our author's jocularity. Lucio finding that the gentleman underſtands the diſtemper ſo well, and mentions it ſo *feelingly*, promiſes to remember to drink his *health*, but to forget *to drink after him*. It was the opinion of Shakſpeare's time, that the cup of an infected perſon was contagious. JOHNSON.

The jeſt lies between the ſimilar ſound of the words *pill'd* and *pil'd*. This I have elſewhere explained, under a paſſage in *Henry VIII*:

"*Pill'd* prieſt thou lieſt." STEEVENS.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done myſelf wrong; have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou haſt; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes! I have purchaſed as many diſeaſes under her roof, as come to—

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thouſand dollars a year.[9]

1 *Gent,* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diſeaſes in me: but thou art full of error; I am ſound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would ſay, healthy; but ſo ſound, as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feaſt of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the moſt profound ſciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arreſted, and carry'd to priſon, was worth five thouſand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry, ſir, that's Claudio, ſignior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to priſon! 'tis not ſo.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis ſo: I ſaw him arreſted; ſaw him carried away; and, which is more, within theſe three days his head's to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it ſo: Art thou ſure of this?

Bawd. I am too ſure of it: and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promiſed to meet me two hours ſince; and he was ever preciſe in promiſe-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Beſides, you know, it draws ſomething near to the ſpeech we had to ſuch a purpoſe.

1 *Gent.* But moſt of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt* Lucio, *and* Gentlemen.

Bawd.

9 A quibble intended between *dollars* and *dolours.* Hanmer.
The ſame jeſt occurred before in *The Tempeſt.* Johnson.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the ſweat,[2] what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am cuſtom-ſhrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to priſon.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clo. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.[3]

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No; but there's a woman with maid by him: You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clo. All houſes in the ſuburbs[4] of Vienna muſt be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what ſhall become of thoſe in the city?

Clo. They ſhall ſtand for ſeed: they had gone down too, but that a wiſe burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But ſhall all our houſes of reſort in the ſuburbs be pull'd down?[5]

Clo.

[2] This may allude to the *ſweating ſickneſs*, of which the memory was very freſh in the time of Shakſpeare: but more probably to the method of cure then uſed for the diſeaſes contracted in brothels. JOHNSON.

"You are very moiſt, ſir: did you *ſweat* all this, I pray?

"You have not the *diſeaſe*, I hope. STEEVENS.

[3] i. e. a river belonging to an individual; not public property. MALONE.

[4] This is ſurely too general an expreſſion, unleſs we ſuppoſe, that *all* the houſes in the ſuburbs were *bawdy-houſes*. It appears too, from what the *bawd* ſays below, "But ſhall *all our houſes of reſort* in the ſuburbs be pulled down?" that the Clown had been particular in his deſcription of the houſes which were to be pulled down. I am therefore inclined to believe that we ſhould read here, *all bawdy-houſes*, or *all houſes of reſort* in the ſuburbs. TYRWHITT.

[5] This will be underſtood from the Scotch law of *James*'s time, concerning *huires* (whores): "that comoun women be put at the *utmoſt endes of townes*, queire leaſt perril of fire is." Hence *Urſula* the pig-woman, in *Bartholemew-Fair*: "I, I, gameſters, mock a plain, plump, ſoft *wench of the ſuburbs*, do!" FARMER.

See Martial, where *ſummœniana* and *ſubu:bana* are applied to proſtitutes. STEEVENS.

The licenced houſes of reſort at Vienna are at this time all in the ſuburbs, under the permiſſion of the Committee of Chaſtity. S. W.

Clo. To the ground, miſtreſs.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What ſhall become of me?

Clo. Come; fear not you: good counſellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapſter ſtill. Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almoſt out in the ſervice, you will be conſidered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapſter? let's withdraw.

Clo. Here comes ſignior Claudio, led by the provoſt to priſon; and there's madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame.

Enter Provoſt, CLAUDIO, JULIET, *and* Officers; LUCIO, *and two* Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why doſt thou ſhow me thus to the world?
Bear me to priſon, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil diſpoſition,
But from lord Angelo by ſpecial charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, ſo; yet ſtill 'tis juſt.[6]

Lucio.

6 The ſenſe of the whole is this: *The demi-god Authority makes us pay the full penalty of our offence, and its decrees are as little to be queſtioned as the words of heaven, which pronounces its pleaſure thus,—I puniſh and remit puniſhment according to my own uncontroulable will; and yet who can ſay, what doſt thou?—Make us pay down for our offence by weight,* is a fine expreſſion to ſignify paying the full penalty. The metaphor is taken from paying money by *weight*, which is always exact; not ſo by *tale*, on account of the practice of diminiſhing the ſpecies. WARBURTON.

If ſpect that a line is loſt. JOHNSON.

It may be read,—*The* ſword *of heaven.*

Thus can the demi-god Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence, by weight;—
The ſword *of heaven:—on whom,* &c.

Authority is then poetically called *the ſword of heaven*, which will ſpare

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this reſtraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As ſurfeit is the father of much faſt,
So every ſcope by the immoderate uſe
Turns to reſtraint: Our natures do purſue,
(Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,)[7]
A thirſty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could ſpeak ſo wiſely under an arreſt, I would ſend for certain of my creditors: And yet, to ſay the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of impriſonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What, but to ſpeak of would offend again.

Lucio. What is it? murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it ſo.

Prov. Away, ſir; you muſt go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you. [*Takes him aſide.*

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—
Is lechery ſo look'd after?

Claud.

or puniſh, as it is commanded. The alteration is ſlight, being made only by taking a ſingle letter from the end of the word, and placing it at the beginning. This very ingenious and elegant emendation was ſuggeſted to me by the Reverend Dr. Roberts, Provoſt of Eaton. STEEVENS.

Notwithſtanding Dr. Roberts's ingenious conjecture, the text is certainly right. *Authority*, being abſolute in Angelo, is finely ſtyled by Claudio, *the demi-god*. To this uncontroulable power, the poet applies a paſſage from St. Paul to the Romans, ch. ix. v. 15, 18, which he properly ſtyles, *the words of heaven*: "for he ſaith to Moſes, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy," &c. And again: "Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy," &c. HENLEY.

It ſhould be remembered, however, that the poet is here ſpeaking not of *mercy*, but *puniſhment*. MALONE.

Mr. Malone might have ſpared himſelf this remark, had he recollected that the words of St. Paul immediately following, and to which the &c. referred, are—"*and whom he will he hardeneth.*" See alſo the preceding verſe. HENLEY.

[7] To *ravin* was formerly uſed for eagerly or voraciouſly devouring any thing: ſo in *Wilſon's* Epiſtle to the Earl of Leiceſter, prefixed to a *Diſcourſe upon Uſurye*, 1572: "For theſe bee the greedie cormoraunte wolfes indeed, that *ravyn* up both beaſte and man." REED.

Ravin is an ancient word for *prey*. STEEVENS.

Claud. Thus ſtands it with me:—Upon a true contract,
I got poſſeſſion of Julietta's bed;[8]
You know the lady; ſhe is faſt my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends:[9]
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The ſtealth of our moſt mutual entertainment,
With character too groſs, is writ on Juliet.
Lucio. With child, perhaps?
Claud. Unhappily, even ſo.
And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpſe of newneſs;[2]

Or

[8] *I got poſſeſſion of Julietta's bed*, &c.] This ſpeech is ſurely too indelicate to be ſpoken concerning Juliet, before her face; for ſhe appears to be brought in with the reſt, though ſhe has nothing to ſay. The Clown points her out as they enter; and yet, from Claudio's telling Lucio, *that he knows the lady*, &c. one would think ſhe was not meant to have made her perſonal appearance on the ſcene. STEEVENS.

The little ſeeming impropriety there is, will be entirely removed, by ſuppoſing that when Claudio ſtops to ſpeak to Lucio, the Provoſt's officers depart with Julietta. RITSON.

Claudio may be ſuppoſed to ſpeak to Lucio apart. MALONE.

[9] This ſingular mode of expreſſion certainly demands ſome elucidation. The ſenſe appears to be this. "*We did not think it proper publickly to celebrate our marriage; for this reaſon, that there might be no hindrance to the payment of Julietta's portion which was then in the hands of her friends; from whom, therefore, we judged it expedient to conceal our love till we had gained their favour.*" *Propagation* being here uſed to ſignify *payment*, muſt have its root in the Italian word *pagare*. *Edinburgh Magazine* for November, 1786.

I ſuppoſe the ſpeaker means—for the ſake of *getting* ſuch a dower as her friends might hereafter beſtow on her, when time had reconciled them to her clandeſtine marriage. STEEVENS.

Perhaps we ſhould read—*only* for *prorogation*. MALONE.

[2] *Fault* and *glimpſe* have ſo little relation to each other, that both can ſcarcely be right: we may read *flaſh* for *fault*: or, perhaps, we may read,

Whether it be the fault or *glimpſe*——

That is, whether it be the ſeeming enormity of the action, or the glare of new authority. Yet the ſame ſenſe follows in the next lines.

JOHNSON.

Fault

Or whether that the body public be
A horſe whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the ſeat, that it may know
He can command, lets it ſtraight feel the ſpur:
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I ſtagger in:—But this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unſcour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,[3]
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowſy and neglected act
Freſhly on me:—'tis, ſurely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head ſtands ſo tickle[4] on thy ſhoulders, that a milk-maid, if ſhe be in love, may ſigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done ſo, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind ſervice:
This day my ſiſter ſhould the cloiſter enter,
And there receive her approbation:[5]
Acquaint her with the danger of my ſtate;
Implore her, in my voice, that ſhe make friends
To the ſtrict deputy; bid herſelf aſſay him;
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and ſpeechleſs dialect,[6]

Such

Fault, I apprehend, does not refer to any enormous act done by the deputy, (as Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have thought,) but to *newneſs*. The *fault and glimpſe* is the ſame as *the faulty glimpſe*. And the meaning ſeems to be—*Whether it be* the fault of newneſs, *a fault ariſing from the mind being dazzled by a* novel *authority, of which the new governor has yet had only a* glimpſe,—*has yet taken only a haſty ſurvey; or whether*, &c. Shakſpeare has many ſimilar expreſſions. MALONE.

3 The Duke, in the ſcene immediately following, ſays:

Which for theſe fourteen *years we have let ſlip.* THEOBALD.

4 i. e. tickliſh. This word is frequently uſed by our old dramatic authors. STEEVENS.

5 i. e. enter on her *probation*, or *noviciate*. So again, in this play:

"I, in *probation* of a ſiſterhood."—— MALONE.

6 I can ſcarcely tell what ſignification to give to the word *prone*. Its primitive and tranſlated ſenſes are well known. The author may, by a *prone* dialect, mean a dialect which men are *prone* to regard, or a dialect natural and unforced, as thoſe actions ſeem to which we are *prone*. Either

of

Such as moves men ; beſide, ſhe hath proſperous art
When ſhe will play with reaſon and diſcourſe,
And well ſhe can perſuade.

Lucio. I pray, ſhe may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which elſe would ſtand under grievous impoſition ;[7] as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be ſorry ſhould be thus fooliſhly loſt at a game of tick-tack.[8] I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours,——

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Monaſtery.

Enter DUKE, *and* Friar Thomas.

Duke. No; holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a cómplete boſom:[9] why I deſire thee

To

of theſe interpretations is ſufficiently ſtrained; but ſuch diſtortion of words is not uncommon in our author. For the ſake of an eaſier ſenſe we may read:

——*in her youth*
There is a pow'r, *and ſpeechleſs dialect,*
Such as moves men ;

Or thus:

There is a prompt *and ſpeechleſs dialect.* JOHNSON.

Prone, perhaps, may ſtand for *humble*, as *a prone poſture* is *a poſture of ſupplication.* Sir *W. D'Avenant*, in his alteration of the play changes *prone* to *ſweet.* I mention ſome of his variations, to ſhew that what appear difficulties to us, were difficulties to him, who, living nearer the time of Shakſpeare, might be ſuppoſed to have underſtood his language more intimately. STEEVENS.

Prone, I believe, is uſed here for *prompt*, *ſignificant*, *expreſſive* (though ſpeechleſs), as in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* it means *ardent*, *headſtrong*, ruſhing forward to its object:

"O that *prone* luſt ſhould ſtain ſo pure a bed!"

[7] I once thought it ſhould be *inquiſition*, but the preſent reading is probably right. *The crime would be under grievous* penalties impoſed. JOHNSON.

[8] *Tick-tack* is a game at tables. "*Jouer au* tric-trac," is uſed in French, in a wanton ſenſe. MALONE.

[9] Think not that a breaſt *compleatly armed* can be pierced by the dart of love, that comes *fluttering without force.* JOHNSON.

'To give me ſecret harbour, hath a purpoſe
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace ſpeak of it?

Duke. My holy ſir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;[2]
And held in idle price to haunt aſſemblies,
Where youth, and coſt, and witleſs bravery[3] keeps.[4]
I have deliver'd to lord Angelo
(A man of ſtricture, and firm abſtinence,)[5]
My abſolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he ſuppoſes me travell'd to Poland;
For ſo I have ſtrew'd it in the common ear,
And ſo it is receiv'd: Now, pious ſir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have ſtrict ſtatutes, and moſt biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for head-ſtrong ſteeds,)[6]
Which for theſe fourteen years we have let ſleep;[7]

Even

[2] i. e. a life of retirement, a life remote, or removed, from the buſtle of the world. STEEVENS.

[3] *Bravery*, in the preſent inſtance, ſignifies *ſhowy dreſs*. STEEVENS.

[4] i. e. dwells, reſides. In this ſenſe it is ſtill uſed at Cambridge, where the ſtudents and fellows, referring to their collegiate apartments, always ſay they *keep*, i. e. reſide there. REED.

[5] *Stricture* makes no ſenſe in this place. We ſhould read:

A man of ſtrict ure *and firm abſtinence.*

i. e. a man of the *exacteſt conduct*, and practiſed in the ſubdual of his paſſions. *Ure* is an old word for uſe, practiſe: ſo *enur'd*, habituated to.

WARBURTON.

Stricture may eaſily be uſed for *ſtrictneſs*; *ure* is indeed an old word, but, I think, always applied to things, never to perſons. JOHNSON.

[6] In the copies,

The needful bits *and* curbs *for head-ſtrong* weeds.

There is no manner of analogy or conſonance in the metaphors here: and, though the copies agree, I do not think the author would have talked of *bits* and *curbs* for *weeds*. On the other hand, nothing can be more proper, than to compare perſons of *unbridled licentiouſneſs* to headſtrong *ſteeds*: and, in this view, *bridling the paſſions* has been a phraſe adopted by our beſt poets. THEOBALD.

[7] For *fourteen* I have made no ſcruple to replace *nineteen*. The reaſon will be obvious to him who recollects what the Duke [Claudio] has ſaid in a foregoing ſcene. I have altered the odd phraſe of "*letting the laws* ſlip:"

Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to ſtick it in their children's ſight,
For terror, not to uſe; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd: ſo our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themſelves are dead;
And liberty plucks juſtice by the noſe;
The baby beats the nurſe,[8] and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It reſted in your grace
To unlooſe this tied-up juſtice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have ſeem'd,
Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith[9] 'twas my fault to give the people ſcope,
'Twould be my tyranny to ſtrike, and gall them,
For what I bid them do: For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permiſſive paſs,
And not the puniſhment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office;
Who may, in the ambuſh of my name, ſtrike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight,
To do it ſlander: [2] And to behold his ſway,
I will,

for how does it ſort with the compariſon that follows, of a lion in his cave that went not out to prey? But letting the laws *ſleep*, adds a particular propriety to the thing repreſented, and accords too exactly with the ſimile. It is the metaphor too, that our author ſeems fond of uſing upon this occaſion, in ſeveral other parts of this play. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald altered *fourteen* to *nineteen*, to make the Duke's account correſpond with a ſpeech of Claudio's in a former ſcene, but without neceſſity. *Claudio would naturally repreſent the period during which the law had not been put in practice, greater than it really was.* MALONE.

Theobald's correction is miſplaced. If any correction is really neceſſary, it ſhould have been made where Claudio, in a foregoing ſcene, ſays *nineteen* years. I am diſpoſed to take the Duke's words. WHALLEY.

[8] This alluſion was borrowed from an ancient print, entitled *The World turn'd upſide down*, where an infant is thus employed. STEEVENS.

9 *Sith*—] i. e. ſince. STEEVENS.

[2] To *do* it *ſlander*:] The text ſtood:

So *do* in *ſlander*:——

Sir Thomas Hanmer has very well corrected it thus:

To *do* it *ſlander*;

I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear[3] me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard[4] with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Nunnery.

Enter ISABELLA *and* FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges?
Fran. Are not these large enough?
Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sister-hood, the votarists of saint Clare.
Lucio. Ho! Peace be in this place! [*Within.*]
Isab. Who's that which calls?
Fran. It is a man's voice: Gentle Isabella,

Turn

Yet perhaps less alteration might have produced the true reading:

And yet my nature never, in the sight,
So *doing slandered:*

And yet my nature never suffer slander, by doing any open acts of severity. JOHNSON.

The old text stood,

——— in the *fight*
To do *in* slander: ———

Hanmer's emendation is supported by a passage in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"*Do me* no *slander*, Douglas, I dare fight." STEEVENS.

Fight seems to be countenanced by the words *ambush* and *strike*. *Sight* was introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

3 The sense of the passage (as Mr. Henley observes) is—*How I may demean myself, so as to support the character I have assumed.* STEEVENS.

4 Stands on terms of defiance. JOHNSON.

This rather means, to stand cautiously on his *defence*, than on terms of defiance. M. MASON.

Turn you the key, and know his buſineſs of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unſworn:
When you have vow'd, you muſt not ſpeak with men,
But in the preſence of the prioreſs:
Then, if you ſpeak, you muſt not ſhow your face;
Or, if you ſhow your face, you muſt not ſpeak.
He calls again; I pray you, anſwer him.

[*Exit* FRANCISCA.

Iſab. Peace and proſperity! Who is't that calls?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as thoſe cheek-roſes
Proclaim you are no leſs! Can you ſo ſtead me,
As bring me to the ſight of Iſabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair ſiſter
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Iſab. Why her unhappy brother? let me aſk;
The rather, for I now muſt make you know
I am that Iſabella, and his ſiſter.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he's in priſon.

Iſab. Woe me! for what?

Lucio. For that, which, if myſelf might be his judge,
He ſhould receive his puniſhment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Iſal. Sir, make me not your ſtory.[5]

Lucio. It is true.
I would not[6]—though 'tis my familiar ſin
With maids to ſeem the lapwing,[7] and to jeſt,

[5] Do not, by deceiving me, make me a ſubject for a tale. JOHNSON.
Perhaps only, *Do not divert yourſelf with me as you would with a ſtory*, do not make me the ſubject of your drama. Benedick talks of becoming—the *argument* of his own ſcorn. STEEVENS.
Mr. Ritſon explains this paſſage, "do not make a *jeſt of me.*"
REED.

[6] i. e. Be aſſured, I would not mock you. So afterwards: "Do not believe it:" i. e. Do not ſuppoſe that I would mock you. MALONE.
I am ſatisfied with the ſenſe afforded by the old punctuation.
STEEVENS.

[7] The Oxford editor's note on this paſſage is in theſe words; *The lap-*

Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins ſo:
I hold you as a thing enſky'd, and ſainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal ſpirit;
And to be talk'd with in ſincerity,
As with a ſaint.

Iſab. You do blaſpheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewneſs and truth,[8] 'tis thus:
Your brother and his lover [9] have embrac'd:
As thoſe that feed grow full; as bloſſoming time,[2]
That from the ſeedneſs the bare fallow brings

To

wings fly, with ſeeming fright and anxiety, far from their neſts, to deceive thoſe who ſeek their young. And do not all other birds do the ſame? But what has this to do with the infidelity of a general lover, to whom this bird is compared? It is another quality of the lapwing that is here alluded to, viz. its perpetually flying ſo low and ſo near the paſſenger, that he thinks he has it, and then is ſuddenly gone again. This made it a proverbial expreſſion to ſignify a lover's falſhood: and it ſeems to be a very old one; for Chaucer, in his *Plowman's Tale*, ſays:

"— And *lapwings* that well conith lie." WARBURTON.

The modern editors have not taken in the whole ſimilitude here: they have taken notice of the lightneſs of a ſpark's behaviour to his miſtreſs, and compared it to the *lapwing's* hovering and fluttering as it flies. But the chief, of which no notice is taken, is,—"—— *and to jeſt.*" (See Ray's *Proverbs*) "The *lapwing* cries, *tongue far* from heart." i. e. moſt fartheſt from the neſt, i. e. She is, as Shakſpeare has it here,—*Tongue far from heart.* "The farther ſhe is from her neſt, where her heart is with her young ones, ſhe is the louder, or perhaps all tongue." SMITH.

[8] i. e. in *few words*, and thoſe true ones. *In few*, is many times thus uſed by Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

[9] i. e. his miſtreſs; *lover*, in our author's time, being applied to the female as well as the male ſex. MALONE.

[2] As the ſentence now ſtands, it is apparently ungrammatical. I read,

At *bloſſoming time*, &c.

That is, *As they that feed grow full, ſo her womb now* at bloſſoming time, *at that time through which the ſeed time proceeds to the harveſt*, her womb ſhows what has been doing. Lucio ludicrouſly calls pregnancy *bloſſoming time*, the time when fruit is promiſed, though not yet ripe. JOHNSON.

Inſtead of *that*, we may read—*doth*; and, inſtead of *brings*, *bring*. *Foizon* is *plenty*. *Teeming foizon*, is abundant produce. STEEVENS.

The paſſage ſeems to me to require no amendment; and the meaning of it is this: "As bloſſoming time proves the good tillage of the farmer, ſo the fertility of her womb expreſſes Claudio's full tilth and huſbandry." By *bloſſoming time* is meant, the time when the ears of corn are formed.

M. MASON.

To teeming foiſon; even ſo her plenteous womb
Expreſſeth his full tilth and huſbandry.

Iſab. Some one with child by him?—My couſin Juliet?

Lucio. Is ſhe your couſin?

Iſab. Adoptedly; as ſchool-maids change their names,
By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Iſab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very ſtrangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myſelf being one,
In hand, and hope of action: [3] but we do learn
By thoſe that know the very nerves of ſtate,
His givings out were of an infinite diſtance
From his true-meant deſign. Upon his place,
And with full line [4] of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo; a man, whoſe blood
Is very ſnow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton ſtings and motions of the ſenſe;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, ſtudy and faſt.
He (to give fear to uſe [5] and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions,) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whoſe heavy ſenſe your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arreſts him on it;
And follows cloſe the rigour of the ſtatute,
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unleſs you have the grace [6] by your fair prayer
To ſoften Angelo; and that's my pith
Of buſineſs [7] 'twixt you and your poor brother.

[3] *To bear in hand* is a common phraſe for *to keep in expectation and dependance*; but we ſhould read:

—— with *hope of action.* JOHNSON.

[4] With full extent, with the whole length. JOHNSON.

[5] To intimidate *uſe*, that is, practices long countenanced by *cuſtom.* JOHNSON.

[6] That is, the acceptableneſs, the power of gaining favour. So, when ſhe makes her ſuit, the provoſt ſays:

"Heaven give thee moving *graces!*" JOHNSON.

[7] The inmoſt part, the main of my meſſage. JOHNSON.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?
Lucio. Has censur'd him [8]
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.
Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?
Lucio. Assay the power you have.
Isab. My power! Alas! I doubt,—
Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs [9]
As they themselves would owe them.[2]
Isab. I'll see what I can do.
Lucio. But, speedily.
Isab. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the mother [3]
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isab. Good sir, adieu. [*Exeunt.*

[8] i. e. sentenced him. STEEVENS.

We should read, I think, He *has censured him*, &c. In the Mss. of our author's time, and frequently in the printed copy of these plays, *he has*, when intended to be contracted, is written—*h'as*. Hence probably the mistake here. MALONE.

[9] All their requests are as freely granted to them, are granted in as full and beneficial a manner, as they themselves could wish. The editor of the second folio arbitrarily reads—*as* truly *theirs*; which has been followed in all the subsequent copies. MALONE.

[2] To *owe*, signifies in this place, as in many others, to possess, to have. STEEVENS.

[3] The abbess, or prioress. JOHNSON.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in ANGELO'S *Houſe.*

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, *a* Juſtice, Provoſt,[4] Officers, *and other Attendants.*

Ang. We muſt not make a ſcare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,[5]
And let it keep one ſhape, till cuſtom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
Eſcal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruiſe to death: [6] Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would ſave, had a moſt noble father,
Let but your honour know,[7]
(Whom I believe to be moſt ſtrait in virtue,)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wiſhing,
Or that the reſolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpoſe,
Whether you had not ſometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you cenſure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Eſcalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, paſſing on the priſoner's life,
May, in the ſworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: What's open made to juſtice,

4 A Provoſt martial, *Minſhieu* explains, "Prevoſt des mareſchaux: Præfectus *rerum capitalium*, Prætor rerum capitalium." REED.

A *provoſt* is generally the executioner of an army. STEEVENS.

A priſon for military offenders is at this day, in ſome places, called the *Prevôt*. MALONE.

The *Provoſt* here, is not a *military officer*, but a kind of ſheriff or gaoler, ſo called in foreign countries. DOUCE.

5 To *fear* is to *affright*, to *terrify*. STEEVENS.

6 I ſhould rather read *fell*, i. e. ſtrike down. WARBURTON.

Fall is the old reading, and the true one. Shakſpeare has uſed the ſame verb active in *The Comedy of Errors*. STEEVENS.

7 To *know* is here to *examine*, to *take cogniſance*. JOHNSON.

That juſtice ſeizes. What know the laws,
That thieves do paſs on thieves? [8] 'Tis very pregnant,[9]
The jewel that we find, we ſtoop and take it,
Becauſe we ſee it; but what we do not ſee,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not ſo extenuate his offence,
For I have had [2] ſuch faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that cenſure him, do ſo offend,
Let mine own judgement pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he muſt die.

Eſcal. Be it as your wiſdom will.

Ang. Where is the provoſt?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confeſſor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmoſt of his pilgrimage. [*Exit* Provoſt.

Eſcal. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some riſe by ſin, and ſome by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and anſwer none;
And ſome condemned for a fault alone.[3]

Enter

[8] How can the adminiſtrators of the laws take cognizance of what I have juſt mentioned? How can they know, whether the jurymen who *decide* on the life or death of thieves be themſelves as criminal as thoſe whom they try? *To paſs on* is a forenſick term. MALONE.

9 'Tis *plain* that we muſt act with bad as with good; we puniſh the faults, as we take the advantages that lie in our way, and what we do not ſee we cannot note. JOHNSON.

2 That is, *becauſe, by reaſon that* I have had ſuch faults. JOHNSON.

3 *Some riſe*, &c.] This line is in the firſt folio printed in Italics as a quotation. All the folios read in the next line:

Some run from *brakes of* ice, *and anſwer none.* JOHNSON.

The old reading is, perhaps, the true one, and may mean, *ſome run away from danger, and ſtay to anſwer none of their faults, whilſt others are condemned only on account of a ſingle frailty.*

If this be the true reading, it ſhould be printed:

Some run from breaks [i. e. fractures] *of ice*, &c.

Since I ſuggeſted this, I have found reaſon to change my opinion. A *brake* anciently meant not only a *ſharp bit*, a *ſnaffle*, but alſo the engine with which farriers confined the legs of ſuch unruly horſes as would not otherwiſe ſubmit themſelves to be ſhod, or to have a cruel operation performed on them. This, in ſome places, is ſtill called a ſmith's *brake*. In this

Enter ELBOW, FROTH, Clown, Officers, *&c.*

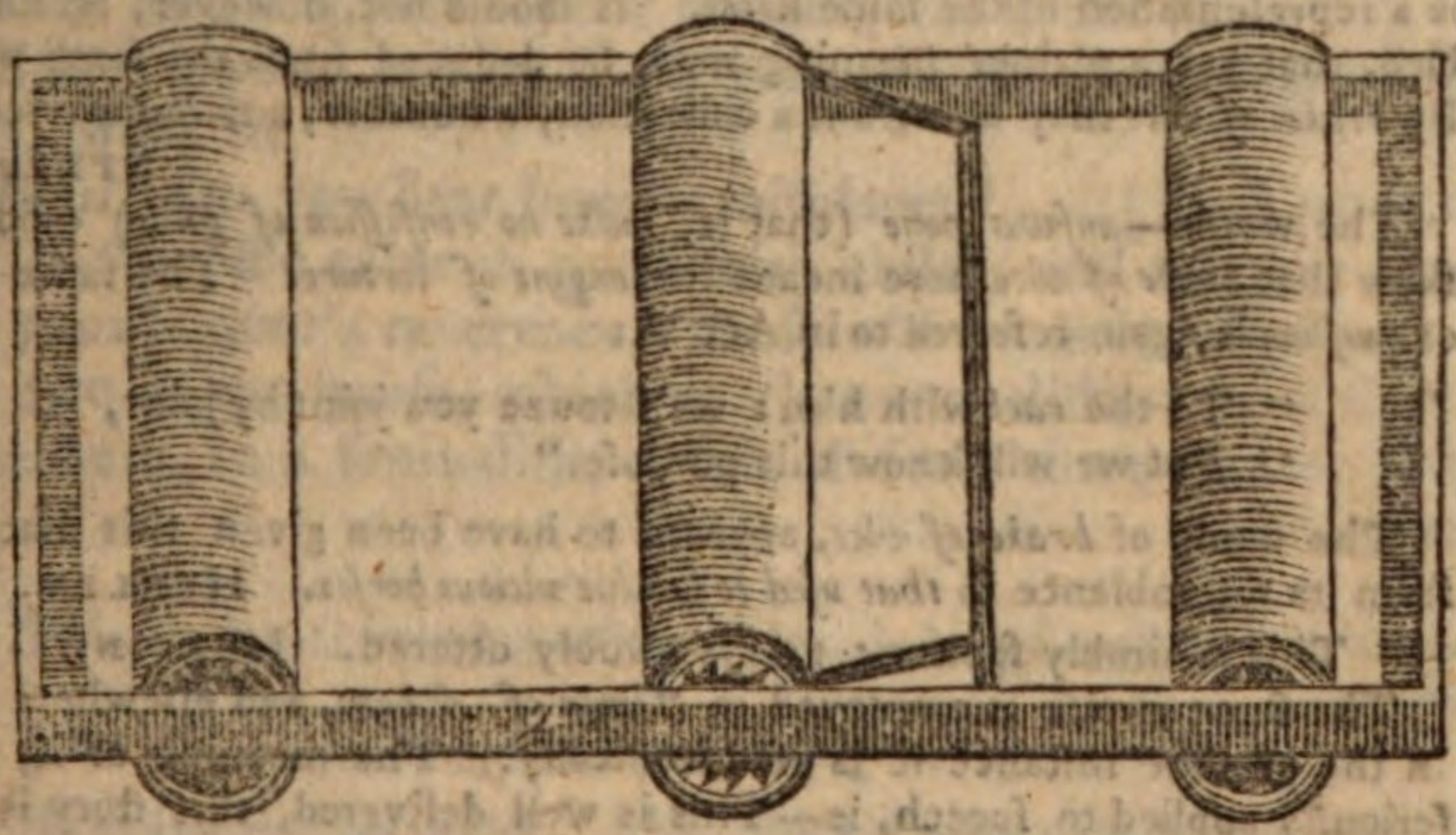
Elb. Come, bring them away: if theſe be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but uſe their abuſes in common houſes, I know no law: bring them away.

this laſt ſenſe, Ben Jonſon uſes the word in his *Underwoods.* And, for the former ſenſe, ſee *The Silent Woman*, Act IV.

I likewiſe find from Holinſhed, p. 670, that the *brake* was an engine of torture. "The ſaid Hawkins was caſt into the Tower, and at length brought to the *brake*, called the Duke of Exceſter's daughter, by means of which pain he ſhewed many things," &c.

"When the Dukes of Exeter and Suffolk (ſays Blackſtone, in his *Commentaries*, Vol. IV. chap. xxv. p. 320, 321.) and other miniſters of Hen. VI. had laid a deſign to introduce the civil law into this kingdom as the rule of government, for a beginning thereof they erected a rack for torture, which was called in deriſion the Duke of Exeter's Daughter, and ſtill remains in the Tower of London, where it was occaſionally uſed as an engine of ſtate, not of law, more than once in the reign of Queen Elizabeth." See Coke's Inſtit. 35. Barrington, 69, 385. and Fuller's Worthies, p. 317.

A part of this horrid engine ſtill remains in the Tower, and the following is the figure of it:



It conſiſts of a ſtrong iron frame about ſix feet long, with three rollers of wood within it. The middle one of theſe, which has iron teeth at each end, is governed by two ſtops of iron, and was, probably, that part of the machine which ſuſpended the powers of the reſt, when the unhappy ſufferer was ſufficiently ſtrained by the cords, &c. to begin confeſſion. I cannot conclude this account of it without confeſſing my obligation to Sir Charles Frederick, who politely condeſcended to direct my enquiries,

whil:

Ang. How now, ſir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it pleaſe your honour, I am the poor duke's conſtable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon juſtice, ſir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it pleaſe your honour, I know not well what they are: but preciſe villains they are, that I am ſure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good chriſtians ought to have.

Eſcal. This comes off well;[4] here's a wiſe officer.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why doſt thou not ſpeak, Elbow?[5]

Clo. He cannot, ſir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, ſir?

Elb.

while his high command rendered every part of the Tower acceſſible to my reſearches.

I have ſince obſerved that, in *Fox's Martyrs*, edit. 1596, p. 1843, there is a repreſentation of the ſame kind. It ſhould not, however, be diſſembled, that yet a plainer meaning may be deduced from the ſame words. By *brakes of vice* may be meant a collection, a number, a *thicket* of vices. STEEVENS.

The words—*anſwer none* (that is, *make no confeſſion of guilt*) evidently ſhew that *brake of vice* here means the *engine of torture*. The ſame mode of *queſtion* is again referred to in Act V:

" To the *rack* with him: we'll touze you joint by joint,
" But we will know this purpoſe."

The name of *brake of vice*, appears to have been given this machine, from its reſemblance to *that uſed to ſubdue vicious horſes*. HENLEY.

4 This is nimbly ſpoken; this is volubly uttered. JOHNSON.

The ſame phraſe is employed in *Timon of Athens*, and elſewhere; but in the preſent inſtance it is uſed ironically. The meaning of it, when ſeriouſly applied to ſpeech, is—This is well delivered, this ſtory is well told. STEEVENS.

5 Says Angelo to the conſtable. " He cannot, ſir, (quoth the *Clown*,) he's *out at elbow*." I know not whether this quibble be generally underſtood; he is *out* at the word *elbow*, and *out* at the *elbow* of his coat. The *Conſtable*, in his account of maſter *Froth* and the Clown, has a ſtroke at the *Puritans*, who were very zealous againſt the ſtage about this time: " Preciſe villains they are, that I am ſure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good Chriſtians ought to have." FARMER.

Elb. He ſir? a tapſter, ſir; parcel-bawd; [6] one that ſerves a bad woman; whoſe houſe, ſir, was, as they ſay, pluck'd down in the ſuburbs; and now ſhe profeſſes a hot-houſe,[7] which, I think, is a very ill houſe too.

Eſcal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, ſir, whom I deteſt [8] before heaven and your honour,—

Eſcal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, ſir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honeſt woman;—

Eſcal. Doſt thou deteſt her therefore?

Elb. I ſay, ſir, I will deteſt myſelf alſo, as well as ſhe, that this houſe, if it be not a bawd's houſe, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty houſe.

Eſcal. How doſt thou know that, conſtable?

Elb. Marry, ſir, by my wife; who, if ſhe had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accuſed in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanlineſs there.

Eſcal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, ſir, by miſtreſs Overdone's means: [9] but as ſhe ſpit in his face, ſo ſhe defy'd him.

Clo. Sir, if it pleaſe your honour, this is not ſo.

Elb. Prove it before theſe varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Eſcal. Do you hear how he miſplaces? [*To* ANGELO.

Clo. Sir, ſhe came in great with child; and longing (ſaving your honour's reverence,) for ſtew'd prunes; [2] ſir, we had but two in the houſe, which at that very diſtant time ſtood, as it were, in a fruit-diſh, a diſh of ſome three-pence; your

[6] This we ſhould now expreſs by ſaying, *he is* half-tapſter, half-bawd. JOHNSON.

[7] A *hot-houſe* is an Engliſh name for a *bagnio*. JOHNSON.

[8] He deſigned to ſay *proteſt*. Mrs. Quickly makes the ſame blunder in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act I. ſc. iv.—"But, I *deteſt*, an honeſt maid," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] Here ſeems to have been ſome mention made of Froth, who was to be accuſed, and ſome words therefore may have been loſt, unleſs the irregularity of the narrative may be better imputed to the ignorance of the conſtable. JOHNSON.

[2] *Stewed prunes* were to be found in every brothel. STEEVENS.

honours have ſeen ſuch diſhes; they are not China diſhes, but very good diſhes.

Eſcal. Go to, go to; no matter for the diſh, ſir.

Clo. No, indeed, ſir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As I ſay, this miſtreſs Elbow, being, as I ſay, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I ſaid, for prunes; and having but two in the diſh, as I ſaid, maſter Froth here, this very man, having eaten the reſt, as I ſaid, and, as I ſay, paying for them very honeſtly;—for, as you know, maſter Froth, I could not give you three pence again.

Froth. No, indeed,

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the ſtones of the foreſaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, ſo I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that ſuch a one, and ſuch a one, were paſt cure of the thing you wot of, unleſs they kept very good diet, as I told you;

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then.

Eſcal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpoſe.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cauſe to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Eſcal. No, ſir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you ſhall come to it, by your honour's leave: And, I beſeech you, look into maſter Froth here, ſir; a man of fourſcore pound a year; whoſe father died at Hallowmas.—Was't not at Hallowmas, maſter Froth?

Froth. All-hollond eve.

Clo. Why, very well; I hope here be truths: He, ſir, ſitting, as I ſay, in a lower chair,[4] ſir;—'twas in the *Bunch of*

[3] A *China* diſh, in the age of Shakſpeare, muſt have been ſuch an uncommon thing, that the Clown's exemption of it, as no utenſil in a common brothel, is a ſtriking circumſtance in his abſurd and tautological depoſition. STEEVENS.

[4] Every houſe had formerly, among its other furniture, what was called—a *low chair*, deſigned for the eaſe of ſick people, and, occaſionally, occupied by lazy ones. Of theſe conveniencies I have ſeen many, though, perhaps, at preſent they are wholly diſuſed. STEEVENS.

of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to ſit: Have you not;

Froth. I have ſo; becauſe it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clo. Why, very well then;—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will laſt out a night in Ruſſia,
When nights are longeſt there: I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cauſe;
Hoping, you'll find good cauſe to whip them all.

Eſcal. I think no leſs: Good morrow to your lordſhip.

[*Exit* ANGELO.

Now, ſir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clo. Once, ſir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beſeech you, ſir, aſk him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beſeech your honour, aſk me.

Eſcal. Well, ſir; What did this gentleman to her?

Clo. I beſeech you, ſir, look in this gentleman's face:—Good maſter Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpoſe: Doth your honour mark his face?

Eſcal. Ay, ſir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beſeech you, mark it well.

Eſcal. Well, I do ſo.

Clo. Doth your honour ſee any harm in his face?

Eſcal. Why, no.

Clo. I'll be ſuppoſed [5] upon a book, his face is the worſt thing about him: Good then; if his face be the worſt thing about him, how could maſter Froth do the conſtable's wife any harm? I would know that your honour.

Eſcal. He's in the right: Conſtable what ſay you to it?

Elb. Firſt, an it like you, the houſe is a reſpected houſe; next, this is a reſpected fellow; and his miſtreſs is a reſpected woman.

Clo. By this hand, ſir, his wife is a more reſpected perſon than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lieſt; thou lieſt, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that ſhe was ever reſpected with man, woman, or child.

Clo.

[5] He means *depoſed*. MALONE.

Clo. Sir, ſhe was reſpected with him before he married with her.

Eſcal. Which is the wiſer here? Juſtice or Iniquity?[6]—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal![7] I reſpected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was reſpected with her, or ſhe with me, let not your worſhip think me the poor duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Eſcal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of ſlander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worſhip for it: What is't your worſhip's pleaſure I ſhould do with this wicked caitiff?

Eſcal. Truly, officer, becauſe he hath ſome offences in him, that thou wouldſt diſcover if thou couldſt, let him continue in his courſes, till thou know'ſt what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worſhip for it:—Thou ſeeſt, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.[8]

Eſcal. Where were you born, friend? [*To* FROTH.

Froth. Here in Vienna, ſir.

Eſcal. Are you of fourſcore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't pleaſe you, ſir.

Eſcal. So.—What trade are you of, ſir? [*To the* Clown.

Clo. A tapſter; a poor widow's tapſter.

Eſcal. Your miſtreſs's name?

Clo.

[6] Theſe were, I ſuppoſe, two perſonages well known to the audience by their frequent appearance in the old moralities. The words, therefore, at that time produced a combination of ideas, which they have now loſt. JOHNSON.

Juſtice or Iniquity?] i. e. The conſtable or the fool. Eſcalus calls the latter *Iniquity*, in alluſion to the old *Vice*, a familiar character, in the ancient moralities and dumb-ſhews. *Juſtice* may have a ſimilar alluſion, which I am unable to explain. *Iniquitie* is one of the perſonages in the "Worthy interlude of *Kynge Darius*," 4to. bl. l. no date. And in the Firſt Part of *King Henry IV.* Prince Henry calls Falſtaff,—"that reverend *Vice*, that grey *Iniquity*." RITSON.

[7] Miſtaken by the conſtable for *Cannibal.* JOHNSON.

[8] Perhaps Elbow, miſinterpreting the language of Eſcalus, ſuppoſes the Clown is to *continue in confinement*; at leaſt, he conceives ſome ſevere puniſhment or other to be implied by the word—*continue.* STEEVENS.

Clo. Miſtreſs Over-done.

Eſcal. Hath ſhe had any more than one huſband?

Clo. Nine, ſir; Over-done by the laſt.

Eſcal. Nine!—Come hither to me, maſter Froth. Maſter Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapſters; they will draw you, [9] maſter Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worſhip: For mine own part, I never come into any room in a tap-houſe, but I am drawn in.

Eſcal. Well; no more of it, maſter Froth: farewell. [*Exit* FROTH.]—Come you hither to me, maſter tapſter; what's your name, maſter tapſter?

Clo. Pompey.[2]

Eſcal. What elſe?

Clo. Bum, ſir.

Eſcal. 'Troth, and your bum is the greateſt thing about you;[3] ſo that, in the beaſtlieſt ſenſe, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howſoever you colour it in being a tapſter. Are you not? come, tell me true; it ſhall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly, ſir, I am a poor fellow, that would live.

Eſcal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, ſir.

Eſcal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it ſhall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo.

[9] *Draw* has here a cluſter of ſenſes. As it refers to the tapſter, it ſignifies *to drain, to empty*; as it is related to *hang*, it means *to be conveyed to execution on a hurdle.* In Froth's anſwer, it is the ſame as *to bring along by ſome motive or power.* JOHNSON.

[2] His miſtreſs in a preceding ſcene, calls him *Thomas.* RITSON.

[3] Harriſon in his *Deſcription of Britain*, prefixed to Holingſhed's Chronicle, condemns the exceſs of apparel amongſt his contrymen. Should any curious reader wiſh for more information upon this ſubject, he is referred to "Strutt's Manners and Cuſtoms of the Engliſh," Vol. III. p. 86. DOUCE.

But perhaps an ancient MS. ballad, entitled, *A lamentable complaint of the pore country men againſte* great hoſe, *for the loſſe of there cattelles tailes*, Muſ. Brit. MS. Harl. 367. may throw further light on the ſubject.

STEEVENS.

Clo. Does your worſhip mean to geld and ſpay all the youth in the city?

Eſcal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, ſir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: If your worſhip will take order [4] for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Eſcal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to gi e out a commiſſion for more heads. If this law hold out in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the faireſt houſe in it, after three pence a bay: [5] If you live to ſee this come to paſs, ſay, Pompey told you ſo.

Eſcal. Thank you, good Pompey: and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I adviſe you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatſoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I ſhall beat you to your tent, and prove a ſhrewd Cæſar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I ſhall have you whipt: ſo for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your worſhip for your good counſel; but I ſhall follow it, as the fleſh and fortune ſhall better determine.
Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*

Eſcal. Come hither to me, maſter Elbow; come hither, maſter conſtable. How long have you been in this place of conſtable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, ſir.

Eſcal. I thought, by your readineſs in the office, you had continued in it ſome time: You ſay, ſeven years together?

Elb. And a half, ſir.

Eſcal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you ſo oft upon't: Are there not men in your ward ſufficient to ſerve it?

Elb. Faith, ſir, few of any wit in ſuch matters: as they are

4 i. e. *take meaſures.* STEEVENS.

5 A *bay* of building is, in many parts of England, a common term, of which the beſt conception that ever I could obtain, is, that it is the ſpace between the main beams of the roof; ſo that a barn croſſed twice with beams is a barn of three *bays.* JOHNSON.

are choſen, they are glad to chooſe me for them; I do it for ſome piece of money, and go through with all.

Eſcal. Look you, bring me in the names of ſome ſix or ſeven, the moſt ſufficient of your pariſh.

Elb. To your worſhip's houſe, ſir?

Eſcal. To my houſe: Fare you well. [*Exit* ELBOW.] What's o'clock, think you?

Juſt. Eleven, ſir.

Eſcal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Juſt. I humbly thank you.

Eſcal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

Juſt. Lord Angelo is ſevere.

Eſcal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itſelf, that oft looks ſo;
Pardon is ſtill the nurſe of ſecond woe:
But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.
Come, ſir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the ſame.

Enter Provoſt, *and a* Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cauſe; he will come ſtraight.
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit* Servant.] I'll know
His pleaſure; may be, he will relent: Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All ſects, all ages ſmack of this vice; and he
To die for it!—

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provoſt?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio ſhall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? had'ſt thou notorder
Why doſt thou aſk again?

Prov. Leſt I might be too raſh:
Under your good correction, I have ſeen,
When, after execution, judgement hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you ſhall well be ſpar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.—
What ſhall be done, ſir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Diſpoſe of her
To ſome more fitter place; and that with ſpeed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the ſiſter of the man condemn'd,
Deſires acceſs to you.

Ang. Hath he a ſiſter?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be ſhortly of the ſiſterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit* Servant.
See you, the fornicatreſs be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not laviſh, means;
There ſhall be order for it.

Enter Lucio *and* Isabella.

Prov. Save your honour! [6] [*Offering to retire.*

Ang. Stay a little while.[7]—[*To* Isab.] You are welcome:
What's your will?

Iſab.

[6] *Your honour*, which is ſo often repeated in this ſcene, was in our author's time the uſual mode of addreſs to a *lord*. It had become antiquated after the Reſtoration; for Sir William D'Avenant in his alteration of this play has ſubſtituted *your excellence* in the room of it. Malone.

[7] It is not clear why the Provoſt is bidden to ſtay, nor when he goes out. Johnson.

The entrance of Lucio and Iſabella ſhould not, perhaps, be made till after Angelo's ſpeech to the Provoſt, who had only announced a lady, and ſeems to be detained as a witneſs to the purity of the deputy's converſation with her. His *exit* may be fixed with that of Lucio and Iſabella. He cannot remain longer, and there is no reaſon to think he departs before. Ritson.

Stay a little while, is ſaid by Angelo, in anſwer to the words, "*Save your honour*;" which denoted the Provoſt's intention to *depart*. Iſabella uſes the ſame words to Angelo, when ſhe *goes out*, near the concluſion of this ſcene. So alſo, when ſhe offers to retire, on finding her ſuit ineffectual: "Heaven keep your honour!" Malone.

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.
Ang. Well; what's your suit?
Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.[8]
Ang. Well; the matter?
Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.[9]
Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!
Ang. Condemn the fault, but not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.
Isab. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!
[*Retiring.*
Lucio. [*To* Isab.] Give't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.
Isab. Must he needs die?
Ang. Maiden, no remedy.
Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not do't.
Isab. But can you, if you would?
Ang.

[8] This is obscure; perhaps it may be mended by reading:
For which I must now *plead*; *but* yet *I am*
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.
Yet and *yt* are almost undistinguishable in an ancient manuscript. Yet no alteration is necessary, since the speech is not unintelligible as it now stands. Johnson.

[9] i. e. let his fault be condemned, or extirpated, but let not my brother himself suffer. Malone.

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.
Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong.
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse[2]
As mine is to him?
Ang. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.
Lucio. You are too cold. [*To* ISABELLA.
Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again: Well believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.
Ang. Pray you, begone.
Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.
Lucio. Ay, touch him: there's the vein. [*Aside.*
Ang. Your brother is the forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.
Isab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were,[3] were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy: How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgement, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.[4]

Ang.

[2] *Remorse*, in this place, as in many others, signifies *pity*. See *Othello*, Act III. STEEVENS.

[3] This is false divinity. We should read—*are*. WARBURTON.

I fear, the player, in this instance, is a better divine than the prelate. The *souls that* WERE, evidently refer to Adam and Eve, whose transgression rendered them obnoxious to the penalty of annihilation, but for the remedy which the author of their being most graciously provided. The learned Bishop, however, is more successful in his next explanation.

HENLEY.

[4] This is a fine thought, and finely expressed. The meaning is, that

mercy

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinſman, brother, or my ſon,
It ſhould be thus with him;—he muſt die to-morrow.

Iſab. To-morrow? O, that's ſudden! Spare him, ſpare him;
He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of ſeaſon; [5] ſhall we ſerve heaven
With leſs reſpect than we do miniſter
To our groſs ſelves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well ſaid.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath ſlept: [6]
Thoſe many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the firſt man that did the edict infringe, [7]
Had anſwer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glaſs, [8] that ſhows what future evils,
(Either now, or by remiſſneſs new-conceiv'd,

And

mercy will add ſuch a grace to your perſon, that you will appear as amiable as a man come freſh out of the hands of his Creator. WARBURTON.

I rather think the meaning is, *You will then change the ſeverity of your preſent character.* In familiar ſpeech, *You would be quite another man.* JOHNSON.

You will then appear as tender-hearted and merciful as the firſt man was in his days of innocence, immediately after his creation. MALONE.

I incline to a different interpretation:—*And you, Angelo, will breathe new life into Claudio, as the Creator animated Adam,* by "breathing into his noſtrils the breath of life." HOLT WHITE.

5 i. e. when it is in ſeaſon. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* "——buck; and *of the ſeaſon* too it ſhall appear. STEEVENS.

6 *Dormiunt aliquando leges, moriuntur nunquam,* is a maxim in our law. HOLT WHITE.

7 The word *man* has been ſupplied by the modern editors. I would rather read—

If he, the firſt, &c. TYRWHITT.

Man was introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

8 This alludes to the fopperies of the *beril,* much uſed at that time by cheats and fortune-tellers to predict by WARBURTON.

The *beril,* which is a kind of cryſtal, hath a weak tincture of red in it. Among other tricks of Aſtrologers, the diſcovery of paſt or future events was ſuppoſed to be the conſequence of looking into it. See *Aubrey's Miſcellanies,* p. 165. edit. 1721. REED.

And ſo in progreſs to be hatch'd and born,)
Are now to have no ſúcceſſive degrees,
But, when they live, to end.

Iſab. Yet ſhow ſome pity.

Ang. I ſhow it moſt of all, when I ſhow juſtice;
For then I pity thoſe I do not know,[9]
Which a diſmiſs'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, anſwering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be ſatisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Iſab. So you muſt be the firſt, that gives this ſentence;
And he, that ſuffers: O, it is excellent
To have a giant's ſtrength; but it is tyrannous,
To uſe it like a giant.[2]

Lucio. That's well ſaid.

Iſab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himſelf does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting,[3] petty officer,
Would uſe his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder.——
Merciful heaven!
Thou rather, with thy ſharp and ſulphurous bolt,
Split'ſt the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,[4]
Than the ſoft myrtle;—O, but man, proud man!
Dreſt in a little brief authority;
Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd,
His glaſſy eſſence,—like an angry ape,
Plays ſuch fantaſtick tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep;[5] who, with our ſpleens,
Would all themſelves laugh mortal.[6]

Lucio.

[9] This was one of Hale's memorials. *When I find myſelf ſwayed to mercy, let me remember, that there is a mercy likewiſe due to the country.*

JOHNSON.

[2] Iſabella alludes to the ſavage conduct of *giants* in ancient romances.

STEEVENS.

[3] ——*pelting,*] i. e. paltry. STEEVENS.

[4] *Gnarre* is the old Engliſh word for a *knot in wood.* STEEVENS.

[5] The notion of angels weeping for the ſins of men is rabbinical.—— *Ob peccatum flentes angelos inducunt Hebræorum magiſtri.*——Grotius ad S. Lucam. THEOBALD.

[6] Mr. Theobald ſays the meaning of this is, *that if they were endowed with our ſpleens and periſhable organs, they would laugh themſelves out of immortality:*

Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent;
He's coming; I perceive't.

Prov. Pray heaven ſhe win him!

Iſab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourſelf: [7]
Great men may jeſt with ſaints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in the leſs, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.

Iſab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the ſoldier is flat blaſphemy.

Lucio. Art advis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put theſe ſayings upon me?

Iſab. Becauſe authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itſelf,
That ſkins the vice o' the top: Go to your boſom;
Knock there; and aſk your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confeſs
A natural guiltineſs, ſuch as is his,
Let it not ſound a thought upon your tongue
Againſt my brother's life.

Ang. She ſpeaks, and 'tis
Such ſenſe, that my ſenſe breeds with it.[8]—Fare you well.

Iſab.

immortality; or, as we ſay in common life, laugh themſelves dead; which amounts to this, that if they were mortal, they would not be immortal. Shakſpeare meant no ſuch nonſenſe. By *ſpleens*, he meant that peculiar turn of the human mind, that always inclines it to a ſpiteful, unſeaſonable mirth. Had the angels *that*, ſays Shakſpeare, they would laugh themſelves out of their immortality, by indulging a paſſion which does not deſerve that prerogative. The ancients thought, that immoderate laughter was cauſed by the bigneſs of the ſpleen. WARBURTON.

[7] *We* mortals, proud and fooliſh, cannot prevail on our paſſions to *weigh* or compare *our brother*, a being of like nature and like frailty, *with ourſelf*. We have different names and different judgements for the ſame faults committed by perſons of different condition. JOHNSON.

[8] Thus all the folios. Some later editor has changed *breeds* to *bleeds*, and Dr Warburton blames poor Theobald for recalling the old word, which yet is certainly right. *My ſenſe* breeds *with her ſenſe*, that is, new thoughts are ſtirring in my mind, new conceptions are *hatched* in my imagination. So we ſay, to *brood* over thought. JOHNSON.

The ſentence ſignifies, Iſabella does not utter *barren* words, but ſpeaks ſuch ſenſe as *breeds* or *produces a conſequence* in Angelo's mind. Thus truths which *generate* no concluſion are often termed *barren* facts.

HOLT WHITE.

I under-

Isab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me :—Come again to-morrow.
Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you : Good my lord, turn back.
Ang. How ! bribe me ?
Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share with you.
Lucio. You had marr'd all else.
Isab. Not with fond shekels[9] of the tested gold,[2]
Or stones, whose rates are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them : but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise ; prayers from preserved souls,[3]
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well : come to me
To-morrow.
Lucio. Go to ; it is well ; away. [*Aside to* Isabel.
Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!
Ang. Amen : for I
Am that way going to temptation, [*Aside.*
Where prayers cross.[4]

Isab.

I understand the passage thus :—Her arguments are enforced with so much good sense, as to increase that stock of sense which I already possess. Douce.

9 *Fond* means very frequently in our author, *foolish*. It signifies in this place *valued* or *prized by folly*. Steevens.

2 i, e. attested, or marked with the standard stamp. Warburton.
Rather cupelled, brought to the *test*, refined. Johnson.
All gold that is *tested* is not marked with the standard stamp. The verb has a different sense, and means tried by the cuppel, which is called by the refiners a *test*. Vide Harris's Lex. Tech. Voce Cuppell.
Sir J. Hawkins.

3 i. e. preserved from the corruption of the world. The metaphor is taken from fruits preserved in sugar. Warburton.

4 Which way Angelo is going to temptation, we begin to perceive ; but how *prayers cross* that way, or cross each other, at that way, more than any other, I do not understand.
Isabella prays that his *honour* may be safe, meaning only to give him his title : his imagination is caught by the word *honour* : he feels that his *honour* is in danger, and therefore, I believe, answers thus :

I am that way going to temptation,
Which your *prayers cross.*

That

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?
Ang. At any time 'forenoon.
Isab. Save your honour!
[*Exeunt* LUCIO, ISABELLA, *and* Provost.
Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That lying by the violet, in the sun,[5]
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? [6] O, fie, fie, fie!
What

That is, I am tempted to lose that honour of which thou imploreſt the preſervation. The temptation under which I labour is that which thou haſt unknowingly *thwarted* with thy prayer. He uſes the ſame mode of language a few lines lower. Iſabella, parting, ſays:

Save you honour!

Angelo catches the word—*Save it! From what?*

From thee; even from thy virtue!— JOHNSON.

The beſt method of illuſtrating this paſſage will be to quote a ſimilar one from *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. ſc. i:

"*Sal.* I would it might prove the end of his loſſes!
"*Sola.* Let me ſay *Amen* betimes, *leſt the devil croſs thy prayer.*"

For the ſame reaſon Angelo ſeems to ſay *Amen* to Iſabella's prayer; but, to make the expreſſion clear, we ſhould read perhaps—Where prayers *are croſſed.* TYRWHITT.

The petition of the Lord's Prayer—"lead us not into temptation"—is here conſidered as croſſing or intercepting the onward way in which Angelo was going; this appointment of his for the morrow's meeting, being a premeditated expoſure of himſelf to temptation, which it was the general object of prayer to thwart. HENLEY.

[5] I am not corrupted by her, but my own heart, which excites foul deſires under the ſame benign influences that exalt her purity, as the carrion grows putrid by thoſe beams which increaſe the fragrance of the violet. JOHNSON.

[6] *And pitch our* evils *there?*] So, in *King Henry VIII:*

"Nor build their *evils* on the graves of great men."

Neither of theſe paſſages appears to contain a very elegant alluſion.

Evils, in the preſent inſtance, undoubtedly ſtand for *foricæ.* Dr. Farmer aſſures me he has ſeen the word *evil* uſed in this ſenſe by our ancient

What doſt thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
Doſt thou deſire her foully, for thoſe things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges ſteal themſelves. What? do I love her,
That I deſire to hear her ſpeak again,
And feaſt upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a ſaint.
With ſaints doſt bait thy hook! Moſt dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To ſin in loving virtue: never could the ſtrumpet,
With all her double vigour, art, and nature,
Once ſtir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite;—Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I ſmil'd, and wonder'd how. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in a Priſon.

Enter DUKE, *habited like a Friar, and* Provoſt.

Duke. Hail to you, provoſt! ſo, I think you are.
Prov. I am the provoſt: What's your will, good friar?
Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bleſs'd order,
I come to viſit the afflicted ſpirits
Here in the priſon:[8] do me the common right
To let me ſee them; and to make me know

The

writers; and it appears from *Harrington's Metamorphoſis of Ajax*, &c. that privies were originally ſo ill-contrived, even in royal palaces, as to deſerve the title of *evils* or nuiſances. STEEVENS.

No language could more forcibly expreſs the aggravated profligacy of Angelo's paſſion, which the purity of Iſabella but ſerved the more to inflame.——The deſecration of edifices devoted to religion, by converting them to the moſt abject purpoſes of nature, was an eaſtern method of expreſſing contempt. See 2 Kings, x. 27. HENLEY.

[7] As a day muſt now intervene between this conference of Iſabella with Angelo, and the next, the act might more properly end here; and here, in my opinion, it was ended by the poet. JOHNSON.

[8] This is a ſcriptural expreſſion, very ſuitable to the grave character which the Duke aſſumes. "By which alſo he went and preached unto the *ſpirits in priſon*." 1 Pet. iii. 19. WHALLEY.

The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: [9] She is with child;
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—
I have provided for you; stay a while, [*To* JULIET.
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

9 *Who falling in the* flames *of her own youth,*
Hath blister'd *her report:*] The old copy reads—*flaws.*
STEEVENS.

Who doth not see that the integrity of the metaphor requires, we should read:

——— flames *of her own youth?* WARBURTON.

Who does not see that, upon such principles, there is no end of correction? JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson did not know, nor perhaps Dr. Warburton either, that Sir William D'Avenant reads *flames* instead of *flaws* in his *Law against Lovers*, a play almost literally taken from *Measure for Measure*, and *Much ado about Nothing*. FARMER.

Duke. 'Tis meet ſo daughter: But leſt you do repent,[2]
As that the ſin has brought you to this ſhame,—
Which ſorrow is always toward ourſelves, not heaven;
Showing, we'd not ſpare heaven, as we love it,
But as we ſtand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the ſhame with joy.

Duke. There reſt.[3]
Your partner, as I hear, muſt die to-morrow,
And I am going with inſtruction to him.——
Grace go with you! *Benedicite!*[4] [*Exit.*

Juliet. Muſt die to-morrow! O, injurious love,[5]
That

[2] I think that a line at leaſt is wanting after the firſt of the Duke's ſpeech. It would be preſumptuous to attempt to replace the words; but the ſenſe, I am perſuaded, is eaſily recoverable out of Juliet's anſwer. I ſuppoſe his advice, in ſubſtance, to have been nearly this: "Take care, *leſt you repent* [not ſo much of your fault, as it is an evil,] *as that the ſin hath brought you to this ſhame.*" Accordingly, Juliet's anſwer is explicit to this point:

I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the ſhame with joy. TYRWHITT.

[3] Keep yourſelf in this temper. JOHNSON.

[4] The former part of this line evidently belongs to Juliet. *Benedicite* is the Duke's reply. RITSON.

This regulation is undoubtedly proper: but I ſuppoſe Shakſpeare to have written,—

Juliet. May *grace go with you!*
Duke. Benedicite! STEEVENS.

[5] Her execution was reſpited on account of her pregnancy, the effects of her love; therefore ſhe calls it *injurious*; not that it brought her to ſhame, but that it hindered her freeing herſelf from it. Is not this all very natural? yet the Oxford editor changes it to *injurious law.* JOHNSON.

I know not what circumſtance in this play can authoriſe a ſuppoſition that Juliet was reſpited *on account of her pregnancy*; as her life was in no danger from the law, the ſeverity of which was exerted only on the ſeducer. I ſuppoſe ſhe means that a parent's love for the child ſhe bears, is *injurious*, becauſe it makes her careful of her life in her preſent ſhameful condition.

Mr. Tollet explains the paſſage thus: "O, love, that is injurious in expediting Claudio's death, and that reſpites me a life, which is a burthen to me worſe than death!" STEEVENS.

Both Johnſon's explanation of this paſſage, and Steevens's refutation of it, prove the neceſſity of Hanmer's amendment, which removes every difficulty,

That reſpites me a life, whoſe very comfort
Is ſtill a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in ANGELO'S *Houſe.*

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To ſeveral ſubjects: heaven hath my empty words;
Whilſt my invention,[6] hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Iſabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart, the ſtrong and ſwelling evil
Of my conception: The ſtate, whereon I ſtudied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; [7] yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot,[8] change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit,[9]
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls

difficulty, and can ſcarcely be conſidered as an alteration, the trace of the letters in the words *law* and *love* being ſo nearly alike.——The law affected the life of the man only, not that of the woman; and this is the injury that Juliet complains of, as ſhe wiſhed to die with him. M. MASON.

6 Nothing can be either plainer or exacter than this expreſſion. [Dr. Warburton means—*intention*, a word ſubſtituted by himſelf.] But the old blundering folio having it, *invention*, this was enough for Mr. Theobald to prefer authority to ſenſe. WARBURTON.

Intention (if it be the true reading) has, in this inſtance more than its common meaning, and ſignifies eagerneſs of deſire. STEEVENS.

I believe it means *attention* only, a ſenſe in which the word is frequently uſed by Shakſpeare and the other writers of his time.——Angelo ſays, he *thinks* and prays to ſeveral ſubjects; that Heaven has his prayers, but his thoughts are fixed on Iſabel. M. MASON.

7 We ſhould read *ſeared*, i. e. old. So, Shakſpeare uſes *in the ſear*, to ſignify old age. WARBURTON.

I think *fear'd* may ſtand. What we go to with reluctance may be ſaid to be *fear'd*. JOHNSON.

8 *Boot* is profit, advantage, gain. STEEVENS.

9 For outſide; garb; external ſhew. JOHNSON.

To thy falſe ſeeming? [2] Blood, thou ſtill art blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's creſt.[3]

Enter

[2] Here Shakſpeare judiciouſly diſtinguiſhes the different operations of high place upon different minds. Fools are frighted, and wiſe men are allured. Thoſe who cannot judge but by the eye, are eaſily awed by ſplendour; thoſe who conſider men as well as conditions, are eaſily perſuaded to love the appearance of virtue dignified with power. JOHNSON.

[3] i. e. Let the moſt wicked thing have but a virtuous pretence, and it ſhall paſs for innocent. This was his concluſion from his preceding words:

——— *O form!*
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls
To thy falſe ſeeming? ———

But the Oxford editor makes him conclude juſt counter to his own premiſes; by altering it to,

Is't not the devil's creſt?

So that, according to this alteration, the reaſoning ſtands thus:—Falſe ſeeming, wrenches awe from fools, and deceives the wiſe. Therefore, *Let us but write good angel on the devil's horn*, (i. e. give him the appearance of an angel;) and what then? *Is't not the devil's creſt?* (i. e. he ſhall be eſteemed a devil.) WARBURTON.

I am ſtill inclined to the opinion of the Oxford editor. Angelo, reflecting on the difference between his ſeeming character, and his real diſpoſition, obſerves, that he *could change his gravity for a plume*. He then digreſſes into an apoſtrophe, *O dignity, how doſt thou impoſe upon the world!* then returning to himſelf, *Blood* (ſays he) *thou art but blood*, however concealed with appearances and decorations. Title and character do not alter nature, which is ſtill corrupt, however dignified:

Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;
Is't *not?*—or rather—*'Tis* yet *the devil's creſt.*

It may however be underſtood, according to Dr. Warburton's explanation. O place, how doſt thou impoſe upon the world by falſe appearances! ſo much, that if we *write good angel on the devil's horn*, *'tis not* taken any longer to be the *devil's creſt*. In this ſenſe,

Blood, thou art but blood!

is an interjected exclamation. JOHNSON.

A Hebrew proverb ſeems to favour Dr. Johnſon's reading:

"———'Tis *yet* the devil's creſt."

"A nettle ſtanding among myrtles, doth notwithſtanding retain the name of a nettle." STEEVENS.

This paſſage, as it ſtands, appears to me to be right, and Angelo's reaſoning to be this: "O place! O form! though you wrench awe from fools, and tie even wiſer ſouls to your falſe ſeeming, yet you make no alteration in the minds or conſtitutions of thoſe who poſſeſs, or aſſume you.—

Though

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?
Serv. One Iſabel, a ſiſter,
Deſires acceſs to you.
Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit* Serv.
O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muſter to my heart;
Making both it unable for itſelf,
And diſpoſſeſſing all my other parts
Of neceſſary fitneſs?
So play the fooliſh throngs with one that ſwoons;
Come all to help him, and ſo ſtop the air
By which he ſhould revive: and even ſo
The general, ſubject to a well-wiſh'd king,[4]
Quit their own part, and in obſequious fondneſs

Though we ſhould write good angel on the devil's horn, it will not change his nature, ſo as to give him a right to wear that creſt." It is well known that the creſt was formerly choſen either as emblematical of ſome quality conſpicuous in the perſon who bore it, or as alluding to ſome remarkable incident of his life; and on this circumſtance depends the juſtneſs of the preſent alluſion. M. Mason.

It ſhould be remembered, that the devil is uſually repreſented with *horns* and cloven feet. The old copy appears to me to require no alteration. Malone.

4 The later editions have—"ſubjects;" but the old copies read:
The general ſubject *to a well-wiſh'd king.*—

The *general ſubject* ſeems a harſh expreſſion, but *general ſubjects* has no ſenſe at all, and *general* was, in our author's time, a word for *people*; ſo that the *general* is the *people*, or *multitude*, *ſubject* to a king. So, in *Hamlet*: "The play pleaſed not the *million*: 'twas caviare to the *general*."
Johnson.

I cannot help thinking that Shakſpeare, in theſe two paſſages, intended to flatter the unkingly weakneſs of James the Firſt, which made him ſo impatient of the crowds that flocked to ſee him, eſpecially upon his firſt coming, that, as ſome of our hiſtorians ſay, he reſtrained them by a proclamation. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, in his Memoirs of his own Life, has a remarkable paſſage with regard to this humour of James. After taking notice, that the King going to parliament, on the 30th of January, 1620-1, "ſpake lovingly to the people, and ſaid, God bleſs ye, God bleſs ye;" he adds theſe words, "contrary to his former haſty and paſſionate cuſtom, which often, in his ſudden diſtemper, would bid a pox or a plague on ſuch as flocked to ſee him." Tyrwhitt.

Crowd to his preſence, where their untaught love
Muſt needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Iſab. I am come to know your pleaſure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better pleaſe me,
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Iſab. Even ſo?—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring.*

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I: Yet he muſt die.

Iſab. Under your ſentence?

Ang. Yea.

Iſab. When, I beſeech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer, or ſhorter, he may be ſo fitted,
That his ſoul ſicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie theſe filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature ſtolen
A man already made,[5] as to remit
Their ſawcy ſweetneſs, that do coin heaven's image,
In ſtamps that are forbid:[6] 'tis all as eaſy
Falſely to take away a life true made,[7]
As to put mettle in reſtrained means,[8]
To make a falſe one.

Iſab. 'Tis ſet down ſo in heaven, but not in earth.[9]

Ang.

[5] i. e. that hath killed a man. MALONE.

[6] Their *ſawcy ſweetneſs* Dr. Warburton interprets, *their ſawcy indulgence of their appetite.* Perhaps it means nearly the ſame as what is afterwards called *ſweet uncleanneſs.* MALONE.

Sweetneſs, in the preſent inſtance has, I believe, the ſame ſenſe as—*lickeriſhneſs.* STEEVENS.

[7] *Falſely* is the ſame with *diſhoneſtly, illegally:* ſo *falſe*, in the next line but one, is *illegal, illegitimate.* JOHNSON.

[8] In forbidden moulds. I ſuſpect *means* not to be the right word, but I cannot find another. JOHNSON.

I ſhould ſuppoſe that our author wrote,

——*in reſtrained* mints,

as the alluſion may be ſtill to *coining.* Sir W. D'Avenant omits the paſſage. STEEVENS.

[9] I would have it conſidered, whether the train of the diſcourſe does not rather require Iſabel to ſay:

'Tis

Ang. Say you ſo? then I ſhall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, That the moſt juſt law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to ſuch ſweet uncleanneſs,
As ſhe that he hath ſtain'd?

Iſab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my ſoul.[2]

Ang. I talk not of your ſoul; Our compell'd ſins
Stand more for number than accompt.[3]

Iſab. How ſay you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can ſpeak
Againſt the thing I ſay. Anſwer to this;—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a ſentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in ſin,
To ſave this brother's life?

Iſab. Pleaſe you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my ſoul,
It is no ſin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your ſoul,[4]
Were equal poize of ſin and charity.

'*Tis ſo ſet down in* earth, *but not in* heaven.

When ſhe has ſaid this, *Then*, ſays Angelo, *I ſhall poze you quickly.* Would you, who, for the preſent purpoſe, declare your brother's crime to be leſs in the ſight of heaven, than the law has made it; would you commit that crime, light as it is, to ſave your brother's life? To this ſhe anſwers, not very plainly in either reading, but more appoſitely to that which I propoſe:

I had rather give my body than my ſoul. JOHNSON.

What you have ſtated is undoubtedly the divine law: murder and fornication are both forbid by the *canon of ſcripture*;—but on *earth* the latter offence is conſidered as leſs heinous than the former. MALONE.

[2] Iſabel, I believe, uſes the words, "give my body," in a different ſenſe from that in which they had been employed by Angelo. She means, I think, *I had rather* die, *than forfeit my eternal happineſs by the proſtitution of my perſon.* MALONE.

She may mean—I had rather *give up my body to impriſonment, than my ſoul to perdition.* STEEVENS.

[3] Actions to which we are compelled, however *numerous*, are not *imputed* to us by heaven as crimes. If you cannot ſave your brother but by the loſs of your chaſtity, it is not a voluntary but compelled ſin, for which you cannot be *accountable.* MALONE.

[4] The reaſoning is thus: Angelo aſks, whether there might *not be a charity*

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be ſin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my ſuit,
If that be ſin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your, anſwer.[5]

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your ſenſe purſues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or ſeem ſo, craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciouſly to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wiſdom wiſhes to appear moſt bright,
When it doth tax itſelf: as theſe black maſks
Proclaim an enſhield beauty[6] ten times louder

Than

charity in ſin to ſave this brother. Iſabella anſwers, that *if Angelo will ſave him, ſhe will ſtake her ſoul that it were charity, not ſin.* Angelo replies, that if Iſabella would *ſave him at the hazard of her ſoul, it would be not indeed no ſin, but a ſin to which the charity would be equivalent.*

JOHNSON.

[5] I think it ſhould be read,

And nothing of yours, *anſwer.*

You, and whatever is *yours*, be exempt from penalty. JOHNSON.

And nothing of your anſwer, means, *and make no part of thoſe ſins for which you ſhall be called to anſwer.* STEEVENS.

This paſſage would be clear, I think, if it were pointed thus:

To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your, anſwer. STEEVENS.

So that the ſubſtantive *anſwer* may be underſtood to be joined in conſtruction with *mine* as well as *your*. The faults *of mine anſwer* are the faults *which I am to anſwer for.* TYRWHITT.

[6] An *enſhield beauty* is a *ſhielded beauty, a beauty covered or protected as with a ſhield.* STEEVENS.

——*as theſe black* maſks,
Proclaim an enſhield *beauty*, &c.

This ſhould be written, *en-ſhell'd*, or *in-ſhell'd*, as it is in *Coriolanus*, Act IV. ſc. vi:

"Thruſts forth his horns again into the world
"That were *in-ſhell'd* when Marcius ſtood for Rome."

Theſe *Maſks* muſt mean, I think, the *Maſks of the audience*; however improperly a compliment to them is put into the mouth of Angelo. As Shakſpeare would hardly have been guilty of ſuch an indecorum to flatter a common audience, I think this paſſage affords ground for ſuppoſing that the play was written to be acted at court. Some ſtrokes of particular flattery to the King I have already pointed out; and there are ſeveral

other

Than beauty could diſplayed.—But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll ſpeak more groſs:
Your brother is to die.

Iſab. So.

Ang. And his offence is ſo, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.[7]

Iſab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to ſave his life,
(As I ſubſcribe not that,[8] nor any other,
But in the loſs of queſtion,)[9] that you, his ſiſter,

other general reflections, in the character of the Duke eſpecially, which ſeem calculated for the royal ear. TYRWHITT.

I do not think ſo well of the conjecture in the latter part of this note, as I did ſome years ago; and therefore I ſhould wiſh to withdraw it. Not that I am inclined to adopt the idea of Mr. Ritſon, as I ſee no ground for ſuppoſing that Iſabella *had* any *maſk in her hand*. My notion at preſent is, that the phraſe *theſe black maſk* ſignifies nothing more than *black maſks*; according to an old idiom of our language, by which the demonſtrative pronoun is put for the prepoſitive article. See the *Gloſſary to Chaucer*, edit. 1775; *This*, *Thiſe*. Shakſpeare ſeems to have uſed the ſame idiom not only in the paſſage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Romeo and Juliet*, but alſo in *King Henry IV*. Part I. Act I. ſc. iii:

"——and, but for *theſe* vile guns,
"He would himſelf have been a ſoldier."

With reſpect to the former part of this note, though Mr. Ritſon has told us that "*enſhield* is CERTAINLY put by contraction for *enſhielded*," I have no objection to leaving my conjecture in its place, till ſome authority is produced for ſuch an uſage of *enſhield* or *enſhielded*. TYRWHITT.

There are inſtances of a ſimilar contraction or eliſion, in our author's plays. Thus, *bloat* for *bloated*, *ballaſt* for *ballaſted*, and *waſt* for *waſted*, with many others. RITSON.

Sir William D'Avenant reads—*as a black maſk*; but I am afraid Mr. Tyrwhitt is too well ſupported in his firſt ſuppoſition, by a paſſage at the beginning of *Romeo and Juliet*:

"*Theſe* happy *maſks* that kiſs fair ladies' brows,
"Being *black*, put us in mind they hide the fair."

STEEVENS.

7 *Pain* is here for *penalty*, *puniſhment*. JOHNSON.

8 To *ſubſcribe* means, to *agree to*. Milton uſes the word in the ſame ſenſe. STEEVENS.

9 The *loſs* of queſtion I do not well underſtand, and ſhould rather read:
But in the toſs *of queſtion*.
In the *agitation*, in the *diſcuſſion* of the queſtion. To *toſs* an argument is a common phraſe. JOHNSON.

Finding yourſelf deſir'd of ſuch a perſon,
Whoſe credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law ;[2] and that there were
No earthly mean to ſave him, but that either
You muſt lay down the treaſures of your body
To this ſuppoſed, or elſe let him ſuffer;
What would you do?

Iſab. As much for my poor brother, as myſelf:
That is, Were I under the terms of death,
The impreſſion of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And ſtrip myſelf to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been ſick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to ſhame.

Ang. Then muſt your brother die.

Iſab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were, a brother died at once,[3]
Than that a ſiſter, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the ſentence
That you have ſlander'd ſo?

Iſab. Ignomy [4] in ranſom, and free pardon,
Are of two houſes: lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption.

Ang. You ſeem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the ſliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Iſab.

This expreſſion, I believe, means, *but in idle ſuppoſition*, or *converſation that tends to nothing*, which may therefore, in our author's language, be called *the loſs of queſtion*. STEEVENS.

Queſtion is uſed here, as in many other places, for *converſation*. MALONE.

2 The old editions read:

——————all-building *law*. JOHNSON.

The emendation is Theobald's. STEEVENS.

3 Perhaps we ſhould read:

Better it were, a brother died for *once*, &c. JOHNSON.

4 So the word *ignominy* was formerly written. Thus, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act V. ſc. iii:

"Hence, brother lacquey! *ignomy* and ſhame," &c. REED.

The ſecond folio reads—*ignominy*; but whichſoever reading we take, the line will be inharmonious, if not defective. STEEVENS.

Iſab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we'd have, we ſpeak not what we mean:
I ſomething do excuſe the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.
Ang. We are all frail.
Iſab. Elſe let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he,[5]
Owe,[6] and ſucceed by weakneſs.
Ang. Nay, women are frail too.
Iſab. Ay, as the glaſſes where they view themſelves;
Which are as eaſy broke as they make forms.[7]
Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them.[8] Nay, call us ten times frail;
For

[5] This is ſo obſcure, but the alluſion ſo fine, that it deſerves to be explained. A *feodary* was one that in the times of vaſſalage held lands of the chief lord, under the tenure of paying rent and ſervice: which tenures were called *feuda* amongſt the Goths. Now, ſays Angelo, "we are all frail;"—"Yes, replies Iſabella; if all mankind were not *feodaries*, who owe what they are to this tenure of *imbecility*, and who ſucceed each other by the ſame tenure, as well as my brother, I would give him up." The comparing mankind, lying under the weight of original ſin, to a *feodary*, who owes *ſuit* and *ſervice* to his lord, is, I think, not ill imagined. WARBURTON.

Mr. M. Maſon cenſures me for not perceiving that *feodary* ſignifies an *accomplice*. Of this I was fully aware, as it ſupports the ſenſe contended for by Warburton, and ſeemingly acquieſced in by Dr. Johnſon.—Every *vaſſal* was an *accomplice* with his lord; i. e. was ſubject to be executor of the miſchief he did not contrive, and was obliged to follow in every bad cauſe which his ſuperior led. STEEVENS.

I have ſhewn in a note on *Cymbeline*, that *feodary* was uſed by Shakſpeare in the ſenſe of an *aſſociate*, and ſuch undoubtedly is its ſignification here. MALONE.

[6] To *owe* is, in this place, to *own*, to *hold*, to have poſſeſſion. JOHNSON.

[7] Would it not be better to read?
————take *forms*. JOHNSON.

[8] In imitating them, in taking them for examples. JOHNSON.

If men mar their own creation, by taking women for their example, they cannot be ſaid to *profit* much by them.—Iſabella is deploring the condition of woman-kind, formed ſo frail and credulous, that men prove the deſtruction of the whole ſex, by taking advantage of their weakneſs, and uſing them for their own purpoſes. She therefore calls upon Heaven to aſſiſt them. This, though obſcurely expreſſed, appears to be the meaning of this paſſage. M. MASON.

Dr. Johnſon

For we are ſoft as our complexions are,
And credulous to falſe prints.[9]

Ang. I think it well:
And from this teſtimony of your own ſex,
(Since, I ſuppoſe, we are made to be no ſtronger
Than faults may ſhake our frames,) let me be bold;—
I do arreſt your words; Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one, (as you are well expreſs'd
By all external warrants,) ſhow it now,
By putting on the deſtin'd livery.

Iſab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me intreat you ſpeak the former language.[2]

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Iſab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me,
That he ſhall die for it.

Ang. He ſhall not; Iſabel, if you give me love.

Iſab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,[3]
Which ſeems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me on mine honour,
My words expreſs my purpoſe.

Iſab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And moſt pernicious purpoſe!—Seeming, ſeeming![4]—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:

Sign-

Dr. Johnſon does not ſeem to have underſtood this paſſage. Iſabella certainly does not mean to ſay that men mar their own creation by taking women for examples. Her meaning is, that *men debaſe their nature by taking advantage of ſuch weak pitiful creatures.*—Edinburgh Magazine, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

9 i. e. take any impreſſion. WARBURTON.

2 Iſabella anſwers to his circumlocutory courtſhip, that ſhe has but *one tongue*, ſhe does not underſtand this new phraſe, and deſires him to talk his *former language*, that is, to talk as he talked before. JOHNSON.

3 Alluding to the licences given by miniſters to their ſpies, to go into all ſuſpected companies, and join in the language of malcontents. WARBURTON.

I ſuſpect Warburton's interpretation to be more ingenious than juſt. The obvious meaning is—*I know your virtue aſſumes an air of licentiouſneſs which is not natural to you, on purpoſe to try me.*—Edinburgh Magazine, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

4 Hypocriſy, hypocriſy; counterfeit virtue. JOHNSON.

Sign me a preſent pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-ſtretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Iſabel?
My unſoil'd name, the auſtereneſs of my life,
My vouch againſt you,[5] and my place i'the ſtate,
Will ſo your accuſation over-weigh,
That you ſhall ſtifle in your own report,
And ſmell of calumny.[6] I have begun;
And now I give my ſenſual race the rein:[7]
Fit thy conſent to my ſharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious bluſhes,
That baniſh what they ſue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or elſe he muſt not only die the death,[8]
But thy unkindneſs ſhall his death draw out
To lingering ſufferance: anſwer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me moſt,
I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,
Say what you can, my falſe o'erweighs your true. [*Exit.*

Iſab. To whom ſhould I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,

That

[5] The calling his denial of her charge his *vouch*, has ſomething fine. *Vouch* is the teſtimony one man bears for another. So that, by this, he inſinuates his authority was ſo great, that his *denial* would have the ſame credit that a *vouch* or teſtimony has in ordinary caſes. WARBURTON.

I believe this beauty is merely imaginary, and that *vouch againſt* means no more than denial. JOHNSON.

[6] A metaphor from a lamp or candle extinguiſhed in its own greaſe. STEEVENS.

[7] And now I give my ſenſes the rein, in the race they are now actually running. HEATH.

[8] This ſeems to be a ſolemn phraſe for death inflicted by law. So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"*Prepare* to die the death." JOHNSON.

It is a phraſe taken from ſcripture, as is obſerved in a note on *The Midſummer Night's Dream.* STEEVENS.

The phraſe is *a good phraſe*, as Shallow ſays, but I do not conceive it to be either of *legal* or *ſcriptural* origin. Chaucer uſes it frequently. See *Cant. Tales*, ver. 607.

"They were adradde of him, as of *the deth.*" ver. 1222.

"*The deth* he feleth thurgh his herte ſmite." It ſeems to have been originally a miſtaken tranſlation of the French *La Mort.* TYRWHITT.

That bear in them one and the ſelf-ſame tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the law make court'ſy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow, as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture [9] of the blood,
Yet hath he in him ſuch a mind of honour,[2]
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his ſiſter ſhould her body ſtoop
To ſuch abhorr'd pollution.
Then Iſabel, live chaſte, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chaſtity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's requeſt,
And fit his mind to death, for his ſoul's reſt. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the priſon.

Enter DUKE, CLAUDIO, *and* Provoſt.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?
Claud. The miſerable have no other medicine,
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.
Duke. Be abſolute for death;[3] either death, or life,
Shall thereby be the ſweeter. Reaſon thus with life,—
If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing
That none but fools would keep: [4] a breath thou art,
Serviſe

9 Suggeſtion, temptation, inſtigation. JOHNSON.

2 This, in Shakſpeare's language, may mean, *ſuch an honourable mind*, as he uſes "*mind of love*," in *The Merchant of Venice*, for *loving mind*. STEEVENS.

3 Be determined to die, without any hope of life. *Horace*,——
"—The hour which exceeds expectation will be welcome."
JOHNSON.

4 This reading is not only contrary to all ſenſe and reaſon, but to the drift of this moral diſcourſe. The Duke, in his aſſumed character of a friar, is endeavouring to inſtil into the condemned priſoner a reſignation of mind to his ſentence; but the ſenſe of the lines in this reading, is a direct perſuaſive to *ſuicide*: I make no doubt, but the poet wrote,

(Servile to all the ſkiey influences,)
That doſt [5] this habitation, where thou keep'ſt,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet run'ſt toward him ſtill: [6] Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'ſt,
Are nurs'd by baſeneſs: [7] Thou art by no means valiant;
For

That none but fools would reck:——

i. e. care for, be anxious about, regret the loſs of. So, in the tragedy of *Tancred and Giſmund*, Act IV. ſc. iii:

"——Not that ſhe *recks* this life."——

And Shakſpeare, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"*Recking* as little what betideth me." WARBURTON.

The meaning ſeems plainly this, that *none but fools* would wiſh *to keep life*; or, *none but fools would keep* it, if choice were allowed. A ſenſe which, whether true or not, is certainly innocent. JOHNSON.

Keep, in this place, I believe, may not ſignify *preſerve*, but *care for*. STEEVENS.

[5] Sir T. Hanmer changed *doſt* to *do* without neceſſity or authority. The conſtruction is not, "the ſkiey influences that do," but, "a breath thou art, that doſt," &c. If "Servile to all the ſkiey influences" be incloſed in a parentheſis, all the difficulty will vaniſh. PORSON.

[6] In thoſe old farces called *Moralities*, the *fool* of the piece, in order to ſhow the inevitable approaches of death, is made to employ all his ſtratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *fool*, at every turn, into his very jaws. So that the repreſentations of theſe ſcenes would afford a great deal of good *mirth* and *morals* mixed together. And from ſuch circumſtances, in the genius of our anceſtors' publick diverſions, I ſuppoſe it was, that the old proverb aroſe, of *being merry and wiſe*. WARBURTON.

It is obſerved by the Editor of *The Sad Shepherd*, 8vo. 1783, p. 154. that the initial letter of Stowe's Survey, contains a repreſentation of a ſtruggle between *Death* and the *Fool*; the figures of which were moſt probably copied from thoſe characters as formerly exhibited on the ſtage. REED.

There are no ſuch characters as *Death* and *the Fool*, in any old *Morality* now extant. They ſeem to have exiſted only in the *dumb Shows*. The two figures in the initial letter of Stowe's *Survey*, 1603, which have been miſtaken for theſe two perſonages, have no alluſion whatever to the ſtage, being merely one of the ſet known by the name of *Death's Dance*, and actually copied from the margin of an old Miſſal. The ſcene in the modern pantomime of *Harlequin Skeleton*, ſeems to have been ſuggeſted by ſome playhouſe tradition of *Death and the Fool*. RITSON.

[7] Dr. Warburton is undoubtedly miſtaken in ſuppoſing that by *baſeneſs* is meant *ſelf-love*, here aſſigned as the motive of all human actions. Shakſpeare only meant to obſerve, that a minute analyſis of life at once deſtroys

For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender fork
Of a poor worm : [8] Thy beſt of reſt is ſleep,
And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſsly fear'ſt
Thy death, which is no more.[9] Thou art not thyſelf;[2]
For thou exiſt'ſt on many a thouſand grains
That iſſue out of duſt: Happy thou art not:
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get;
And what thou haſt, forget'ſt: Thou art not certain;

For

deſtroys that ſplendour which dazzles the imagination. Whatever grandeur can diſplay, or luxury enjoy, is procured by *baſeneſs*, by offices of which the mind ſhrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the ſhambles and the dunghill, all magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry, and all the pomp of ornament dug from among the damps and darkneſs of the mine. JOHNSON.

[8] *Worm* is put for any creeping thing or *ſerpent*. Shakſpeare ſuppoſes falſely, but according to the vulgar notion, that a ſerpent wounds with his tongue, and that his tongue is *forked*. He confounds reality and fiction; a ſerpent's tongue is *ſoft*, but not *forked* nor hurtful. If it could hurt, it could not be ſoft. In *A Midſummer Night's Dream* he has the ſame notion:

" With *doubler* tongue
" Than thine, O ſerpent, never adder *ſtung*." JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare mentions the " adder's *fork*" in *Macbeth*; and might have caught this idea from old tapeſtries or paintings, in which the tongues of ſerpents and dragons always appear barbed like the point of an arrow. STEEVENS.

[9] Evidently from the following paſſage of Cicero: " *Habes ſomnum imaginem mortis, eamque quotidie induis, & dubitas quin ſenſus in morte nullus ſit, cum in ejus ſimulacro videas eſſe nullum ſenſum.*" But the Epicurean inſinuation is, with great judgement, omitted in the imitation. WARBURTON.

Here Dr. Warburton might have found a ſentiment worthy of his animadverſion. I cannot without indignation find Shakſpeare ſaying, that *death is only ſleep*, lengthening out his exhortation by a ſentence which in the friar is impious, in the reaſoner is fooliſh, and in the poet trite and vulgar. JOHNSON.

This was an overſight in Shakſpeare; for in the ſecond ſcene of the fourth act, the Provoſt ſpeaks of the deſperate Barnardine, as one who regards death only as a *drunken ſleep*. STEEVENS.

I apprehend Shakſpeare means to ſay no more, than that the paſſage from this life to another is as eaſy as ſleep; a poſition in which there is ſurely neither folly nor impiety. MALONE.

[2] Thou art perpetually repaired and renovated by external aſſiſtance, thou ſubſiſteſt upon foreign matter, and haſt no power of producing or continuing thy own being. JOHNSON.

For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,[3]
After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an aſs, whoſe back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee: Friend haſt thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee fire,
The mere effuſion of thy proper loins,
Do curſe the gout, ſerpigo,[4] and the rheum,
For ending thee no ſooner: Thou haſt nor youth, nor age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's ſleep,
Dreaming on both: [5] for all thy bleſſed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied eld; [6] and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou haſt neither heat,[7] affection, limb, nor beauty,[8]

To

3 For *effects* read *affects*; that is, *affections*, *paſſions* of mind, or diſorders of body variouſly *affected*. JOHNSON.

4 The *ſerpigo* is a kind of tetter. STEEVENS.

5 This is exquiſitely imagined. When we are young, we buſy ourſelves in forming ſchemes for ſucceeding time, and miſs the gratifications that are before us; when we are old, we amuſe the languor of age with the recollection of youthful pleaſures or performances; ſo that our life, of which no part is filled with the buſineſs of the preſent time, reſembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the deſigns of the evening. JOHNSON.

6 *Eld* is generally uſed for *old age*, *decrepitude*. It is here put for *old people*, *perſons worn with years*. STEEVENS.

7 The drift of this period is to prove, that neither youth nor age can be ſaid to be really enjoyed, which, in poetical language, is,—*We have neither youth nor age*. But how is this made out? That *age* is not enjoyed, he proves by recapitulating the infirmities of it, which deprive that period of life of all ſenſe of pleaſure. To prove that youth is not enjoyed, he uſes theſe words:

——*for all thy bleſſed youth*
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied eld; ——

Out of which, he that can deduce the concluſion, has a better knack at logic than I have. I ſuppoſe the poet wrote,

——— *For* pall'd, *thy* blazed *youth*
Becomes aſſuaged; *and doth beg the alms*
Of palſied eld; ———

i. e. when thy youthful appetite becomes palled, as it will be in the very enjoyment, the blaze of youth is at once aſſuaged, and thou immediately contracteſt the infirmities of old age; as particularly the palſy and other nervous diſorders, conſequent on the inordinate uſe of ſenſual pleaſures.

This

To make thy riches pleaſant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thouſand deaths: [9] yet death we fear,
That makes theſe odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.

To

This is to the purpoſe; and proves *youth* is not enjoyed, by ſhewing the ſhort duration of it. WARBURTON.

Here again I think Dr. Warburton totally miſtaken. Shakſpeare declares that man has *neither youth nor age*; for in *youth*, which is the *happieſt* time, or which might be the happieſt, he commonly wants means to obtain what he could enjoy; he is dependent on *palſied eld: muſt beg alms* from the coffers of hoary avarice; and being very niggardly ſupplied, *becomes as aged*, looks, like an old man, on happineſs which is beyond his reach. And, when *he is old and rich*, when he has wealth enough for the purchaſe of all that formerly excited his deſires, he has no longer the powers of enjoyment;

——— *has neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,*
To make his riches pleaſant. ———

I have explained this paſſage according to the preſent reading, which may ſtand without much inconvenience; yet I am willing to perſuade my reader, becauſe I have almoſt perſuaded myſelf, that our author wrote,

——— *for all thy* blaſted *youth*
Becomes as aged— JOHNSON.

The ſentiment contained in theſe lines, which Dr. Johnſon has explained with his uſual preciſion, occurs again in the forged letter that Edmund delivers to his father, as written by Edgar; *K. Lear*, Act I. ſc. ii. MALONE.

[8] But how does beauty make *riches pleaſant?* We ſhould read *bounty*, which completes the ſenſe, and is this; thou haſt neither the pleaſure of enjoying riches thyſelf, for thou wanteſt vigour; nor of ſeeing it enjoyed by others, for thou wanteſt *bounty*. Where the making the want of *bounty* as inſeparable from old age as the want of *health*, is extremely ſatirical, though not altogether juſt. WARBURTON.

I am inclined to believe, that neither man nor woman will have much difficulty to tell how *beauty makes riches pleaſant*. Surely this emendation, though it is elegant and ingenious, is not ſuch as that an opportunity of inſerting it ſhould be purchaſed by declaring ignorance of what every one knows, by confeſſing inſenſibility of what every one feels. JOHNSON.

By "heat" and "affection" the poet meant to expreſs *appetite*, and by "limb" and "beauty" *ſtrength*. EDWARDS.

[9] For this Sir T. Hanmer reads:

——— a *thouſand deaths:* ———

The meaning is, not only *a thouſand deaths*, but *a thouſand deaths* beſides what have been mentioned. JOHNSON.

To ſue to live, I find, I ſeek to die;
And, ſeeking death, find life: [2] Let it come on.

Enter ISABELLA.

Iſab. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!
Prov. Who's there? come in: the wiſh deſerves a welcome.
Duke. Dear ſir, ere long I'll viſit you again.
Claud. Moſt holy ſir, I thank you.
Iſab. My buſineſs is a word or two with Claudio.
Prov. And very welcome. Look, ſignior, here's your ſiſter.
Duke. Provoſt, a word with you.
Prov. As many as you pleaſe.
Duke. Bring them to ſpeak, where I may be conceal'd,
Yet hear them. [*Exeunt* DUKE *and* Provoſt.
Claud. Now, ſiſter, what's the comfort?
Iſab. Why, as all comforts are; moſt good in deed: [3]
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,

Intends

[2] Had the Friar, in reconciling Claudio to death, urged to him the certainty of happineſs hereafter, this ſpeech would have been introduced with more propriety; but the Friar ſays nothing of that ſubject, and argues more like a philoſopher, than a Chriſtian divine. M. MASON.

Mr. M. Maſon ſeems to forget that no actual friar was the ſpeaker, but the Duke, who might reaſonably be ſuppoſed to have more of the Philoſopher than the divine in his compoſition. STEEVENS.

[3] If this reading be right, Iſabella muſt mean that ſhe brings ſomething better than *words* of comfort, ſhe brings an aſſurance of *deeds*. This is harſh and conſtrained, but I know not what better to offer. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

—— in *ſpeed*. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads:

Why,
As all comforts are: moſt good, moſt good *indeede.*

I believe the preſent reading, as explained by Dr. Johnſon, is the true one. So, in *Macbeth:*

"We're yet but young *in deed.*" STEEVENS.

I would point the lines thus:

"*Clau.* Now, ſiſter, what's the comfort?
"*Iſab.* Why, as all comforts are, moſt good. Indeed Lord Angelo," &c.

Indeed is the ſame as *in truth*, or *truly*, the common beginning of ſpeeches in Shakſpeare's age. See Charles the Firſt's Trial. The King and Bradſhaw ſeldom ſay any thing without this preface: "Truly, Sir ——." BLACKSTONE.

Intends you for his ſwift embaſſador,
Where you ſhall be an everlaſting leiger;
Therefore your beſt appointment [4] make with ſpeed;
To-morrow you ſet on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Iſab. None, but ſuch remedy, as, to ſave a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Iſab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a deviliſh mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Iſab. Ay, juſt, perpetual durance; a reſtraint,
Though all the world's vaſtidity you had,
To a determin'd ſcope.[5]

Claud. But in what nature?

Iſab. In ſuch a one as (you conſenting to't)
Would bark your honour [6] from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Iſab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Leſt thou a feverous life ſhould'ſt entertain,
And ſix or ſeven winters more reſpect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'ſt thou die?

The

4 *Leiger* is the ſame with reſident. *Appointment*; preparation; act of fitting, or ſtate of being fitted for any thing. So in old books, we have a knight well *appointed*; that is, well armed and mounted, or fitted at all points. JOHNSON.

The word *appointment*, on this occaſion, ſhould ſeem to comprehend confeſſion, communion, and abſolution. "Let him (ſays Eſcalus) be furniſhed with divines, and have all charitable preparation." The King in *Hamlet*, who was cut off prematurely, and without ſuch preparation, is ſaid to be diſ-*appointed*. *Appointment*, however, may be more ſimply explained by the following paſſage in *The Antipodes*, 1638:

" ——— your lodging
" Is decently *appointed*." i. e. prepared, furniſhed.
STEEVENS.

5 A confinement of your mind to one painful idea; to ignominy, of which the remembrance can neither be ſuppreſſed nor eſcaped.
JOHNSON.

6 A metaphor from ſtripping trees of their *bark*. DOUCE.

The ſenſe of death is moſt in apprehenſion;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal ſufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.[7]

Claud. Why give you me this ſhame?
Think you I can a reſolution fetch
From flowery tenderneſs? If I muſt die,
I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Iſab. There ſpake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou muſt die:
Thou art too noble to conſerve a life
In baſe appliances. This outward-ſainted deputy,—
Whoſe ſettled viſage and deliberate word
Nips youth i'the head, and follies doth enmew,[8]
As falcon doth the fowl,[9]—is yet a devil;
His filth within being caſt,[2] he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Iſab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'ſt body to inveſt and cover
In princely guards![3] Doſt thou think, Claudio,

If

[7] The reaſoning is, *that death is no more than every being muſt ſuffer, though the dread of it is peculiar to man*; or perhaps, *that* we are inconſiſtent with ourſelves, when we ſo much dread that which we careleſsly inflict on other creatures, that feel the pain as acutely as we. JOHNSON.

The meaning is—fear is the principal ſenſation in death, which has no pain; and the giant when he dies feels no greater pain than the beetle.—This paſſage, however, from its arrangement, is liable to an oppoſite conſtruction, but which would totally deſtroy the illuſtration of the ſentiment. DOUCE.

[8] Forces follies to lie in cover, without daring to ſhow themſelves. JOHNSON.

[9] In whoſe preſence the follies of youth are afraid to ſhow themſelves, as the fowl is afraid to flutter while the falcon hovers over it. STEEVENS.

[2] To *caſt* a pond is to empty it of mud.

Mr. Upton reads:

His pond *within being caſt, he would appear*
A filth *as deep as hell.* JOHNSON.

[3] The ſtupid editors, miſtaking *guards* for ſatellites (whereas it here ſignifies

If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'ſt be freed?

Claud. O, heavens! it cannot be.

Iſab. Yes, he would give it thee, from this rank offence,[4]
So to offend him ſtill: This night's the time
That I ſhould do what I abhor to name,
Or elſe thou dieſt to-morrow.

Claud. Thou ſhalt not do't.

Iſab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Iſabel.

Iſab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the noſe,
When

ſignifies *lace*,) altered *prieſtly*, in both places, to *princely*. Whereas Shakſpeare wrote it *prieſtly*, as appears from the words themſelves:

—— *'Tis the cunning* livery *of hell,*
The damned'ſt body to inveſt and cover
With prieſtly *guards.*——

In the firſt place we ſee that *guards* here ſignifies *lace*, as referring to *livery*, and as having no ſenſe in the ſignification of *ſatellites*. Now *prieſtly guards* means *ſanctity*, which is the ſenſe required. But *princely guards* means nothing but *rich lace*, which is a ſenſe the paſſage will not bear. Angelo, indeed, as *deputy*, might be called the *princely* Angelo: but not in this place, where the immediately preceding words of,

This out-ward-ſainted deputy,

demand the reading I have reſtored. WARBURTON.

The firſt folio has, in both places, *prenzie*, from which the other folios made *princely*, and every editor may make what he can. JOHNSON.

Princely is the judicious correction of the ſecond folio. *Princely guards* mean no more than the badges of royalty, (laced or bordered robes,) which Angelo is ſuppoſed to aſſume during the abſence of the Duke. The ſtupidity of the firſt editors is ſometimes not more injurious to Shakſpeare, than the ingenuity of thoſe who ſucceeded them. STEEVENS.

A guard, in old language, meant a welt or border of a garment; "becauſe (ſays Minſhieu) it *gards* and keeps the garment from tearing." Theſe borders were ſometimes of lace. MALONE.

[4] I believe means, *from the time* of my committing this offence, you might perſiſt in ſinning with ſafety. The advantages you would derive from my having ſuch a ſecret of his in my keeping, would enſure you from further harm on account of the ſame fault, however frequently repeated. STEEVENS.

When he would force it? [5] Sure it is no ſin;
Or of the deadly ſeven it is the leaſt.[6]

Iſab. Which is the leaſt?

Claud. If it were damnable,[7] he, being ſo wiſe,
Why, would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? [8]—O Iſabel!

Iſab. What ſays my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Iſab. And ſhamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
This ſenſible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted ſpirit[9]

To

[5] *Is he actuated by paſſions that impel him to tranſgreſs the law, at the very moment that he is* enforcing *it againſt others?* [I find, he is.] *Surely then,* ſince this is ſo general a propenſity, ſince the judge is as criminal as he whom he condemns, *it is no ſin, or at leaſt a venial one.* MALONE.

[6] It may be uſeful to know which they are; the reader is therefore preſented with the following catalogue of them, viz. Pride, Envy, Wrath, Sloth, Covetouſneſs, Gluttony, and Lechery. To recapitulate the puniſhments hereafter for theſe ſins, might have too powerful an effect upon the weak nerves of the preſent generation; but whoever is deſirous of being particularly acquainted with them, may find information in ſome of the old monkiſh ſyſtems of divinity, and eſpecially in a curious book entitled *Le Kalendrier des Bergiers*, 1500. folio, of which there is an Engliſh tranſlation. DOUCE.

[7] Shakſpeare ſhows his knowledge of human nature in the conduct of Claudio. When Iſabella firſt tells him of Angelo's propoſal, he anſwers, with honeſt indignation, agreeably to his ſettled principles,

Thou ſhalt not do't.

But the love of life being permitted to operate, ſoon furniſhes him with ſophiſtical arguments; he believes it cannot be very dangerous to the ſoul, ſince Angelo, who is ſo wiſe, will venture it. JOHNSON.

[8] *Perdurably* is laſtingly. STEEVENS.

[9] i. e. the ſpirit accuſtomed here to eaſe and delights. This was properly urged as an aggravation to the ſharpneſs of the torments ſpoken of. The Oxford editor not apprehending this, alters it to *dilated.* As if, becauſe the ſpirit in the body is ſaid to be impriſoned, it was *crowded together* likewiſe; and ſo by death not only ſet free, but expanded too; which, if true, would make it the leſs ſenſible of pain. WARBURTON.

This reading may perhaps ſtand, but many attempts have been made to correct it. The moſt plauſible is that which ſubſtitutes

———*the* benighted *ſpirit,*

alluding to the darkneſs always ſuppoſed in the place of future puniſhment.

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendant world: or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſs and incertain thoughts [2]
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, and impriſonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
To what we fear of death.[3]

Iſab.

Perhaps we may read:

——— *the* delinquent *ſpirit*,

a word eaſily changed to *delighted* by a bad copier, or unſkilful reader. *Delinquent* is propoſed by Thirlby in his manuſcript. JOHNSON.

I think with Dr. Warburton, that by the *delighted* ſpirit is meant, *the ſoul once accuſtomed to delight*, which of courſe muſt render the ſufferings, afterwards deſcribed, leſs tolerable. Thus our author calls youth, *bleſſed*, in a former ſcene, before he proceeds to ſhow its wants and its inconveniencies. STEEVENS.

[2] Conjecture ſent out to wander without any certain direction, and ranging through poſſibilities of pain. JOHNSON.

[3] Moſt certainly the idea of the "ſpirit bathing in fiery floods," or of reſiding "in thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," is not original to our poet; but I am not ſure that they came from the Platonick hell of Virgil. The monks alſo had their hot and their cold hell; "the fyrſte is fyre that ever brenneth, and never gyveth lighte," ſays an old homily:—"The ſeconde is paſſyng cold, that yf a greate hylle of fyre were caſt therin, it ſhold torne to yce." One of their legends, well remembered in the time of Shakſpeare, gives us a dialogue between a biſhop and a ſoul tormented in a piece of ice which was brought to cure a *brenning heate* in his foot; take care, that you do not interpret this the *gout*, for I remember Menage quotes a canon upon us:

"*Si quis dixerit epiſcopum* podagrâ *laborare, anathema ſit.*"

Another tells us of the ſoul of a monk faſtened to a rock, which the winds were to blow about for a twelvemonth, and purge of its enormities. Indeed this doctrine was before now introduced into poetick fiction, as you may ſee in a poem, "where the lover declareth his pains to exceed far the pains of hell," among the many miſcellaneous ones ſubjoined to the works of Surrey: of which you will ſoon have a beautiful edition from the able hand of my friend Dr. Percy. Nay, a very learned and inquiſitive brother-antiquary hath obſerved to me, on the authority of Bleſkenius, that this was the ancient opinion of the inhabitants of Iceland, who were certainly very little read either in the poet or philoſopher.

FARMER.

Lazarus

Isab. Alas! alas!
Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.
Isab. O, you beast!
O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest,[4] to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness[5]
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance:[6]
Die; perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.
Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.
Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade:[7]
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [*Going.*
Claud. O hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.
Isab. What is your will?

Lazarus, in *The Shepherd's Calendar*, is represented to have seen these particular modes of punishment in the infernal regions:

"Secondly, I have seen in hell a floud frozen as ice, wherein the envious men and women were plunged unto the navel, and then suddainly came over them a right cold and great wind that grieved and pained them right sore," &c. STEEVENS.

4 In Isabella's declamation there is something harsh, and something forced and far-fetched. But her indignation cannot be thought violent, when we consider her not only as a virgin, but as a nun. JOHNSON.

5 *Wilderness* is here used for *wildness*, the state of being disorderly. STEEVENS.

6 *Defiance* is *refusal*. STEEVENS.

7 A custom; a practice; an established habit. So we say of a man much addicted to any thing, *he makes* a trade *of it*. JOHNSON.

Duke. Might you diſpenſe with your leiſure, I would by and by have ſome ſpeech with you: the ſatisfaction I would require, is likewiſe your own benefit.

Iſab. I have no ſuperfluous leiſure; my ſtay muſt be ſtolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [*To* CLAUDIO, *aſide.*] Son, I have over-heard what hath paſt between you and your ſiſter. Angelo had never the purpoſe to corrupt her; only he hath made an aſſay of her virtue, to practice his judgement with the diſpoſition of natures: ſhe, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is moſt glad to receive: I am confeſſor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourſelf to death: Do not ſatisfy your reſolution with hopes that are fallible: [8] to-morrow you muſt die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me aſk my ſiſter pardon. I am ſo out of love with life, that I will ſue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: [9] Farewell. [*Exit* CLAUDIO.

Re-enter Provoſt.

Provoſt, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone: Leave me

[8] A condemned man, whom his confeſſor had brought to bear death with decency and reſolution, began anew to entertain hopes of life. This occaſioned the advice in the words above. But how did theſe hopes *ſatisfy* his reſolution? or what harm was there, if they did? We muſt certainly read, *Do not* falſify *your reſolution with hopes that are* fallible. And then it becomes a reaſonable admonition. For hopes of life, by drawing him back into the world, would naturally elude or weaken the virtue of that *reſolution* which was raiſed only on motives of religion. And this his confeſſor had reaſon to warn him of. The term *falſify* is taken from fencing, and ſignifies the pretending to aim a ſtroke, in order to draw the adverſary off his guard. So, Fairfax:

"Now ſtrikes he out, and now he *falſifieth*." WARBURTON.

The ſenſe is this:—Do not reſt with ſatisfaction on *hopes that are fallible.* There is no need of a'teration. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the meaning is, Do not ſatisfy or content yourſelf with that kind of reſolution, which acquires ſtrength from a latent hope that it will not be put to the teſt; a hope, that in your caſe, if you rely upon it, will deceive you. MALONE.

[9] Continue in that reſolution. JOHNSON.

3

me a while with the maid; my mind promiſes with my habit, no loſs ſhall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.[2] [*Exit* Provoſt.

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodneſs, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodneſs; but grace, being the ſoul of your complexion, ſhould keep the body of it ever fair. The aſſault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my underſtanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I ſhould wonder at Angelo. How would you do to content this ſubſtitute, and to ſave your brother?

Iſab. I am now going to reſolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my ſon ſhould be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good Duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can ſpeak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or diſcover his government.

Duke. That ſhall not be much amiſs: Yet, as the matter now ſtands, he will avoid your accuſation; he made trial of you only.[3]—Therefore faſten your ear on my adviſings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy preſents itſelf. I do make myſelf believe, that you may moſt uprighteouſly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no ſtain to your own gracious perſon; and much pleaſe the abſent duke, if, peradventure, he ſhall ever return to have hearing of this buſineſs.

Iſab. Let me hear you ſpeak further; I have ſpirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my ſpirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodneſs never fearful. Have you not heard ſpeak of Mariana the ſiſter of Frederick, the great ſoldier, who miſcarried at ſea?

Iſab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her ſhould this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the ſolemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at ſea, having in that periſh'd veſſel the dowry of his ſiſter. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there ſhe loſt a noble and renowned

[2] i. e. *à la bonne heure*, ſo be it, very well. STEEVENS.

[3] That is, *he will ſay* he made trial of you only. M. MASON.

brother, in his love toward her ever moſt kind and natural; with him the portion and ſinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate huſband,[4] this well-ſeeming Angelo!

Iſab. Can this be ſo? Did Angelo ſo leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; ſwallowed his vows whole, pretending, in her, diſcoveries of diſhonour: in few, beſtowed her on her own lamentation,[5] which ſhe yet wears for his ſake; and he, a marble to her tears, is waſhed with them, but relents not.

Iſab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can ſhe avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may eaſily heal: and the cure of it not only ſaves your brother, but keeps you from diſhonour in doing it.

Iſab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her firſt affection; his unjuſt unkindneſs, that in all reaſon ſhould have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; anſwer his requiring with a plauſible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourſelf to this advantage,[6]—firſt, that your ſtay with him may not be long; that the time may have all ſhadow and ſilence in it; and the place anſwer to convenience: this being granted in courſe, now follows all. We ſhall adviſe this wronged maid to ſtead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itſelf hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence: and here, by this, is your brother ſaved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy ſcaled.[7] The maid will I frame, and make

[4] *Combinate* is *betrothed, ſettled by contract*. STEEVENS.

[5] i. e. *left* her to her ſorrows. MALONE.

Rather, as our author expreſſes himſelf in *King Henry V.*— "*gave* 'her up" to them. STEEVENS.

[6] This is ſcarcely to be reconciled to any eſtabliſhed mode of ſpeech. We may read, *only* reſerve yourſelf to, or *only* reſerve to *yourſelf this advantage*. JOHNSON.

Refer yourſelf to, merely ſignifies—*have recourſe to, betake yourſelf to*, this advantage. STEEVENS.

make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleneſs of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Iſab. The image of it gives me content already; and, I truſt, it will grow to a moſt proſperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up: Haſte you ſpeedily to Angelo; if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promiſe of ſatisfaction. I will preſently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange [8] reſides this dejected

[7] *To* ſcale *the deputy* may be, *to reach him, notwithſtanding the elevation of his place*; or it may be, *to ſtrip him and diſcover his nakedneſs, though armed and concealed by the inveſtments of authority.* JOHNSON.

To *ſcale*, as may be learned by a note to Coriolanus, Act I. ſc. i. moſt certainly means, to *diſorder*, to *diſconcert*, to *put to flight*. An army routed is called by Holinſhed, an army *ſcaled*. The word ſometimes ſignifies to *diffuſe* or diſperſe; at others, as I ſuppoſe in the preſent inſtance, to *put into confuſion*. STEEVENS.

To *ſcale* is certainly to reach (as Dr. Johnſon explains it) as well as to *diſperſe* or *ſpread abroad*, and hence its application to a routed army which is *ſcattered over the field*. The Duke's meaning appears to be, either that Angelo would be *over-reached*, as a town is by the ſcalade, or that his true character would be *ſpread* or *laid open*, ſo that his vileneſs would become evident. Dr. Warburton thinks it is *weighed*, a meaning which Dr. Johnſon affixes to the word in another place. See *Coriolanus*, Act. I. ſc. i.

Scaled, however, may mean—laid open, as a *corrupt ſore* is by removing the ſlough that covers it. The alluſion is rendered leſs diſguſting, by more elegant language, in *Hamlet*:

" It will but *ſkin* and *film* the *ulcerous place*;
" Whiles *rank corruption*, mining all within,
" Infects unſeen." RITSON.

[8] A *grange* is a ſolitary farm-houſe. So, in *Othello*:

" ——this is Venice,
" My houſe is not a *grange*." STEEVENS.

A *grange* implies ſome one particular houſe immediately inferior in rank to a *hall*, ſituated at a ſmall diſtance from the town or village from which it takes its name; as, *Hornby grange*, *Blackwell grange*; and is in the neighbourhood ſimply called *The Grange*. Originally, perhaps, theſe buildings were the lord's *granary* or ſtorehouſe, and the reſidence of his chief bailiff. (*Grange*, from *Granagium*, Lat.) RITSON.

A *grange*, in its original ſignification, meant a farm-houſe of a monaſtery (from *grana* gerendo), from which it was always at ſome little diſtance. One of the monks was uſually appointed to inſpect the accounts of the farm. He was called the Prior of the Grange;—in barbarous Latin, *Grangiarius*. Being placed at a diſtance from the monaſtery, and not connected

Mariana: At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

The Street before the Prison.

Enter DUKE *as a Friar; to him* ELBOW, Clown, *and* Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.[9]

Duke. O, heavens! what stuff is here?

Clo. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries,[2] the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft,[3] being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir:—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke.

nected with any other buildings, Shakspeare, with his wonted licence, uses it, both here and in *Othello*, in the sense of a *solitary* farm-house.

I have since observed that the word was used in the same sense by the contemporary writers. So, in Tarleton's *Newes out of Purgatory*, printed about the year 1590: "——till my return I will have thee stay at our little *graunge* house in the country."

In Lincolnshire they at this day call every lone house that is unconnected with others, a *grange*. MALONE.

9 A kind of sweet wine, then much in vogue, from the Italian *bastardo*. WARBURTON.

Bastard was raisin-wine. See Minshieu's Dict. in v. MALONE.

2 Here a satire on usury turns abruptly to a satire on the person of the usurer, without any kind of preparation. We may be assured then, that a line or two, at least, have been lost. The subject of which we may easily discover was a comparison between the two usurers; as, before, between the two usuries. So that, for the future, the passage should be read with asterisks, thus—*by order of law*, * * * *a furr'd gown*, &c. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer corrected this with less pomp, then *since of two* usurers *the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed, by order of law, a furr'd gown*, &c. His punctuation is right, but the alteration, small as it is, appears more than was wanted. *Usury* may be used by an easy licence for the *professors of usury*. JOHNSON.

3 In this passage the foxes skins are supposed to denote craft, and the lamb-

Duke. And you, good brother father: [4] What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock,[5] which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live: Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

Clo. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove——

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove this. Take him to prison, officer;
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whore-master; if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

lamb-skins innocence. It is evident therefore that we ought to read, "furred with fox *on* lamb-skins," instead of "*and* lamb-skins;" for otherwise, craft will not stand for the facing. M. MASON.

Fox-skins and lamb-skins were both used as facings to cloth in Shakspeare's time. See the Statute of Apparel, 24 Henry VIII. c. 13. Hence *fox-furr'd* slave is used as an opprobrious epithet in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606, and in other old comedies. MALONE.

4 In return to Elbow's blundering address of *good father friar*, i. e. *good father brother*, the Duke humourously calls him, in his own style, *good brother father*. This would appear still clearer in French. *Dieu vous benisse*, mon pere frere.—*Et vous aussi*, mon frere pere. There is no doubt that our *friar* is a corruption of the French *frere*. TYRWHITT.

5 As we hear no more of this charge, it is necessary to prevent honest Pompey from being taken for a house breaker. The *locks* which he had occasion to *pick*, were by no means common, in this country at least. They were probably introduced, with *other Spanish customs*, during the reign of Philip and Mary; and were so well known in Edinburgh, that in one of Sir David Lindsay's plays, represented to thousands in the open-air, such a *lock* is actually opened on the stage. RITSON.

Duke. That we were all, as ſome would ſeem to be,
Free from our faults, as faults from ſeeming, free! [6]

Enter LUCIO.

Elb. His neck will come to your waiſt, a cord, ſir.[7]

Clo. I ſpy comfort; I cry, bail: Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the heels of Cæſar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's

[6] i. e. as faults are deſtitute of all comelineſs or *ſeeming*. The firſt of theſe lines refers to the deputy's ſanctified hypocriſy; the ſecond to the Clown's beaſtly occupation. But the latter part is thus ill expreſſed for the ſake of the rhyme. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

Free from all faults, as from faults ſeeming free.

In the interpretation of Dr. Warburton, the ſenſe is trifling, and the expreſſion harſh. To wiſh *that men were as free from faults, as faults are free from comelineſs*, [inſtead of *void of comelineſs*] is a very poor conceit. I once thought it ſhould be read:

O that all were, as all would ſeem to be,
Free from all faults, or *from* falſe ſeeming *free.*

So in this play:

" O place, O, power—how doſt thou
" Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls
" To thy *falſe ſeeming!*"

But now I believe that a leſs alteration will ſerve the turn:

Free from all faults, or *faults from ſeeming free.*

that men were really good, or that their faults were known, that men were free from faults, *or* faults from *hypocriſy*. So Iſabella calls Angelo's hypocriſy, *ſeeming, ſeeming*. JOHNSON.

I think we ſhould read with Sir T. Hanmer:

Free from all faults, as from faults *ſeeming free.*

i. e. *I wiſh we were all as good as we appear to be*; a ſentiment very naturally prompted by his reflection on the behaviour of Angelo. Sir T. Hanmer has only tranſpoſed a word to produce a convenient ſenſe. STEEVENS.

Hanmer is right with reſpect to the meaning of this paſſage, but I think his tranſpoſition unneceſſary. The words, as they ſtand, will expreſs the ſame ſenſe, if pointed thus:

Free from all faults, as, faults from, ſeeming free.

Nor is this conſtruction more harſh than that of many other ſentences in the play, which of all thoſe which Shakſpeare has left us, is the moſt defective in that reſpect. M. MASON.

[7] That is, his neck will be tied, like your waiſt, with a rope. The friars of the Franciſcan order, perhaps of all others, wear a hempen cord for a girdle. JOHNSON.

Pygmalion's images, newly made woman,[8] to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What ſay'ſt thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the laſt rain?[9] Ha? What ſay'ſt thou, trot?[2] Is the world as it was man? Which is the way?[3] Is it ſad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! ſtill worſe!

Lucio. How doth my dear morſel, thy miſtreſs? Procures ſhe ſtill? Ha?

Clo. Troth, ſir, ſhe hath eaten up all her beef, and ſhe is herſelf in the tub.[4]

[8] *Pygmalion's images, newly made woman,*] By *Pygmalion's images, newly made woman*, I believe Shakſpeare meant no more than—Have you no women now to recommend to your cuſtomers, as freſh and untouched as *Pygmalion's* ſtatue was, at the moment when it became fleſh and blood? The paſſage, may, however, contain ſome alluſion to a pamphlet printed in 1598, called, *The Metamorphoſis of Pygmalion's Image, and certain Satires.* I have never ſeen it, but it is mentioned by Ames, p. 568; and whatever its ſubject might be, we learn from an order ſigned by the Archbiſhop of Canterbury and the Biſhop of London, that this book was commanded to be burnt. The order is inſerted at the end of the ſecond volume of the entries belonging to the Stationers' Company. STEEVENS.

A pick-lock had juſt been found upon the Clown, and therefore without great offence to his morals, it may be preſumed he was likewiſe a pick pocket; in which caſe *Pygmalion's images*, &c. may mean new-coined money with the Queen's image upon it. DOUCE.

[9] Lucio, a prating fop, meets his old friend going to priſon, and pours out upon him his impertinent interrogatories, to which when the poor fellow makes no anſwer, he adds, *What reply? ha? what ſay'ſt thou to this? tune, matter, and method,—is't not? drown'd i' th' laſt rain? ha? what ſay'ſt thou, trot?* &c. It is a common phraſe uſed in low raillery of a man creſt-fallen and dejected, that *he looks like a drown'd puppy.* Lucio, therefore, aſks him, whether he was *drown'd in the laſt rain*, and therefore cannot ſpeak. JOHNSON.

He rather aſks him whether his *anſwer* was not drown'd in the laſt rain, for Pompey returns *no anſwer* to any of his queſtions: or, perhaps, he means to compare Pompey's miſerable appearance to a *drown'd mouſe*. STEEVENS.

[2] It ſhould be read, I think, *what ſay'ſt thou* to't? the word *trot* being ſeldom, if ever, uſed to a man. Old *trot*, or *trat*, ſignifies a decrepid old woman, or an old *drab*. GREY.

Trot, or as it is now often pronounced, honeſt *trout*, is a familiar addreſs to a man among the provincial vulgar. JOHNSON.

[3] *What is the* mode *now?* JOHNSON.

[4] The method of cure for venereal complaints is groſsly called the *powdering tub*. JOHNSON.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it muſt be ſo: Ever your freſh whore, and your powder'd bawd: An unſhunn'd conſequence; it muſt be ſo: Art going to priſon, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, ſir.

Lucio. Why 'tis not amiſs, Pompey: Farewell: Go; ſay I ſent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how? [5]

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then impriſon him: If Impriſonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: Bawd is he, doubtleſs, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: Commend me to the priſon, Pompey: You will turn good huſband now, Pompey; you will keep the houſe.[6]

Clo. I hope, ſir, your good worſhip will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear.[7] I will pray, Pompey, to increaſe your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: Adieu, truſty Pompey.—Bleſs you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint ſtill, Pompey? Ha?

Elb. Come your ways, ſir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me then, ſir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? nor now.—What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, ſir; come.

Lucio.

[5] It ſhould be pointed thus: *Go, ſay I ſent thee thither for debt, Pompey; or how*—i. e. to hide the ignominy of thy caſe, ſay, I ſent thee to priſon for debt, or whatever other pretence thou fancieſt better. The other humourouſly replies, *For being a bawd, for being a bawd*, i. e. the true caſe is the moſt honourable. This is in character. WARBURTON.

I do not perceive any neceſſity for the alteration. Lucio firſt offers him the uſe of his name to hide the ſeeming ignominy of his caſe; and then very naturally deſires to be informed of the true reaſon why he was ordered into confinement. STEEVENS.

Warburton has taken ſome pains to amend this paſſage, which does not require it; and Lucio's ſubſequent reply to Elbow, ſhows that his amendment cannot be right. When Lucio adviſes Pompey to ſay he ſent him to the priſon, and in his next ſpeech deſires him to commend him to the priſon, he ſpeaks as one who had ſome intereſt there, and was well known to the keepers. M. MASON.

[6] Alluding to the etymology of the word *huſband*. MALONE.

[7] i. e. it is not the faſhion. STEEVENS.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go :[8]

[*Exeunt* ELBOW, Clown, *and* Officers.

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none: Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some ſay, he is with the emperor of Ruſſia; other ſome, he is in Rome: But where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: But whereſoever, I wiſh him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantaſtical trick of him, to ſteal from the ſtate, and uſurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his abſence; he puts tranſgreſſion to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: ſomething too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice,[9] and ſeverity muſt cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good ſooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd: but it is impoſſible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They ſay, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation: Is it true, think you?

Duke. How ſhould he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a ſea-maid ſpawn'd him:—Some, that he was begot between two ſtock-fiſhes:—But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.[2]

Duke. You are pleaſant, ſir; and ſpeak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthleſs thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is abſent, have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred baſtards, he would have paid for the nurſing a thouſand: He had ſome feeling

[8] It ſhould be remembered, that *Pompey* is the common name of a dog, to which alluſion is made in the mention of a *kennel.* JOHNSON.

[9] *Yes,* replies Lucio, *the vice is of great kindred; it is well ally'd:* &c. As much as to ſay, Yes, truly, it is general; for the greateſt men have it as well as we little folks. A little lower he taxes the Duke perſonally with it. EDWARDS.

[2] A *motion generative* certainly means a *puppet of the maſculine gender*; a thing that appears to have thoſe powers of which it is not in reality poſſeſſed. STEEVENS.

A *motion ungenerative* is a moving or animated body without the power of generation. RITSON.

feeling of the ſport; he knew the ſervice, and that inſtructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the abſent duke much detected [2] for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, ſir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not poſſible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his uſe was, to put a ducat in her clack-diſh: [3] the duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, ſurely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: [4] A ſhy fellow was the duke: [5] and, I believe, I know the cauſe of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cauſe?

Lucio. No,—pardon;—'tis a ſecret muſt be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you underſtand,—The greater file of the ſubject [6] held the duke to be wiſe.

Duke. Wiſe? why, no queſtion but he was.

Lucio. A very ſuperficial, ignorant, unweighing [7] fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or miſtaking; the very ſtream of his life, and the buſineſs he hath helmed, [8] muſt, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but teſtimonied in his own bringings forth, and he ſhall

[2] In the Statute 3d Edward Firſt, c. 15. the words gentz *rettez* de felonie are rendered perſons *detected* of felony, that is, as I conceive, *ſuſpected*. REED.

Detected, however, may mean, *notoriouſly charged*, or guilty. So, in North's tranſlation of Plutarch: "——he only of all other kings in his time was moſt *detected* with this vice of leacherie." MALONE.

[3] The beggars, two or three centuries ago, uſed to proclaim their want by a wooden-diſh with a moveable cover, which they clacked, to ſhow that their veſſel was empty. This appears from a paſſage quoted on another occaſion by Dr. Grey. STEEVENS.

[4] *Inward* is intimate. STEEVENS.

[5] The meaning of this term may be beſt explained by the following lines in the fifth Act:

"The wicked'ſt caitiff on the ground,
"May ſeem as *ſhy*, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute," &c.

MALONE.

[6] The larger liſt, the greater number. JOHNSON.

[7] i. e. inconſiderate, &c. STEEVENS.

[8] *The difficulties he hath ſteer'd through.* A metaphor from navigation. STEEVENS.

ſhall appear to the envious, a ſcholar, a ſtateſman, and a ſoldier: Therefore, you ſpeak unſkilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, ſir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, ſince you know not what you ſpeak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me deſire you to make your anſwer before him: If it be honeſt you have ſpoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He ſhall know you better, ſir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an oppoſite.[9] But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forſwear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd firſt: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this: Canſt thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why ſhould he die, ſir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-diſh. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungenitur'd[2] agent will unpeople the province with continency; ſparrows muſt not build in his houſe eaves, becauſe they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly anſwer'd; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untruſſing. Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I ſay to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays.[3] He's now paſt it; yet,[4] and I ſay to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though

[9] i. e. opponent, adverſary. STEEVENS.

[2] This word ſeems to be formed from *genitoirs*, a word which occurs in Holland's Pliny, tom. ii. p. 321, 560, 589, and comes from the French *genitoires*, the *genitals*. TOLLET.

[3] A wench was called a *laced mutton*. THEOBALD.

[4] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*He is* not *paſt it yet*. This emendation was

though ſhe ſmelt brown bread and garlick: [5] ſay, that I ſaid ſo. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatneſs in mortality
Can cenſure 'ſcape; back-wounding calumny
The whiteſt virtue ſtrikes: What king ſo ſtrong,
Can tie the gall up in the ſlanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, Provoſt, Bawd, *and* Officers.

Eſcal. Go, away with her to priſon.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Eſcal. Double and treble admonition, and ſtill forfeit [6] in the ſame kind? This would make mercy ſwear, and play the tyrant.[7]

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it pleaſe your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information againſt me: miſtreſs Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time, he promiſed her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter

was received in the former edition, but ſeems not neceſſary. It were to be wiſhed, that we all explained more, and amended leſs. JOHNSON.

If Johnſon underſtood the paſſage as it ſtands, I wiſh he had explained it. To me, Hanmer's amendment appears abſolutely neceſſary. M. MASON.

I have inſerted Mr. M. Maſon's remark: and yet the old reading is, in my opinion, too intelligible to need explanation. STEEVENS.

[5] This was the phraſeology of our author's time. In *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Maſter Fenton is ſaid to "*ſmell April and May*," not "to ſmell *of*," &c. MALONE.

[6] i. e. tranſgreſs, offend; from the French *forfaire*. STEEVENS.

[7] We ſhould read *ſwerve*, i. e. deviate from her nature. The common reading gives us the idea of a ranting whore. WARBURTON.

There is ſurely no need of emendation. We ſay at preſent, Such a thing *is enough to make a parſon ſwear*, i. e. deviate from a proper reſpect to decency, and the ſanctity of his character.

The idea of *ſwearing* agrees very well with that of a *tyrant* in our ancient myſteries. STEEVENS.

I do not much like *mercy ſwear*, the old reading; or *mercy ſwerve*, Dr. Warburton's correction. I believe it ſhould be, this would make mercy *ſevere*. FARMER.

We ſtill ſay, *to ſwear like an emperor*; and from ſome old book, of which I unfortunately neglected to copy the title, I have noted—*to ſwear like a tyrant*. *To ſwear like a termagant* is quoted elſewhere. RITSON.

a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob; I have kept it myſelf and ſee how he goes about to abuſe me.

Eſcal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to priſon: Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt* Bawd *and* Officers.] Provoſt, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd, Claudio muſt die to-morrow: let him be furniſhed with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it ſhould not be ſo with him.

Prov. So pleaſe you, this friar hath been with him, and adviſed him for the entertainment of death.

Eſcal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliſs and goodneſs on you!

Eſcal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To uſe it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the ſee,[8]
In ſpecial buſineſs from his holineſs.

Eſcal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is ſo great a fever on goodneſs, that the diſſolution of it muſt cure it: novelty is only in requeſt; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of courſe, as it is virtuous to be conſtant in any undertaking. There is ſcarce truth enough alive, to make ſocieties ſecure; but ſecurity enough, to make fellowſhips accurs'd: [9] much upon this riddle runs the wiſdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, ſir, of what diſpoſition was the duke?

Eſcal. One, that, above all other ſtrifes, contended eſpecially to know himſelf.

Duke.

[8] ——— *from the* ſee,] The folio reads:
——— *from the* ſea. JOHNSON.
The emendation, which is undoubtedly right, was made by Mr. Theobald. In Hall's Chronicle, *ſea* is often written for *ſee*. MALONE.

[9] The ſpeaker here alludes to thoſe legal ſecurities into which "fellowſhip" leads men to enter for each other. MALONE.
The ſenſe is, "There ſcarcely exiſts ſufficient honeſty in the world to make ſocial life ſecure; but there are occaſions enough where a man may be drawn in to become *ſurety*, which will make him pay dearly for his friendſhips." In excuſe of this quibble, Shakſpeare may plead high authority.—"He that hateth *ſuretiſhip* is *ſure*. Prov. xi. 15.
HOLT WHITE.

Duke. What pleaſure was he given to?

Eſcal. Rather rejoicing to ſee another merry, than merry at any thing which profeſs'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove proſperous; and let me deſire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to underſtand, that you have lent him viſitation.

Duke. He profeſſes to have received no ſiniſter meaſure from his judge, but moſt willingly humbles himſelf to the determination of juſtice: yet had he framed to himſelf, by the inſtruction of his frailty, many deceiving promiſes of life, which I, by my good leiſure, have diſcredited to him, and now is he reſolved [2] to die.

Eſcal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the priſoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremeſt ſhore of my modeſty; but my brother juſtice have I found ſo ſevere, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—juſtice.[3]

Duke. If his own life anſwer the ſtraitneſs of his proceeding, it ſhall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath ſentenced himſelf.

Eſcal. I am going to viſit the priſoner: Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* ESCALUS *and* Provoſt.

He, who the ſword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as ſevere;
Pattern in himſelf to know,
Grace to ſtand, and virtue go; [4]

More-

[2] —— *reſolved* —] i. e. ſatisfied. REED.

[3] Summum jus, ſumma injuria. STEEVENS.

[4] Theſe lines I cannot underſtand, but believe that they ſhould be read thus:

Patterning *himſelf to know*,
In *grace to ſtand*, in *virtue go*.

To *pattern* is *to work after a pattern*, and, perhaps, in Shakſpeare's licentious diction, ſimply to *work*. The ſenſe is, *he that bears the ſword of heaven ſhould be holy as well as ſevere; one that after good examples labours to know himſelf, to live with innocence, and to act with virtue.* JOHNSON.

This paſſage is very obſcure, nor can be cleared without a more licentious paraphraſe than any reader may be willing to allow. *He that bears the ſword of heaven ſhould be not leſs holy than ſevere: ſhould be able to diſcover*

in

More nor leſs to others paying,
Than by ſelf-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whoſe cruel ſtriking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble ſhame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow! [5]
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward ſide! [6]
How may likeneſs, made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
Draw with idle ſpiders' ſtrings
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things! [7]

Craft

in himſelf a pattern of ſuch grace as can avoid temptation, together with ſuch virtue as dares venture abroad into the world without danger of ſeduction.

STEEVENS.

This laſt line is not intelligible as it ſtands; but a very ſlight alteration, the addition of the word *in*, at the beginning of it, which may refer to *virtue* as well as *grace*, will render the ſenſe of it clear. "Pattern In himſelf to know," is to feel in his own breaſt that virtue which he makes others practiſe. M. MASON.

"*Pattern* in himſelf to know," is, to experience in his own boſom an *original* principle of action, which, inſtead of being borrowed or copied from others, might ſerve as a *pattern* to them. MALONE.

[5] i. e. to weed faults out of my dukedom, and yet indulge himſelf in his own private vices. STEEVENS.

My, does not, I apprehend, relate to the Duke in particular, who had not been guilty of any vice, but to any indefinite perſon. The meaning ſeems to be—*To deſtroy by extirpation* (as it is expreſſed in another place) a fault that I have committed, and to ſuffer his own vices to grow to a rank and luxuriant height. The ſpeaker, for the ſake of argument, puts himſelf in the caſe of an offending perſon. MALONE.

The Duke is plainly ſpeaking in his own perſon. What he here terms "*my* vice," may be explained from his converſation in Act I. ſc. iv. with Friar Thomas, and eſpecially the following line;

"——'twas *my* fault to give the people ſcope."

The *vice of Angelo* requires no explanation HENLEY.

[6] Here we ſee what induced our author to give the outward-ſainted deputy, the name of Angelo. MALONE.

[7] The ſenſe is this. How much wickedneſs may a man hide *within*, though he appear angel *without*. How may *that likeneſs made in crimes*, i. e. by hypocriſy; [a pretty paradoxical expreſſion, *an angel made in crimes*] by impoſing upon the world [thus emphatically expreſſed, *making practice on the times*] draw with its falſe and feeble pretences [finely called *ſpiders' ſtrings*]

Craft againſt vice I muſt apply:
With Angelo to-night ſhall lie
His old betrothed, but deſpis'd;
So diſguiſe ſhall, by the diſguis'd,[8]
Pay with falſhood falſe exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in MARIANA'S *Houſe.*

MARIANA *diſcovered ſitting; a Boy ſinging.*

SONG.

Take, oh take thoſe lips away,[9]
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do miſlead the morn:

But

ſtrings] the moſt pondrous and ſubſtantial matters of the world, as riches, honour, power, reputation, &c. WARBURTON.

Likeneſs may mean *ſeemlineſs*, fair appearance, as we ſay, a *likely* man. STEEVENS.

By *made in crimes*, the Duke means, trained in iniquity, and perfect in it. Thus we ſay—a *made* horſe; a *made* pointer; meaning one well trained. M. MASON.

[8] So *diſguiſe* ſhall by means of a perſon *diſguiſed*, return an *injurious demand* with a *counterfeit perſon*. JOHNSON.

[9] This is part of a little ſong of Shakſpeare's own writing, conſiſting of two ſtanzas, and ſo extremely ſweet, that the reader won't be diſpleaſed to have the other:

Hide, oh hide thoſe hills of ſnow,
Which thy frozen boſom bears,
On whoſe tops the pinks that grow,
Are of thoſe that April wears.
But firſt ſet my poor heart free,
Bound in thoſe icy chains by thee. WARBURTON.

Though Sewell and Gildon have printed this among Shakſpeare's Poems, they have done the ſame to ſo many other pieces, of which the real authors are ſince known, that their evidence is not to be depended on. It is not found in Jaggard's edition of our author's Sonnets, which was printed during his life-time. STEEVENS.

But my kiſſes bring again,
bring again,
Seals of love, but ſeal'd in vain,
ſeal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy ſong, and haſte thee quick away;
Here comes a man of comfort, whoſe advice
Hath often ſtill'd my brawling diſcontent.— [*Exit* Boy.

Enter DUKE.

I cry you mercy, ſir; and well could wiſh
You had not found me here ſo muſical:
Let me excuſe me, and believe me ſo,—
My mirth it much diſpleas'd, but pleas'd my woe.[2]

Duke. 'Tis good: though muſick oft hath ſuch a charm,
To make bad, good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have ſat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do conſtantly [3] believe you:—The time is come, even now. I ſhall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon, for ſome advantage to yourſelf.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Iſab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,[4]
Whoſe weſtern ſide is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,[5]
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,

Which

2 Though the muſick ſoothed my ſorrows, it had no tendency to produce light merriment. JOHNSON.

3 Certainly; without fluctuation of mind. JOHNSON.

4 *Circummured*, walled round. "He cauſed the doors to be *mured* and caſed up. *Painter's Palace of Pleaſure.* JOHNSON.

5 i. e. a gate made of boards. *Planche*, Fr.
A *plancher* is a plank. STEEVENS.

Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promiſe to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night.

Duke. But ſhall you on your knowledge find this way?

Iſab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whiſpering and moſt guilty diligence,
In action all of precept,[6] he did ſhow me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her obſervance?

Iſab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have poſſeſs'd him,[7] my moſt ſtay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a ſervant comes with me along,
That ſtays upon me; whoſe perſuaſion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this:—What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Iſab. I do deſire the like.

Duke. Do you perſuade yourſelf that I reſpect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do; and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a ſtory ready for your ear:
I ſhall attend your leiſure; but make haſte;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't pleaſe you walk aſide?

[*Exeunt* MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

Duke.

[6] i. e. ſhewing the ſeveral turnings of the way with his hand; which action contained ſo many precepts, being given for my direction. WARBURTON.

I rather think we ſhould read,

In preceſt of all action,——

that is, *in direction given not by words, but by mute ſigns.* JOHNSON.

[7] I have made him clearly and ſtrongly comprehend. JOHNSON.

To *poſſeſs* had formerly the ſenſe of *inform* or *acquaint.* REED.

Duke. O place and greatneſs,[8] millions of falſe eyes [9]
Are ſtuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with theſe falſe and moſt contrarious queſts [2]
Upon thy doings! thouſand 'ſcapes of wit [3]
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies! [4]—Welcome! How agreed?

Re-enter MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

Iſab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you adviſe it.
Duke. It is not my conſent,
But my intreaty too.
Iſab. Little have you to ſay,
When

[8] It plainly appears that *this* fine ſpeech belongs to *that* which concludes the preceding ſcene between the Duke and Lucio. For they are abſolutely foreign to the ſubject of this, and are the natural reflections ariſing from that. Beſides, the very words,

Run with theſe *falſe and moſt contrarious queſts*,

evidently refer to Lucio's ſcandals juſt preceding; which the Oxford editor, in his uſual way, has emended, by altering *theſe* to *their*. But that ſome time might be given to the two women to confer together, the players, I ſuppoſe, took part of the ſpeech, beginning at *No might nor greatneſs*, &c. and put it here, without troubling themſelves about its pertinency. However, we are obliged to them for not giving us their own impertinency, as they have frequently done in other places.

WARBURTON.

I cannot agree that theſe lines are placed here by the players. The ſentiments are common, and ſuch as a prince, given to reflection, muſt have often preſent. There was a neceſſity to fill up the time in which the ladies converſe apart, and they muſt have quick tongues and ready apprehenſions, if they underſtood each other while this ſpeech was uttered.

JOHNSON.

[9] That is, Eyes inſidious and traiterous. JOHNSON.

[2] Different reports, *running counter* to each other. JOHNSON.

I incline to think that *queſts* here means *inquiſitions*, in which ſenſe the word was uſed in Shakſpeare's time. See Minſhieu's Dict. in v. Cole in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders "A *queſt*," by "*examen*, *inquiſitio*." MALONE.

Falſe and contrarious queſts in this place rather mean *lying and contradictory meſſengers*, with whom *run volumes of report*. RITSON.

[3] ——'ſcapes *of wit*—] i. e. ſallies, irregularities. STEEVENS.

[4] Though *rack*, in the preſent inſtance, may ſignify *torture* or *mangle*, it might alſo mean *confuſe*; as the *rack*, i. e. fleeting cloud, renders the object behind it obſcure, and of undetermined form. STEEVENS.

When you depart from him, but, ſoft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your huſband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no ſin;
Sith that the juſtice of your title to him
Doth flouriſh the deceit.[5] Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tythe's to ſow.[6] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[5] A metaphor taken from embroidery, where a coarſe ground is filled up, and covered with figures of rich materials and elegant workmanſhip. WARBURTON.

Flouriſh is *ornament in general.* STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton's illuſtration of the metaphor ſeems to be inaccurate. The paſſage from another of Shakſpeare's plays, quoted by Mr. Steevens, ſuggeſts to us the true one.

The term—*flouriſh*, alludes to the flowers impreſſed on the waſte printed paper and old books, with which trunks are commonly lined. HENLEY.

When it is proved that the practice alluded to, was as ancient as the time of Shakſpeare, Mr. Henley's explanation may be admitted. STEEVENS.

[6] As before, the blundering editors have made a *prince* of the *prieſtly* Angelo, ſo here they have made a *prieſt* of the *prince.* We ſhould read *tilth*, i. e. our tillage is yet to make. The grain from which we expect our harveſt, is not yet put into the ground. WARBURTON.

The reader is here attacked with a petty ſophiſm. We ſhould read, *tilth*, i. e. our *tillage is to make.* But in the text it is *to ſow*; and who has ever ſaid that his *tillage* was to *ſow?* I believe *tythe* is right, and that the expreſſion is proverbial, in which *tythe* is taken, by an eaſy metonymy, for *harveſt.* JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton did not do juſtice to his own conjecture; and no wonder, therefore, that Dr. Johnſon has not.—*Tilth* is provincially uſed for *land till'd*, prepared for ſowing. Shakſpeare, however, has applied it before in its uſual acceptation. FARMER.

Dr. Warburton's conjecture may be ſupported by many inſtances in Markham's *Engliſh Huſbandman*, 1635. TOLLET.

Tilth is uſed for *crop*, or *harveſt*, by Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 93. b.

" To ſowe cockill with the corne,
" So that the *tilth* is nigh forlorne,
" Which Chriſt *ſew* firſt his own honde."

Shakſpeare uſes the word *tilth* in a former ſcene of this play; and, (as Dr. Farmer has obſerved,) in its common acceptation:

" ——her

SCENE II.

A Room in the Priſon.

Enter Provoſt *and* Clown.

Prov. Come hither, ſirrah: Can you cut off a man's head?

Clo. If the man be a bachelor, ſir, I can: but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, ſir, leave me your ſnatches, and yield me a direct anſwer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: Here is in our priſon a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to aſſiſt him, it ſhall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you ſhall have your full time of impriſonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping;[7] for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive ſome inſtruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorſon! Where's Abhorſon there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, ſir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, uſe him for the preſent, and diſmiſs him: He cannot plead his eſtimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, ſir? Fie upon him, he will diſcredit our myſtery.

" ——her plenteous womb
" Expreſſeth its full *tilth* and huſbandry."

Again, in *The Tempeſt*:

" ——bound of land, *tilth*, vineyard, none."

but my quotation from Gower ſhows that, to *ſow tilth*, was a phraſe once in uſe. STEEVENS.

This conjecture appears to me extremely probable. MALONE.

[7] i. e. an unmerciful one. STEEVENS.

Prov. Go to, ſir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the ſcale. [*Exit.*

Clo. Pray, ſir, by your good favour, (for, ſurely, ſir, a good favour [8] you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, ſir, your occupation a myſtery?

Abhor. Ay, ſir; a myſtery.

Clo. Painting, ſir, I have heard ſay, is a myſtery; and your whores, ſir, being members of my occupation, uſing painting, do prove my occupation a myſtery: but what myſtery there ſhould be in hanging, if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot imagine.[9]

Abhor.

[8] *Favour* is countenance. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*what myſtery*, &c.] Though I have adopted an emendation independent of the following note, the omiſſion of it would have been unwarrantable. STEEVENS.

—— *what miſtery there ſhould be in hanging, if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot imagine.*

Abhor. *Sir, it is a miſtery.*

Clo. *Proof.*

Abhor. *Every true man's apparel fits your thief:*

Clo. *If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: ſo every true man's apparel fits your thief.*] Thus it ſtood in all the editions till Mr. Theobald's, and was, methinks, not very difficult to be underſtood. The plain and humourous ſenſe of the ſpeech is this. Every true man's apparel, which the thief robs him of, fits the thief. Why? Becauſe, if it be too little for the thief, the true man thinks it big enough: i. e. a purchaſe too good for him. So that this fits the thief in the opinion of the true man. But if it be too big for the thief, yet the thief thinks it little enough; i. e. of value little enough. So that this fits the thief in his own opinion. Where we ſee, that the pleaſantry of the joke conſiſts in the equivocal ſenſe of *big enough*, and *little enough*. Yet Mr. Theobald ſays, he can ſee no ſenſe in all this, and therefore alters the whole thus:—

Abhor. *Every true man's apparel fits your thief.*

Clown. *If it be too little for your true man, your thief thinks it big enough: if it be too big for your true man, your thief thinks it little enough.*

And for his alteration gives this extraordinary reaſon.—*I am ſatisfied the poet intended a* regular ſyllogiſm; *and I ſubmit it to judgement, whether my regulation has not reſtored that wit and humour which was quite loſt in the depravation.*—But the place is corrupt, though Mr. Theobald could not find it out. Let us conſider it a little. The Hangman calls his trade a miſtery: the Clown cannot conceive it. The Hangman undertakes to prove it in theſe words, *Every true man's apparel*, &c. but this proves the *thief's* trade a miſtery, not the *hangman's*. Hence it appears, that the ſpeech, in which the Hangman proved his trade a miſtery, is loſt. The

Abhor. Sir, it is a myſtery.

Clo. Proof.

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: [2] If it be too

very words it is impoſſible to retrieve, but one may eaſily underſtand what medium he employed in proving it: without doubt, the very ſame the Clown employed to prove the thief's trade a miſtery; namely, *that all ſorts of clothes fitted the hangman.* The Clown, on hearing this argument, replied, I ſuppoſe, to this effect: *Why, by the ſame kind of reaſoning, I can prove the thief's trade too to be a miſtery.* The other aſks how, and the Clown goes on as above, *Every true man's apparel fits your thief; if it be too little,* &c. The jocular concluſion from the whole, being an inſinuation that *thief* and *hangman* were rogues alike. This conjecture gives a ſpirit and integrity to the dialogue, which, in its preſent mangled condition, is altogether wanting; and ſhews why the argument of *every true man's apparel,* &c. was in all editions given to the Clown, to whom indeed it belongs; and likewiſe that the preſent reading of that argument is the true.

WARBURTON.

If Dr. Warburton had attended to the argument by which the Bawd proves his own profeſſion to be a myſtery, he would not have been driven to take refuge in the groundleſs ſuppoſition, "that part of the dialogue had been loſt or dropped."

The argument of the Hangman is exactly ſimilar to that of the Bawd. As the latter puts in his claim to the whores, as members of his occupation, and, in virtue of their painting, would enroll his own fraternity in the myſtery of painters; ſo the former equally lays claim to the thieves, as members of his occupation, and, in their right, endeavours to rank his brethren, the hangmen, under the myſtery of fitters of apparel, or tailors. The reading of the old editions is therefore undoubtedly right; except that the laſt ſpeech, which makes part of the Hangman's argument, is, by miſtake, as the reader's own ſagacity will readily perceive, given to the Clown or Bawd. I ſuppoſe, therefore the poet gave us the whole thus:

Abhor. *Sir, it is a myſtery.*

Clown. *Proof.*

Abhor. *Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough: if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough; ſo every true man's apparel fits your thief.*

I muſt do Dr. Warburton the juſtice to acknowledge, that he hath rightly apprehended, and explained the force of the Hangman's argument.

HEATH.

There can be no doubt but the word *Clown,* prefixed to the laſt ſentence, *If it be too little,* &c. ſhould be ſtruck out. It makes part of Abhorſon's argument, who has undertaken to prove that hanging was a myſtery, and convinces the Clown of it by this very ſpeech. M. MASON.

[2] *True man,* in the language of ancient times, is always placed in oppoſition to *thief.* STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens

too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provoſt.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will ſerve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner aſk forgiveneſs.

Prov. You, ſirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will inſtruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clo. I do deſire to learn, ſir; and, I hope, if you have occaſion to uſe me for your own turn, you ſhall find me yare:[3] for, truly ſir, for your kindneſs, I owe you a good turn.[4]

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt* Clown *and* Abhorson.

One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou muſt be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As faſt lock'd up in ſleep, as guiltleſs labour
When it lies ſtarkly[5] in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him? Well,

Mr. Steevens ſeems to be miſtaken in his aſſertion that *true man* in ancient times was always placed in oppoſition to *thief*. At leaſt in the book of Geneſis, there is one inſtance to the contrary, ch. xlii. v. 11:— "We are all one man's ſons: we are all *true men*; thy ſervants are no *ſpies*." Henley.

3 i. e. handy, nimble in the execution of my office. Steevens.

4 ——*a good turn.*] i. e. a turn off the ladder. He quibbles on the phraſe according to its common acceptation. Farmer.

5 Stiffly. Theſe two lines afford a very pleaſing image. Johnson.

Well, go, prepare yourſelf. But hark, what noiſe?
[*Knocking within.*
Heaven give your ſpirits comfort! [*Exit* CLAUDIO.] By
and by:—
I hope it is ſome pardon, or reprieve,
For the moſt gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. The beſt and wholſomeſt ſpirits of the night
Envelop you, good Provoſt! Who call'd here of late?
Prov. None, ſince the curfew rung.
Duke. Not Iſabel?
Prov. No.
Duke. They will then,[6] ere't be long.
Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?
Duke. There's ſome in hope.
Prov. It is a bitter deputy.
Duke. Not ſo, not ſo; his life is parallel'd
Even with the ſtroke[7] and line of his great juſtice;
He doth with holy abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelf, which he ſpurs on his power
To qualify[8] in others: were he meal'd[9]
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being ſo, he's juſt.—Now are they come.—
[*Knocking within.*—Provoſt *goes out*.
This is a gentle provoſt: Seldom, when
The ſteeled gaoler is the friend of men.—
How now? What noiſe? That ſpirit's poſſeſs'd with haſte,
That wounds the unſifting poſtern with theſe ſtrokes.[2]

6 Perhaps—*ſhe* will then. SIR J. HAWKINS.
The Duke expects *Iſabella* and *Mariana*. A little afterward he ſays:
"——Now are *they* come." RITSON.

7 *Stroke* is here put for the *ſtroke* of a pen or a line. JOHNSON.

8 To temper, to moderate, as we ſay wine is qualified with water.
JOHNSON.

9 Were he ſprinkled; were he defiled.
Mealed is mingled, compounded; from the French *meſler*.
BLACKSTONE.

2 The line is irregular, and the old reading, *unreſiſting poſtern*, ſo ſtrange
as

Provoſt *returns, ſpeaking to one at the door.*

Prov. There he muſt ſtay, until the officer
Ariſe to let him in; he is call'd up.
Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he muſt die to-morrow?
Prov. None, ſir, none.
Duke. As near the dawning, Provoſt, as it is,
You ſhall hear more ere morning.
Prov. Happily,
You ſomething know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no ſuch example have we:
Beſides, upon the very ſiege of juſtice,[3]
Lord Angelo hath to the publick ear
Profeſs'd the contrary.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Duke. This is his lordſhip's man.
Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.[4]

Meſſ.

an expreſſion, that want of meaſure, and want of ſenſe, might juſtly raiſe ſuſpicion of an error; yet none of the latter editors ſeem to have ſuppoſed the place faulty, except Sir Thomas Hanmer, who reads:

——*the* unreſting *poſtern*——

The three folios have it,

——unſiſting *poſtern*——

out of which Mr. Rowe made *unreſiſting*, and the reſt followed him. Sir Thomas Hanmer ſeems to have ſuppoſed *unreſiſting* the word in the copies, from which he plauſibly enough extracted *unreſting*; but he grounded his emendation on the very ſyllable that wants authority. What can be made of *unſiſting* I know not; the beſt that occurs to me is *unfeeling*.

JOHNSON.

Unſiſting may ſignify "never at reſt," always opening.

BLACKSTONE.

I ſhould think we might ſafely read:

——unliſt'ning *poſtern, or* unſhifting *poſtern*.

The meaſure requires it, and the ſenſe remains uninjured.

Mr. M. Maſon would read *unliſting*, which means *unregarding*. I have, however, inſerted Sir William Blackſtone's emendation in the text.

STEEVENS.

[3] i. e. *ſeat* of juſtice. *Siege*, French. STEEVENS.

[4] The Provoſt has juſt declared a fixed opinion that the execution will not

Meſſ. My lord hath ſent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you ſwerve not from the ſmalleſt article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumſtance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almoſt day.

Prov. I ſhall obey him. [*Exit* Meſſenger.

Duke. This is his pardon; purchas'd by ſuch ſin, [*Aſide.*

For which the pardoner himſelf is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's ſo extended,
That for the fault's love, is the offender friended.—
Now, ſir, what news.

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, be-like, thinking me remiſs in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on:[5] methinks, ſtrangely; for he hath not uſed it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [Reads:] *Whatſoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better ſatisfaction, let me have Claudio's head ſent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd; with a thought, that more depends on it than we muſt yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will anſwer it at your peril.*

What ſay you to to this, ſir?

not be countermanded, and yet, upon the firſt appearance of the Meſſenger, he immediately gueſſes that his errand is to bring Claudio's pardon. It is evident, I think, that the names of the ſpeakers are miſplaced. If we ſuppoſe the Provoſt to ſay:

This is his lordſhip's man,

it is very natural for the Duke to ſubjoin,

And here comes Claudio's pardon.

The Duke might believe, upon very reaſonable grounds, that Angelo had now ſent the pardon. It appears that he did ſo, from what he ſays to himſelf, while the Provoſt is reading the letter:

This is his pardon; purchas'd by ſuch ſin. TYRWHITT.

When immediately after the Duke had hinted his expectation of a pardon, the Provoſt ſees the Meſſenger, he ſuppoſes the Duke to have *known ſomething*, and changes his mind. Either reading may ſerve equally well. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*putting on*:] i. e. ſpur, incitement. STEEVENS.

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nurſed up and bred: one that is a priſoner nine years old.[9]

Duke. How came it that the abſent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him; I have heard it was ever his manner to do ſo.

Prov. His friends ſtill wrought reprieves for him; And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Moſt manifeſt, and not denied by himſelf.

Duke. Hath he borne himſelf penitently in priſon? How ſeems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken ſleep; careleſs, reckleſs, and fearleſs of what's paſt, preſent, or to come; inſenſible of mortality, and deſperately mortal.[2]

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the priſon; give him liberty to eſcape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very often awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and ſhow'd him a ſeeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provoſt,

[9] i. e. That has been confined theſe nine years. MALONE.

[2] This expreſſion is obſcure. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *mortally deſperate*. *Mortally* is in low converſation uſed in this ſenſe, but I know not whether it was ever written. I am inclined to believe, that *deſperately mortal* means *deſperately miſchievous*. Or *deſperately mortal* may mean a man likely to die in a *deſperate ſtate*, without reflection or repentance. JOHNSON.

The word is often uſed by Shakſpeare in the ſenſe firſt affixed to it by Dr. Johnſon, which I believe to be the true one. So, in *Othello*:

"And you, ye *mortal* engines," &c. MALONE.

As our author, in *The Tempeſt*, ſeems to have written "harmonious charmingly," inſtead of "harmoniouſly charming," he may, in the preſent inſtance, have given us "deſperately mortal," for "mortally deſperate;" i. e. deſperate in the extreme.——In low provincial language,—*mortal* ſick,—*mortal* bad,—*mortal* poor, is phraſeology of frequent occurence. STEEVENS.

Provoſt, honeſty and conſtancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient ſkill beguiles me; but in the boldneſs of my cunning,[3] I will lay myſelf in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath ſentenc'd him: To make you underſtand this in a manifeſted effect, I crave but four days reſpite; for the which you are to do me both a preſent and a dangerous courteſy.

Prov. Pray, ſir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an expreſs command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my caſe as Claudio's, to croſs this in the ſmalleſt.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my inſtructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath ſeen them both, and will diſcover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great diſguiſer: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; [4] and ſay, it was the deſire of the penitent to be ſo bared [5] before his death: You know, the courſe is common.[6] If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the ſaint whom I profeſs, I will plead againſt it with my life.

3 i. e. in *confidence* of my *ſagacity*. STEEVENS.

4 The *Reviſal* recommends Mr. Simpſon's emendation, DIE *the beard*, but the preſent reading may ſtand. Perhaps it was uſual to *tie* up the beard before decollation. Sir T. More is ſaid to have been ludicrouſly careful about this ornament of his face. It ſhould, however, be remembered, that it was alſo the cuſtom *to die beards*. STEEVENS.

A beard *tied* would give a very new air to that face, which had never been ſeen but with the beard looſe, long, and ſqualid. JOHNSON.

5 Theſe words relate to what has juſt preceded—*ſhave the head*. The modern editions following the fourth folio, read—to be ſo *barb'd*; but the old copy is certainly right. So, in *All's well that ends well*: "I would the cutting of my garments would ſerve the turn, or the *baring* of my beard, and to ſay it was in ſtratagem." MALONE.

6 *P. Mathieu*, in his *Heroyke Life and deplorable Death of Henry the Fourth, of France*, ſays, that Ravaillac, in the midſt of his tortures, lifted up his head and ſhook a ſpark of fire from his *beard*. REED.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is againſt my oath.

Duke. Were you ſworn to the duke or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his ſubſtitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the juſtice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a reſemblance, but a certainty. Yet ſince I ſee you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my perſuaſion, can with eaſe attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, ſir, here is the hand and ſeal of the duke. You know the character, I doubt not; and the ſignet is not ſtrange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you ſhall anon over-read it at your pleaſure; where you ſhall find, within theſe two days he will be here. This is a thing, that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of ſtrange tenor; perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into ſome monaſtery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ.[7] Look, the unfolding ſtar calls up the ſhepherd: Put not yourſelf into amazement, how theſe things ſhould be: all difficulties are but eaſy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a preſent ſhrift, and adviſe him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this ſhall abſolutely reſolve you. Come away; it is almoſt clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another room in the ſame.

Enter Clown.

Clo. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our houſe of profeſſion:[8] one would think, it were miſtreſs Over-done's own houſe, for here be many of her old cuſtomers. Firſt, here's young maſter Raſh;[9] he's in for a commodity of brown paper

[7] We ſhould read—*here writ*—the Duke pointing to the letter in his hand. WARBURTON.

[8] i. e. in my late miſtreſs's houſe, which was a *profeſſed*, a notorious bawdy-houſe. MALONE.

[9] This enumeration of the inhabitants of the priſon affords a very ſtriking

paper and old ginger,[2] nineſcore and ſeventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money; marry, then, ginger was not much in requeſt, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one maſter Caper, at the ſuit of maſter Three-pile the mercer, for ſome four ſuits of peach-colour'd ſatin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young maſter Deep-vow and maſter Copper-ſpur, and maſter Starve-lacky the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop heir that kill'd luſty Pudding, and maſter Forthright[3] the tilter, and brave maſter Shoe-tye the

ſtriking view of the practices predominant in Shakſpeare's age. Beſides thoſe whoſe follies are common to all times, we have four fighting men and a traveller. It is not unlikely that the originals of the pictures were then known. JOHNSON.

Raſh was the name of ſome kind of ſtuff. STEEVENS.

If this term alludes to the ſtuff ſo called, (which was probably one of the commodities fraudulently iſſued out by money-lenders) there is nevertheleſs a pun intended. DOUCE.

All the names here mentioned are characteriſtical. *Raſh* was a ſtuff formerly uſed. MALONE.

[2] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read, *brown* pepper; but the following paſſage in *Michaelmas Term*, Com. 1607, will completely eſtabliſh the original reading:

"I know ſome gentlemen in town have been glad, and are glad at this time, to take up commodities in hawk's-hoods and *brown paper*."

STEEVENS.

A commodity of brown paper—] Mr. Steevens ſupports this rightly. Fennor aſks, in his *Comptor's Commonwealth*, "ſuppoſe the *commodities* are delivered after Signior *Unthrift* and Maſter *Broaker* have both ſealed the bonds, how muſt thoſe hobby-horſes, *reams* of *brown-paper*, Jewes trumpes and bables, babies and rattles, be ſolde?" FARMER.

In a MS. letter from Sir John Hollis to Lord Burleigh, is the following paſſage: "Your Lordſhip digged into my aunceſtors graves, and pulling one up from his 70 yeares reſte, pronounced him an abominable uſurer and merchante of *browne paper*, ſo hatefull and contemptible that the players acted him before the kinge with great applauſe." And again: "Nevertheles I denye that any of them were *merchantes of browne paper*, neither doe I thinke any other but your Lordſhip's imagination ever ſawe or hearde any of them playde upon a ſtage; and that they were ſuch uſurers I ſuppoſe your Lordſhip will want teſtimonye." DOUCE.

[3] The old copy reads—Forth*light*. Dr. Johnſon, however, propoſes to read *Forthright*, alluding to the line in which the thruſt is made. Mr. Ritſon defends the preſent reading, but ſuppoſing the alluſion to be to the fencers threat of making the *light* ſhine through his antagoniſt. REED.

Had he produced any proof that ſuch an expreſſion was in uſe in our author's time, his obſervation might have had ſome weight. It is probably a phraſe of the preſent century. MALONE.

great traveller,[4] and wild Half-can that ſtabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade,[5] and are now for the Lord's ſake.[6]

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Maſter Barnardine! you muſt riſe and be hang'd, maſter Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noiſe there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends, ſir; the hangman: You muſt be ſo good, ſir, to riſe and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within*] Away, you rogue, away; I am ſleepy.

Abhor.

[4] The old copy reads—*Shoety*; but as moſt of theſe are compound names, I ſuſpect that this was originally written as I have printed it. At this time *Shoe-ſtrings* were generally worn. As the perſon deſcribed was a traveller, it is not unlikely that he might be ſolicitous about the minutiæ of dreſs; and the epithet *brave*, i. e. *ſhowy*, ſeems to countenance the ſuppoſition. STEEVENS.

The finery which induced our author to give his traveller the name of *Shoe-tye*, was uſed on the ſtage in his time. "Would not this, ſir, (ſays Hamlet) and a foreſt of feathers,—with two *Provencial roſes* on my raz'd *ſhoes*, get me a fellowſhip in a cry of players, ſir?" MALONE.

The *roſes* mentioned in the foregoing inſtance, were not the ligatures of the ſhoe, but the ornaments above them. STEEVENS.

[5] The word *doers* is here uſed in a wanton ſenſe. MALONE.

[6] i. e. to beg for the reſt of their lives. WARBURTON.

I rather think this expreſſion intended to ridicule the Puritans, whoſe turbulence and indecency often brought them to priſon, and who conſidered themſelves as ſuffering for religion.

It is not unlikely that men impriſoned for other crimes, might repreſent themſelves to caſual enquirers, as ſuffering for puritaniſm, and that this might be the common cant of the priſons. In Donne's time, every priſoner was brought to jail by ſuretiſhip. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Warburton's explanation is right. It appears from a poem entitled, *Poper's Complaint*, printed among Davies's epigrams, [about the year 1611] that this was the language in which priſoners who were confined for debt, addreſſed paſſengers:

"Good gentle writers, *for the Lord's ſake, for the Lord's ſake,*
"Like *Ludgate priſoner*, lo, I, *begging*, make
"My mone."

The meaning, however, may be, to beg or *borrow* for the reſt of their lives. MALONE.

Abhor. Tell him, he muſt awake, and that quickly too.

Clo. Pray, maſter Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and ſleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, ſir, he is coming; I hear his ſtraw ruſtle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, ſirrah?

Clo. Very ready, ſir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorſon? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, ſir, I would deſire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clo. O, the better, ſir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may ſleep the ſounder all the next day.

Enter DUKE.

Abhor. Look you, ſir, here comes your ghoſtly father; Do we jeſt now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how haſtily you are to depart, I am come to adviſe you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they ſhall beat out my brains with billets: I will not conſent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, ſir, you muſt: and therefore, I beſeech you, Look forward on the journey you ſhall go.

Barnar. I ſwear, I will not die to-day for any man's perſuaſion.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to ſay to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Provoſt.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel heart!—
After him, fellows; [7] bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt* ABHORSON *and* Clown.

Prov. Now, ſir, how do you find the priſoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to tranſport him [8] in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the priſon, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a moſt notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head,
Juſt of his colour: What if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd;
And ſatisfy the deputy with the viſage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Diſpatch it preſently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: See, this be done,
And ſent according to command; whiles I
Perſuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This ſhall be done, good father, preſently.
But Barnardine muſt die this afternoon:
And how ſhall we continue Claudio,
To ſave me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done;—Put them in ſecret holds,
Both Barnardine and Claudio: Ere twice
The ſun hath made his journal greeting to

The

[7] Here is a line given to the Duke, which belongs to the Provoſt. The Provoſt, while the Duke is lamenting the obduracy of the priſoner, cries out:

After him, fellows, &c.

and when they are gone out, turns again to the Duke. JOHNSON.

I do not ſee why this line ſhould be taken from the Duke, and ſtill leſs why it ſhould be given to the Provoſt, who, by his queſtion to the Duke in the next line, appears to be ignorant of every thing that has paſſed between him and Barnardine. TYRWHITT.

[8] To remove him from one world to another. The French *trépas* affords a kindred ſenſe. JOHNSON.

The under generation,[9] you ſhall find
Your ſafety manifeſted.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, deſpatch,
And ſend the head to Angelo. [*Exit* Provoſt.
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provoſt, he ſhall bear them,—whoſe contents
Shall witneſs to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll deſire
To meet me at the conſecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,[2]
We ſhall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provoſt.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myſelf.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a ſwift return;
For I would commune with you of ſuch things,
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all ſpeed. *Exit.*

Iſab. [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Iſabel:—She's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of deſpair,
When it is leaſt expected.[3]

Enter

9 *The* under *generation*,] So Sir Thomas Hanmer, with true judgement. It was in all the former editions:

To yonder ———

ye *under* and *yonder* were confounded. JOHNSON.

The old reading is not *yonder* but *yond*. STEEVENS.

Priſons are generally ſo conſtructed as not to admit the rays of the ſun. Hence the Duke here ſpeaks of its greeting only thoſe *without* the doors of the jail, to which he muſt be ſuppoſed to point when he ſpeaks theſe words. Sir T. Hanmer, I think without neceſſity, reads—To *the under* generation, which has been followed by the ſubſequent editors.

Journal, in the preceding line, is *daily*. Journalier, Fr. MALONE.

2 Thus the old copy. Mr. Heath thinks that *well*-balanced is the true reading; and Hanmer was of the ſame opinion. STEEVENS.

3 A better reaſon might have been given. It was neceſſary to keep Iſabella

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.
Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world;
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.
Isab. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other:
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your patience.
Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.
Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.
Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say; which you shall find
By every syllable, a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: Already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom [4] on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.
Isab. I am directed by you.
Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give;
'Tis he that sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,
I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse

Isabella in ignorance, that she might with more keenness accuse the deputy. JOHNSON.

[4] Your wish; your heart's desire. JOHNSON.

Accuſe him home, and home. For my poor ſelf
I am combined by a ſacred vow,[5]
And ſhall be abſent. Wend you[6] with this letter:
Command theſe fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; truſt not my holy order,
If I pervert your courſe.—Who's here?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even!
Friar, where is the Provoſt?

Duke. Not within, ſir.

Lucio. O, pretty Iſabella, I am pale at mine heart, to ſee thine eyes ſo red: thou muſt be patient: I am fain to dine and ſup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would ſet me to't: But they ſay the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Iſabel, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantaſtical duke of dark corners[7] had been at home, he had lived. [*Exit* ISABELLA.

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the beſt is, he lives not in them.[8]

Lucio. Friar, thou knoweſt not the duke ſo well as I do: he's a better woodman[9] than thou takeſt him for.

Duke. Well, you'll anſwer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, ſir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke.

[5] I once thought this ſhould be *confined*, but Shakſpeare uſes *combine* for *to bind by a pact or agreement*; ſo he calls Angelo the *combinate* huſband of Mariana. JOHNSON.

[6] Wend *you*—] To *wend* is *to go*.—An obſolete word. STEEVENS.

[7] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*the* odd *fantaſtical duke*; but *old* is a common word of aggravation in ludicrous language, as, *there was* old *revelling*. JOHNSON.

This duke who meets his miſtreſſes in by-places. MALONE.

[8] i. e. his character depends not on them. STEEVENS.

[9] A *woodman* ſeems to have been an attendant or ſervant to the Officer called *Forreſter*. See *Manwood on the Foreſt Laws*, 4to. 1615, p. 46. It is here, however, uſed in a wanton ſenſe, and was, probably, in our author's time generally ſo received. REED.

Duke. Did you ſuch a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but was fain to forſwear it; they would elſe have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honeſt: Reſt you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it: Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I ſhall ſtick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in ANGELO's *Houſe.*

Enter ANGELO *and* ESCALUS.

Eſcal. Every letter he hath writ hath diſvouch'd other.

Ang. In moſt uneven and diſtracted manner. His actions ſhow much like to madneſs: pray heaven, his wiſdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Eſcal. I gueſs not.

Ang. And why ſhould we [1] proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redreſs of injuſtice, they ſhould exhibit their petitions in the ſtreet?

Eſcal. He ſhows his reaſon for that: to have a diſpatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which ſhall then have no power to ſtand againſt us.

Ang. Well, I beſeech you, let it be proclaim'd:
Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your houſe:
Give notice to ſuch men of ſort and ſuit,[2]
As are to meet him.

Eſcal.

[1] It is the conſcious guilt of Angelo that prompts this queſtion. The reply of Eſcalus is ſuch as ariſes from an undiſturbed mind, that only conſiders the myſterious conduct of the Duke in a political point of view. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*ſort and ſuit,*] Figure and rank. JOHNSON.

Not ſo, as I imagine, in this paſſage. In the feudal times all vaſſals were bound to hold *ſuit* and *ſervice* to their over-lord; that is, to be ready at all times to attend and ſerve him, either when ſummoned to his courts, or to his ſtandard in war. *Such men of ſort and ſuit as are to meet him,* I preſume, means the Duke's vaſſals or tenants *in capite.*——Edinburgh Magazine, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.—

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,[3]
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law against it!—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me? Yet reason dares her?—no:[4]
For my authority bears a credent bulk,

That

3 In the first scene the Duke says that *Escalus* is *pregnant*, i. e. ready in the forms of law. *Unpregnant* therefore, in the instance before us, is *unready*, *unprepared*. STEEVENS.

4 The old folio impressions read:—*Yet reason dares her No.*
And this is right. The meaning is, the circumstances of our case are such, that she will never venture to contradict me; *dares her* to reply *No* to me, whatever I say. WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald reads:

——— *Yet reason dares her* note.

Sir Thomas Hanmer:

——— *Yet reason dares her: No.*

Mr. Upton:

——— *Yet reason dares her—No.*

which he explains thus: *Were it not for her maiden modesty, how might the lady proclaim my guilt? Yet (you'll say) she has reason on her side, and that will make her dare to do it. I think not; for my authority is of such weight,* &c. I am afraid *dare* has no such signification. I have nothing to offer worth insertion. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton is evidently right with respect to this reading, though wrong in his application. The expression is a provincial one and very intelligible:

——*But that her tender shame*
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me? Yet reason dares her No.

That is, reason dares her to do it, as by this means she would not only publish her "maiden loss," but also as she would certainly suffer from the imposing credit of his station and power, which would repel with disgrace any attack on his reputation:

For my authority bears a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather.—— HENLEY.

We think Mr. Henley rightly understands this passage, but has not sufficiently explained himself. Reason, or reflection, we conceive, personified by Shakspeare, and represented as *daring* or *overawing* Isabella, and crying *No* to her, whenever she finds herself prompted to "tongue" Angelo. *Dare* is often met with in this sense in Shakspeare.

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That no particular ſcandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather.[5] He ſhould have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous ſenſe,
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
By ſo receiving a diſhonour'd life,
With ranſom of ſuch ſhame. 'Would yet he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.[6] [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Fields without the Town.

Enter DUKE *in his own habit, and Friar* PETER.

Duke. Theſe letters[7] at fit time deliver me. [*Giving letters.*
The provoſt knows our purpoſe, and our plot.
The matter being a foot, keep your inſtruction,
And hold you ever to our ſpecial drift;
Though ſometimes you do blench from this to that,[8]
As cauſe doth miniſter. Go, call at Flavius' houſe,
And tell him where I ſtay: give the like notice,
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Craſſus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But ſend me Flavius firſt.

F. Peter.

[5] *Credent* is *creditable, inforcing credit, not queſtionable.* The old Engliſh writers often confound the active and paſſive adjectives. So Shakſpeare, and Milton after him, uſe *inexpreſſive* for *inexpreſſible.*

Particular is *private*, a French ſenſe. No ſcandal from any *private* mouth can reach a man in my authority. JOHNSON.

[6] Here undoubtedly the act ſhould end, and was ended by the poet; for here is properly a ceſſation of action, and a night intervenes, and the place is changed, between the paſſages of this ſcene, and thoſe of the next. The next act beginning with the following ſcene, proceeds without any interruption of time or change of place. JOHNSON.

[7] Peter never delivers the letters, but tells his ſtory without any credentials. The poet forgot the plot which he had formed. JOHNSON.

The firſt clauſe of this remark is undoubtedly juſt; but, reſpecting the ſecond, I wiſh our readers to recollect that all the plays of Shakſpeare, before they reached the preſs, had paſſed through a dangerous medium, and probably experienced the injudicious curtailments to which too many dramatic pieces are ſtill expoſed, from the ignorance, caprice, and preſumption of tranſcribers, players, and managers. STEEVENS.

[8] To *blench* is to ſtart off, to fly off. STEEVENS.

F. Peter. It ſhall be ſpeeded well.

[*Exit* Friar.

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou haſt made good haſte:
Come, we will walk: There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Street near the City Gate.

Enter ISABELLA *and* MARIANA.

Iſab. To ſpeak ſo indirectly, I am loth;
I would ſay the truth; but to accuſe him ſo,
That is your part: yet I'm advis'd to do it;
He ſays, to veil full purpoſe.[9]

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Iſab. Beſides, he tells me, that if peradventure
He ſpeak againſt me on the adverſe ſide,
I ſhould

[9] Mr. Theobald alters it to,

He ſays, t' availful *purpoſe*;

becauſe he has no idea of the common reading. A good reaſon! Yet the common reading is right. *Full* is uſed for *beneficial*; and the meaning is, *He ſays it is to hide a beneficial purpoſe, that muſt not yet be revealed.* WARBURTON.

To veil full purpoſe, may, with very little force on the words, mean, *to hide the whole extent of our deſign*, and therefore the reading may ſtand; yet I cannot but think Mr. Theobald's alteration either lucky or ingenious. To interpret words with ſuch laxity, as to make *full* the ſame with *beneficial*, is to put an end, at once, to all neceſſity of emendation, for any word may then ſtand in the place of another. JOHNSON.

I think Theobald's explanation right, but his amendment unneceſſary. We need only read *vailful* as one word. Shakſpeare, who ſo frequently uſes *cite* for *excite*, *bate* for *abate*, *force* for *enforce*, and many other abbreviations of a ſimilar nature, may well be ſuppoſed to uſe *vailful* for *availful*. M. MASON.

If Dr. Johnſon's explanation be right, (as I think it is,) the word ſhould be written—*veil*, as it is now printed in the text.

That *vail* was the old ſpelling of *veil*, appears from a line in *The Merchant of Venice*, folio, 1623:

"*Vailing* an Indian beauty——"

for which in the modern editions *veiling* has been rightly ſubſtituted. MALONE.

I ſhould not think it ſtrange; for 'tis a phyſick,
That's bitter to ſweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Peter—

Iſab. O, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar PETER.[2]

F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a ſtand moſt fit,
Where you may have ſuch vantage on the duke,
He ſhall not paſs you: Twice have the trumpets ſounded;
The generous[3] and graveſt citizens
Have hent the gates,[4] and very near upon
The duke is ent'ring; therefore hence, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A publick place near the City Gate.

MARIANA (*veil'd*) ISABELLA, *and* PETER, *at a diſtance,*
Enter at oppoſite doors, DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords; ANGELO.
ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provoſt, Officers, *and* Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy couſin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to ſee you.

Ang. and Eſcal. Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made enquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodneſs of your juſtice, that our ſoul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Fore-running more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds ſtill greater.

Duke. O, your deſert ſpeaks loud; and I ſhould wrong it,
To

[2] This play has two friars, either of whom might ſingly have ſerved. I ſhould therefore imagine, that Friar Thomas, in the firſt act, might be changed, without any harm, to Friar Peter; for why ſhould the Duke unneceſſarily truſt two in an affair which required only one? The name of Friar Thomas is never mentioned in the dialogue, and therefore ſeems arbitrarily placed at the head of the ſcene. JOHNSON.

[3] i. e. the *moſt noble*, &c. *Generous* is here uſed in itsLatin ſenſe. "*Virgo* generoſa *et nobilis.*" Cicero. STEEVENS.

[4] Have ſeized or taken poſſeſſion of the gates. JOHNSON.

To lock it in the wards of covert boſom,
When it deſerves with characters of braſs
A forted reſidence, 'gainſt the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion: Give me your hand,
And let the ſubject ſee, to make them know
That outward courteſies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Eſcalus;
You muſt walk by us on our other hand;—
And good ſupporters are you.

PETER *and* ISABELLA *come forward.*

F. Peter. Now is your time; ſpeak loud, and kneel before him.

Iſab. Juſtice, O royal Duke! Vail your regard [5]
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have ſaid, a maid!
O worthy prince, diſhonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me juſtice, juſtice, juſtice, juſtice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? By whom? Be brief:
Here is lord Angelo ſhall give you juſtice;
Reveal yourſelf to him.

Iſab. O, worthy duke,
You bid me ſeek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourſelf; for that which I muſt ſpeak
Muſt either puniſh me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redreſs from you: hear me, O, hear me, here.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a ſuitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by courſe of juſtice.

Iſab. By courſe of juſtice!

Ang. And ſhe will ſpeak moſt bitterly, and ſtrange.

Iſab. Moſt ſtrange, but yet moſt truly, will I ſpeak:
That Angelo's forſworn; is it not ſtrange?
That Angelo's a murderer; is't not ſtrange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,

An

[5] That is, withdraw your thoughts from higher things, let your notice deſcend upon a wronged woman. To *vail* is to lower. JOHNSON.

An hypocrite, a virgin-violater;
Is it not ſtrange, and ſtrange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times ſtrange.

Iſab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
That this is all as true as it is ſtrange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of the reckoning,[5]

Duke. Away with her:—Poor ſoul,
She ſpeaks this in the infirmity of ſenſe.

Iſab. O prince, I cónjure thee, as thou believ'ſt
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madneſs: make not impoſſible,
That which but ſeems unlike: 'tis not impoſſible,
But one, the wicked'ſt caitiff on the ground,
May ſeem as ſhy, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute,[6]
As Angelo; even ſo may Angelo,
In all his dreſſings,[7] characts,[8] titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal prince,
If he be leſs, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badneſs.

Duke. By mine honeſty,
If ſhe be mad, (as I believe no other,)
Her madneſs hath the oddeſt frame of ſenſe,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madneſs.

Iſab.

5 That is, truth has no gradations; nothing which admits of encreaſe can be ſo much what it is, as *truth* is *truth*. There may be a *ſtrange* thing, and a thing *more ſtrange*, but if a propoſition be *true*, there can be none *more true*. JOHNSON.

6 *As ſhy*; as reſerved, as abſtracted: *as juſt*; as nice, as exact: *as abſolute*; as complete all in the round of duty. JOHNSON.

7 In all his ſemblance of virtue, in all his habiliments of office. JOHNSON.

8 ——*characts*,] i. e. characters. See *Dugdale, Orig. Jurid.* p. 81:—"That he uſe ne hide, no charme, ne *carecte*." TYRWHITT.

Charact ſignifies an inſcription. The ſtat. 1 Edward VI. c. 2. directed the ſeals of office of every biſhop to have "certain *characts* under the king's arms, for the knowledge of the dioceſe." *Characters* are the letters in which the inſcription is written. *Charactery* is the materials of which characters are compoſed.

"Fairies uſe flowers for their *charactery*."
Merry Wives of Windſor. BLACKSTONE.

Isab. O, gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality:[9] but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid;
And hide the false, seems true.[2]

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother: One Lucio
As then the messenger;—

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

[9] Let not the high quality of my adversary prejudice you against me.
JOHNSON.

Inequality appears to me to mean, in this place, *apparent inconsistency*; and to have no reference to the high rank of Angelo, as Johnson supposes.
M. MASON.

I imagine the meaning rather is—*Do not* suppose I am mad, because I speak passionately and *unequally*. MALONE.

[2] And for ever *hide*, i. e. plunge into eternal darkness, the false *one*, i. e. Angelo, who now seems honest. Many other words would have expressed our poet's meaning better than *hide*; but he seems to have chosen it merely for the sake of opposition to the preceding line. Mr. Theobald unnecessarily reads—*Not* hide the false,—which has been followed by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

I do not profess to understand these words; nor can I perceive how the meaning suggested by Mr. Malone is to be deduced from them.
STEEVENS.

Duke. The warrant's for yourſelf; take heed to it.
Iſab. This gentleman told ſomewhat of my tale.
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To ſpeak before your time.—Proceed.
Iſab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.
Duke. That's ſomewhat madly ſpoken.
Iſab. Pardon it.
The phraſe is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again: the matter;—Proceed.
Iſab. In brief,—to ſet the needleſs proceſs by,
How I perſuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me,[4] and how I reply'd;
(For this was of much length,) the vile concluſion
I now begin with grief and ſhame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaſte body
To his concupiſcible intemperate luſt,[5]
Releaſe my brother; and, after much debatement,
My ſiſterly remorſe [6] confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpoſe ſurfeiting,[7] he ſends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Duke. This is moſt likely!
Iſab. O, that it were as like as it is true![8]

Duke.

[4] To *refel* is to refute. The modern editors changed the word to *repel.* STEEVENS.

[5] *To his* concupiſcible, &c.] Such is the old reading. The modern editors unauthoritatively ſubſtitute *concupiſcent.* STEEVENS.

[6] *My ſiſterly* remorſe—] i. e. *pity.* So, in *King Richard III*;
"And gentle, kind, effeminate *remorſe.*" STEEVENS.

[7] Thus the old copy. We might read *forfeiting*, but the former word is too much in the manner of Shakſpeare to be rejected. So, in *Othello*:
"—— my hopes not *ſurfeited* to death." STEEVENS.

[8] *Like* is not here uſed for *probable*, but for *ſeemly.* She catches at the Duke's word, and turns it into another ſenſe; of which there are a great many examples in Shakſpeare, and the writers of that time. WARBURTON.

I do not ſee why *like* may not ſtand here for *probable*, or why the lady ſhould not wiſh, that ſince her tale is true, it may obtain belief. If Dr. Warburton's explication be right, we ſhould read:

O! that

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch,[9] thou know'ſt not what thou ſpeak'ſt;
Or elſe thou art ſuborn'd againſt his honour,
In hateful practice:[2] Firſt, his integrity
Stands without blemiſh:—next, it imports no reaſon,
That with ſuch vehemency he ſhould purſue
Faults proper to himſelf: if he had ſo offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himſelf,
And not have cut him off: Some one hath ſet you on;
Confeſs the truth, and ſay by whoſe advice
Thou cam'ſt here to complain.

Iſab. And is this all?
Then, oh, you bleſſed miniſters above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance![3]—Heaven ſhield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone:—An officer!
To priſon with her:—Shall we thus permit
A blaſting and a ſcandalous breath to fall
On him ſo near us? This needs muſt be a practice.[4]
—Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Iſab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghoſtly father, belike,—Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a medling friar;

O! that it were as likely, *as 'tis true!*

Likely I have never found for *ſeemly*. JOHNSON.

Though I concur in Dr. Johnſon's explanation, I cannot help obſerving that *likely* is uſed by Shakſpeare himſelf for *ſeemly*. The meaning, I think, is: O that it had as much of the *appearance*, as it has of the *reality*, of truth! MALONE.

9 *Fond* wretch is *fooliſh* wretch. STEEVENS.

2 *Practice* was uſed by the old writers for any unlawful or inſidious ſtratagem. JOHNSON.

3 i. e. in partial favour. WARBURTON.

Countenance, in my opinion, does not mean partial favour, as Warburton ſuppoſes, but *falſe appearance*, *hypocriſy*. Iſabella does not mean to accuſe the Duke of partiality; but alludes to the ſanctified demeanour of Angelo, which, as ſhe ſuppoſes, prevented the Duke from believing her ſtory.
M. MASON.

4 *Practice*, in Shakſpeare, very often means *ſhameful artifice*, unjuſtifiable ſtratagem. STEEVENS.

I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he ſpake againſt your grace
In your retirement, I had ſwing'd him ſoundly.

Duke. Words againſt me? This' a good friar, belike!
And to ſet on this wretched woman here
Againſt our ſubſtitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yeſternight, my lord, ſhe and that friar
I ſaw them at the priſon: a ſawcy friar,
A very ſcurvy fellow.

F. Peter. Bleſſed be your royal grace!
I have ſtood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd: Firſt, hath this woman
Moſt wrongfully accuſed your ſubſtitute;
Who is as free from touch or ſoil with her,
As ſhe from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no leſs.
Know you that friar Lodowick, that ſhe ſpeaks of?

F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not ſcurvy, nor a temporary medler,[5]
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my truſt, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, miſreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, moſt villainouſly; believe it.

F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himſelf;
But at this inſtant he is ſick, my lord,
Of a ſtrange fever: Upon his mere requeſt,[6]
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainſt lord Angelo,) came I hither,

To

[5] It is hard to know what is meant by a *temporary* medler. In its uſual ſenſe, as oppoſed to *perpetual*, it cannot be uſed here. It may ſtand for *temporal*: the ſenſe will then be, *I know him for a holy man, one that meddles not with* ſecular *affairs*. It may mean *temporiſing*: *I know him to be a holy man, one who would not* temporiſe, *or take the opportunity of your abſence to defame you*. Or we may read:

Not ſcurvy, nor a tamperer and *medler*:

not one who would have *tampered* with this woman to make her a falſe evidence againſt your deputy. JOHNSON.

Peter here refers to what Lucio had before affirmed concerning Friar Lodowick. Hence it is evident that the phraſe "*temporary medler*," was intended to ſignify *one who introduced himſelf*, as often as he could find opportunity, *into other men's concerns*. See the context. HENLEY.

[6] —*his* mere *requeſt*,] i. e. his *abſolute requeſt*. STEEVENS.

To ſpeak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and falſe; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whenſoever he's convented.[7] Firſt, for this woman;
(To juſtify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly [8] and perſonally accus'd,)
Her ſhall you hear diſproved to your eyes,
Till ſhe herſelf confeſs it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.

[ISABELLA *is carried off, guarded; and* MARIANA *comes forward.*

Do you not ſmile at this, lord Angelo?—
O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us ſome ſeats.—Come, couſin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cauſe.[9]—Is this the witneſs, friar?
Firſt, let her ſhow her face; and, after, ſpeak.

[7] The firſt folio reads, *convented*, and this is right: for to *convene* ſignifies to aſſemble; but *convent*, to cite, or ſummons. Yet becauſe *convented* hurts the meaſure, the Oxford editor ſticks to *conven'd*, though it be nonſenſe, and ſignifies, *Whenever he is aſſembled together*. But thus it will be, when the author is thinking of one thing, and his critic of another. The poet was attentive to his ſenſe, and the editor quite throughout his performance, to nothing but the meaſure; which Shakſpeare having entirely neglected, like all the dramatic writers of that age, he has ſpruced him up with all the exactneſs of a modern meaſurer of ſyllables. This being here taken notice of once for all, ſhall, for the future, be forgot, as if it had never been. WARBURTON.

The foregoing account of the meaſure of Shakſpeare, and his contemporaries, ought indeed to be forgotten, becauſe it is untrue. To *convent* is no uncommon word. To *convent* and to *convene* are derived from the ſame Latin verb, and have exactly the ſame meaning. STEEVENS.

[8] Meaning either ſo *groſsly*, with ſuch *indecency* of invective, or by ſo *mean* and inadequate witneſſes. JOHNSON.

Vulgarly, I believe, means *publickly*. The *vulgar* are *the common people*. Daniel uſes *vulgarly* for *among the common people*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation is certainly the true one. MALONE.

[9] Surely, ſays Mr. Theobald, this duke had odd notions of impartiality! He reads therefore, *I will be partial*, and all the editors follow him: even Mr. Heath declares the obſervation unanſwerable. But ſee the uncertainty of criticiſm! *impartial* was ſometimes uſed in the ſenſe of *partial*. In the old play of *Swetnam, the Woman Hater*, Atlanta cries out, when the judges decree againſt the women:

"You are *impartial*, and we do appeal
"From you to judges more indifferent." FARMER.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not ſhow my face,
Until my huſband bid me.
Duke. What, are you married?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. Are you a maid?
Mari. No my lord.
Duke. A widow then?
Mari. Neither, my lord.
Duke. Why, you
Are nothing then:—Neither maid, widow, nor wife?[2]
Lucio. My lord, ſhe may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.
Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had ſome cauſe
To prattle for himſelf.
Lucio. Well, my lord.
Mari. My lord, I do confeſs I ne'er was married;
And, I confeſs, beſides, I am no maid:
I have known my huſband; yet my huſband knows not,
That ever he knew me.
Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.
Duke. For the benefit of ſilence, 'would thou wert ſo too.
Lucio. Well, my lord.
Duke. This is no witneſs for lord Angelo.
Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:
She, that accuſes him of fornication,
In ſelf-ſame manner doth accuſe my huſband;
And charges him, my lord, with ſuch a time,
When I'll depoſe I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.
Ang. Charges ſhe more than me?
Mari. Not that I know.
Duke. No? you ſay your huſband.
Mari. Why, juſt, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Iſabel's.
Ang. This is a ſtrange abuſe:[3]—Let's ſee thy face.
Mari. My huſband bids me; now I will unmaſk.
[*Unveiling.*
This

[2] This is a proverbial phraſe, to be found in Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

[3] *Abuſe* ſtands in this place for *deception* or *puzzle*. JOHNSON.

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which, once thou ſwor'ſt, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contráct,
Was faſt belock'd in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Iſabel,
And did ſupply thee at thy garden-houſe, [4]
In her imagin'd perſon.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, ſhe ſays.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I muſt confeſs, I know this woman;
And, five years ſince, there was ſome ſpeech of marriage
Betwixt myſelf and her: which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promiſed proportions
Came ſhort of compoſition; [5] but, in chief,
For that her reputation was diſvalued
In levity: ſince which time, of five years,
I never ſpake with her, ſaw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is ſenſe in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as ſtrongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tueſday night laſt gone, in his garden-houſe,
He knew me as a wife: As this is true,
Let me in ſafety raiſe me from my knees;
Or elſe for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but ſmile till now;
Now, good my lord, give me the ſcope of juſtice;
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
Theſe poor informal women [6] are no more
But inſtruments of ſome more mightier member,

[4] A *garden-houſe* in the time of our author was uſually appropriated to purpoſes of intrigue. MALONE.

[5] Her fortune, which was promiſed *proportionate* to mine, fell ſhort of the *compoſition*, that is, contract or bargain. JOHNSON.

[6] *Informal* ſignifies *out of their ſenſes*. STEEVENS.

That ſets them on : Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.
Duke. Ay, with my heart ;
And puniſh them unto your height of pleaſure.—
'Thou fooliſh friar ; and thou pernicious woman,
Compáct with her that's gone ! think'ſt thou, thy oaths,
Though they would ſwear down each particular ſaint,
Were teſtimonies againſt his worth and credit,
That's ſeal'd in approbation ? [7]—You, lord Eſcalus,
Sit with my couſin ; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuſe, whence 'tis deriv'd.—
There is another friar that ſet them on ;
Let him be ſent for.
F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord ; for he, indeed,
Hath ſet the women on to this complaint :
Your provoſt knows the place where he abides,
And he may ſetch him.
Duke. Go, do it inſtantly.— [*Exit* Provoſt.
And you, my noble and well-warranted couſin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth, [8]
Do with your injuries as ſeems you beſt,
In any chaſtiſement ; I for a while
Will leave you ; but ſtir not you, till you have well
Determined upon theſe ſlanderers.
Eſcal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—[*Exit* Duke.]
Signior Lucio, did not you ſay, you knew that friar Lodowick to be a diſhoneſt perſon ?
Lucio. Cucullus non facit monachum : honeſt in nothing, but in his clothes ; and one that hath ſpoke moſt villainous ſpeeches of the duke.
Eſcal. We ſhall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them againſt him : we ſhall find this friar a notable fellow.
Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Eſcal.

7 When any thing ſubject to counterfeits is tried by the proper officers and approved, a ſtamp or *ſeal* is put upon it, as among us on plate, weights, and meaſures. So the Duke ſays, that Angelo's faith has been tried, *approved*, and *ſeal'd* in teſtimony of that *approbation*, and, like other things ſo *ſealed*, is no more to be called in queſtion. Johnson.

8 To hear it to the end ; to ſearch it to the bottom. Johnson.

Eſcal. Call that ſame Iſabel here once again; [*To an Attendant.*] I would ſpeak with her: Pray you, my lord, give me leave to queſtion; you ſhall ſee how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Eſcal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, ſir, I think, if you handled her privately, ſhe would ſooner confeſs; perchance, publickly ſhe'll be aſhamed.

Re-enter Officers, *with* ISABELLA; *the* DUKE, *in the Friar's habit, and* Provoſt.

Eſcal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.[9]

Eſcal. Come on, miſtreſs; [*To* ISABELLA.] here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have ſaid.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the raſcal I ſpoke of; here with the provoſt.

Eſcal. In very good time:—ſpeak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Eſcal. Come ſir: Did you ſet theſe women on to ſlander lord Angelo? they have confeſs'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis falſe.

Eſcal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Reſpect to your great place! and let the devil
Be ſometime honour'd for his burning throne:[2]—
Where is the duke? 'tis he ſhould hear me ſpeak.

Eſcal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you ſpeak:
Look, you ſpeak juſtly.

Duke. Boldly, at leaſt:—But, O, poor ſouls,
Come you to ſeek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redreſs. Is the duke gone?
Then is your cauſe gone too. The duke's unjuſt,

[9] This is one of the words on which Shakſpeare chiefly delights to quibble. Thus, Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act V. ſc. i:

"Let me give *light*, but let me not be *light*." STEEVENS.

[2] I ſuſpect that a line preceding this has been loſt. MALONE.

I ſuſpect no omiſſion. *Great place* has reference to the preceding queſtion—"know you *where* you are?" STEEVENS.

Thus to retort your manifeſt appeal,[3]
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuſe.

Lucio. This is the raſcal; this is he I ſpoke of.

Eſcal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!
Is't not enough, thou haſt ſuborn'd theſe women
To accuſe this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witneſs of his proper ear,
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to the duke himſelf;
To tax him with injuſtice?—Take him hence;
To the rack with him:—We'll touze you joint by joint,
But we will know this purpoſe:—What! unjuſt?

Duke. Be not ſo hot; the duke
Dare no more ſtretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his ſubject am I not,
Nor here provincial:[4] My buſineſs in this ſtate
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have ſeen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the ſtew:[5] laws, for all faults;
But faults ſo countenanc'd, that the ſtrong ſtatutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's ſhop,[6]
As much in mock as mark.

Eſcal.

[3] To *refer back* to Angelo the cauſe in which you *appealed* from Angelo to the Duke. JOHNSON.

[4] Nor here *accountable*. The meaning ſeems to be, I am not one of his natural ſubjects, nor of any dependent province. JOHNSON.

The different orders of monks have a chief, who is called the General of the order; and they have alſo ſuperiors, ſubordinate to the general, in the ſeveral provinces through which the order may be diſperſed. The Friar therefore means to ſay, that the duke dares not touch a finger of his, for he could not puniſh him by his own authority, as he was not his ſubject, nor through that of the ſuperior, as he was not of that province.
M. MASON.

[5] I fear that, in the preſent inſtance, our author's metaphor is from the kitchen. So, in *Macbeth*:

"Like a hell-*broth, boil and bubble.*" STEEVENS.

[6] Barbers' ſhops were, at all times, the reſort of idle people:

"*Tonſtrina erat quædam: hic ſolebamus ferè*
"*Plerumque eam opperiri*"———.

which Donatus calls *apta ſedes otioſis*. Formerly with us, the better ſort of people went to the barber's ſhop to be trimmed; who then practiſed the

Eſcal. Slander to the ſtate! Away with him to priſon.

Ang. What can you vouch againſt him, ſignior Lucio? Is this the man, that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman baldpate; Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, ſir, by the ſound of your voice: I met you at the priſon, in the abſence of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you ſo? And do you remember what you ſaid of the duke?

Duke. Moſt notedly, ſir.

Lucio. Do you ſo, ſir? And was the duke a fleſhmonger, a fool, and a coward,[7] as you then reported him to be?

under parts of ſurgery: ſo that he had occaſion for numerous inſtruments, which lay there ready for uſe; and the idle people, with whom his ſhop was generally crowded, would be perpetually handling and miſuſing them. To remedy which, I ſuppoſe there was placed up againſt the wall a table of forfeitures, adapted to every offence of this kind; which, it is not likely, would long preſerve its authority. WARBURTON.

This explanation may ſerve till a better is diſcovered. But whoever has ſeen the inſtruments of a chirurgeon, knows that they may be very eaſily kept out of improper hands in a very ſmall box, or in his pocket. JOHNSON.

It was formerly part of a *barber's* occupation to *pick* the *teeth* and *ears*. So, in the old play of *Herod* and *Antipater*, 1622, *Tryphon* the *barber*, enters with a caſe of inſtruments, to each of which he addreſſes himſelf ſeparately:

"Toothpick, dear toothpick; earpick, both of you
"Have been her ſweet companions!—" &c.

I have converſed with ſeveral people who had repeatedly read the liſt of forfeits alluded to by Shakſpeare, but have failed in my endeavours to procure a copy of it. The metrical one, publiſhed by the late Dr. Kenrick, was a forgery. STEEVENS.

I believe Dr. Warburton's explanation in the main to be right, only that inſtead of chirurgical inſtruments, the barber's prohibited implements were principally his razors; his whole ſtock of which, from the number and impatience of his cuſtomers on a Saturday night or a market morning, being neceſſarily laid out for uſe, were expoſed to the idle fingers of the bye-ſtanders, in waiting for ſucceſſion to the chair.

Theſe forfeits were as much in *mock* as *mark*, both becauſe the barber had no authority of himſelf to enforce them, and alſo as they were of a ludicrous nature. I perfectly remember to have ſeen them in Devonſhire (printed like King Charles's Rules,) though I cannot recollect their contents. HENLEY.

[7] Lucio had not, in the former converſation, mentioned *cowardice* among the faults of the Duke.—Such failures of memory are incident to writers more diligent than this poet. JOHNSON.

Duke. You muſt, ſir, change perſons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, ſpoke ſo of him; and much more, much worſe.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the noſe, for thy ſpeeches?

Duke. I proteſt, I love the duke, as I love myſelf.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would cloſe now, after his treaſonable abuſes.

Eſcal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal:—Away with him to priſon:—Where is the provoſt?—Away with him to priſon; lay bolts enough upon him: let him ſpeak no more:—Away with thoſe giglots too, [8] and with the other confederate companion.

[*The* Provoſt *lays hands on the* DUKE.

Duke. Stay, ſir; ſtay a while.

Ang. What! reſiſts he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, ſir; come, ſir; come, ſir; foh, ſir: Why, you bald-pated, lying raſcal! you muſt be hooded, muſt you? Show your knave's viſage, with a pox to you! ſhow your ſheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off? [9]

[*Pulls off the friar's hood, and diſcovers the* DUKE.

Duke. Thou art the firſt knave, that e'er made a duke.——— Firſt, Provoſt, let me bail theſe gentle three:———

Sneak

[8] A *giglot* is a wanton wench. STEEVENS.

[9] This is intended to be the common language of vulgar indignation. Our phraſe on ſuch occaſions is ſimply: *ſhow your ſheep-biting face and be hanged.* The words *an hour* have no particular uſe here, nor are authoriſed by cuſtom. I ſuppoſe it was written thus: *ſhow your ſheep-biting face, and be hanged—an how? will't not off?* In the midland counties, upon any unexpected obſtruction or reſiſtance, it is common to exclaim *an' how?* JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's alteration is wrong. In *The Alchemiſt* we meet with "a man that has been *ſtrangled an hour.*"

"What, Piper, ho! *be hang'd a-while,*" is a line of an old madrigal. FARMER.

Dr. Johnſon is much too poſitive in aſſerting "that the words *an hour* have no particular uſe here, nor are authoriſed by cuſtom," as Dr. Farmer has well proved. The poet evidently refers to the ancient mode of puniſhing by colliſtrigium, or the original pillory, made like that part of the pillory at preſent which receives the neck, only it was placed horizontally, ſo that the culprit hung ſuſpended in it by his chin, and the back of his head. A diſtinct account of it may be found, if I miſtake not, in Mr. Barrington's *Obſervations on the Statutes.* HENLEY.

Sneak not away, ſir; [*To* Lucio.] for the friar and you
Muſt have a word anon:—lay hold of him.

Lucio. This may prove worſe than hanging.

Duke. What you have ſpoke, I pardon; ſit you down.——
[*To* Escalus.

We'll borrow place of him:—Sir, by your leave;
[*To* Angelo.

Haſt thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office?[2] If thou haſt,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I ſhould be guiltier than my guiltineſs,
To think I can be undiſcernable,
When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my paſſes:[3] Then good prince,
No longer ſeſſion hold upon my ſhame,
But let my trial be mine own confeſſion;
Immediate ſentence then, and ſequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—
Say, waſt thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her inſtantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which conſummate,[4]
Return him here again:—Go with him, Provoſt.

[*Exeunt* Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Provoſt.

Eſcal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his diſhonour,
Than at the ſtrangeneſs of it.

Duke. Come hither, Iſabel:
Your friar is now your prince: As I was then
Advértiſing, and holy[5] to your buſineſs,
Not changing heart with habit, I am ſtill
Attorney'd at your ſervice.

Iſab.

2 i. e. do thee ſervice. Steevens.

3 i. e. what has paſt in my adminiſtration. "Not ſo; (ſays the *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786.) *Paſſès* means here *artful devices, deceitful contrivances. Tours de paſſe-paſſe*, in French, are tricks of jugglery."
Steevens.

4 i. e. which *being* conſummated. Malone.

5 Attentive and faithful. Johnson.

Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.[6]
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,[7]
Than let him so be lost: O, most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose:[8] But, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, *and* PROVOST.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudg'd your brother,
(Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,[9]
Thereon dependant, for your brother's life,)
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,[2]

An

6 Be as *generous* to us; pardon us as we have pardoned you. JOHNSON.

7 That is, *a premature discovery of it*. M. MASON.

8 We now use in conversation a like phrase: *This it was that knocked my design on the head*. Dr. Warburton reads:

——baned *my purpose*. JOHNSON.

9 Our author ought to have written—"in double violation of sacred chastity, and of *promise*," instead of—promise-*breach*. Sir T. Hanmer reads—and *in* promise-breach; but change is certainly here improper, Shakspeare having many similar inaccuracies. *Double* indeed may refer to Angelo's conduct to Mariana and Isabel; yet still some difficulty will remain: for then he will be said to be "*criminal* [instead of *guilty*] promise-breach." MALONE.

2 Even from Angelo's *own tongue*. JOHNSON.

An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.
Haſte ſtill pays haſte, and leiſure anſwers leiſure;
Like doth quit like, and *Meaſure* ſtill *for Meaſure*.
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifeſted;
Which though thou would'ſt deny, denies thee vantage;[3]
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio ſtoop'd to death, and with like haſte;—
Away with him.

Mari. O, my moſt gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a huſband!

Duke. It is your huſband mock'd you with a huſband:
Conſenting to the ſafeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; elſe imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come: for his poſſeſſions,
Although by confiſcation they are ours,[4]
We do inſtate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better huſband.

Mari. O, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my liege,— [*Kneeling.*

Duke. You do but loſe your labour;
Away with him to death.—Now, ſir, [*To* LUCIO.] to you.

Mari. O, my good lord!—Sweet Iſabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you, all my life to do you ſervice.

Duke. Againſt all ſenſe you do impórtune her:[5]

Should

[3] Takes from thee all opportunity, all expedient of denial. WARBURTON.

The denial of which will avail thee nothing. MALONE.

[4] This reading was furniſhed by the editor of the ſecond folio. The original copy has *confutation*, which may be right:—by his being confuted, or proved guilty of the fact which he had denied. This, however, being rather harſh, I have followed all the modern editors in adopting the emendation that has been made. MALONE.

I cannot think it even *poſſible* that *confutation* ſhould be the true reading. But the value of the ſecond folio, it ſeems, muſt on all occaſions be diſputed. STEEVENS.

[5] The meaning required is, againſt all reaſon and natural affection Shakſpeare, therefore, judiciouſly uſes a ſingle word that implies both; *ſenſe* ſignifying both reaſon and affection. JOHNSON.

Should ſhe kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghoſt his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Iſabel,
Sweet Iſabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, ſay nothing, I'll ſpeak all.
They ſay, beſt men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the moſt, become much more the better
For being a little bad: ſo may my huſband.
O, Iſabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Iſab. Moſt bounteous ſir,
[*Kneeling.*
Look, if it pleaſe you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due ſincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me;[6] ſince it is ſo,
Let him not die: My brother had but juſtice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,

His

[6] The Duke has juſtly obſerved, that Iſabel is *importuned againſt all ſenſe* to ſolicit for Angelo, yet here *againſt all ſenſe* ſhe ſolicits for him. Her argument is extraordinary:

A due ſincerity govern'd his deeds
Till he did look on me: ſince it is ſo,
Let him not die.

That Angelo had committed all the crimes charged againſt him, as far as he could commit them, is evident. The only *intent* which *his act did not overtake*, was the defilement of Iſabel. Of this Angelo was only intentionally guilty.

Angelo's crimes were ſuch, as muſt ſufficiently juſtify puniſhment, whether its end be to ſecure the innocent from wrong, or to deter guilt by example; and I believe every reader feels ſome indignation when he finds him ſpared. From what extenuation of his crime, can Iſabel, who yet ſuppoſes her brother dead, form any plea in his favour? *Since he was good till he looked on me, let him not die.* I am afraid our varlet poet intended to inculcate, that women think ill of nothing that raiſes the credit of their beauty, and are ready, however virtuous, to pardon any act which they think incited by their own charms. JOHNSON.

It is evident that Iſabella condeſcends to Mariana's importunate ſolicitation, with great reluctance. Bad as her argument might be, it is the beſt that the guilt of Angelo would admit. The ſacrifice that ſhe makes of her revenge to her friendſhip, ſcarcely merits to be conſidered in ſo harſh a light. RITSON.

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And muſt be buried but as an intent
That periſh'd by the way:[7] thoughts are no ſubjects;
Intents but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your ſuit's unprofitable; ſtand up, I ſay.—
I have bethought me of another fault:—
Provoſt, how came it, Claudio was beheaded
At an unuſual hour?

Prov. It was commanded ſo.

Duke. Had you a ſpecial warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private meſſage.

Duke. For which I do diſcharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me after more advice:[8]
For teſtimony whereof, one in the priſon,
That ſhould by private order elſe have died,
I have reſerv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou had'ſt done ſo by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[*Exit* Provoſt.

Eſcal. I am ſorry, one ſo learned and ſo wiſe
As you, lord Angelo, have ſtill appear'd,
Should ſlip ſo groſsly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am ſorry, that ſuch ſorrow I procure:
And ſo deep ſticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deſerving, and I do entreat it.

[7] i. e. like the traveller, who dies on his journey, is obſcurely interred, and thought of no more:

Illum expirantem ——
Obliti *ignoto camporum in pulvere linquunt.* STEEVENS.

[8] i. e. after more mature conſideration. STEEVENS.

Re-enter

Re-enter Provoſt, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, *and* JULIET.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art ſaid to have a ſtubborn ſoul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And ſquar'ſt thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd;
But, for thoſe earthly faults,[9] I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come:——Friar, adviſe him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another priſoner, that I ſav'd,
That ſhould have died when Claudio loſt his head;
As like almoſt to Claudio, as himſelf. [*Unmuffles* CLAUDIO.

Duke. If he be like your brother, [*To* ISABELLA.] for his ſake
Is he pardon'd; And, for your lovely ſake,
Give me your hand, and ſay you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's ſafe;[2]
Methinks, I ſee a quick'ning in his eye:—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well[3]
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.[4]—
I find an apt remiſſion in myſelf:
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon;[5]—
You, ſirrah, [*To* LUCIO.] that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury,[6] an aſs, a madman;

Wherein

9 Thy faults, ſo far as they are puniſhable on earth, ſo far as they are cogniſable by temporal power, I forgive. JOHNSON.

2 It is ſomewhat ſtrange that Iſabel is not made to expreſs either gratitude, wonder, or joy, at the ſight of her brother. JOHNSON.

3 *Quits you*, recompenſes, requites you. JOHNSON.

4 Sir T. Hanmer reads, *Her worth* works *yours*.

This reading is adopted by Dr. Warburton, but for what reaſon? How does her *worth work Angelo's worth?* it has only contributed to *work* his pardon. The words are, as they are too frequently, an affected gingle; but the ſenſe is plain. *Her worth, worth yours*; that is, her value is equal to your value, the match is not unworthy of you. JOHNSON.

5 The Duke only means to frighten *Lucio*, whoſe final ſentence is to marry the woman whom he had wronged, on which all his other puniſhments are remitted. STEEVENS.

6 *Luxury* means *incontinence*. STEEVENS.

Wherein have I ſo deſerved of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I ſpoke it but according to the trick:[7] If you will hang me for it, you may, but I had rather it would pleaſe you, I might be whip'd.

Duke. Whip'd firſt, ſir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, provoſt, round about the city;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him ſwear himſelf, there's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,
And he ſhall marry her: the nuptial finiſh'd,
Let him be whip'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beſeech your highneſs, do not marry me to a whore! Your highneſs ſaid even now, I made you a duke; good my lord, do not recompence me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou ſhalt marry her.
Thy ſlanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits:[8]—Take him to priſon:
And ſee our pleaſure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is preſſing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a prince deſerves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you reſtore.—
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo;
I have confeſs'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Eſcalus, for thy much goodneſs:[9]
There's

[7] To my cuſtom, my habitual practice. JOHNSON.

Lucio does not ſay *my* trick, but *the* trick; nor does he mean to excuſe himſelf by ſaying that he ſpoke according to his uſual practice, for that would be an aggravation to his guilt, but according to *the* trick and practice of the times. It was probably then the practice, as it is at this day, for the diſſipated and profligate, to ridicule and ſlander perſons in high ſtation, or of ſuperior virtue. M. MASON.

According to the *trick*, is, according to the faſhion of thoughtleſs youth. MALONE.

[8] Thy other puniſhments. JOHNSON.

To *forfeit* anciently ſignified to *commit a carnal offence*. STEEVENS.

[9] I have always thought that there is great confuſion in this concluding ſpeech. If my criticiſm would not be cenſured as too licentious, I ſhould regulate it thus:

Thanks,

There's more behind, that is more gratulate.[2]—
Thanks, Provoſt, for thy care, and ſecrecy;
We ſhall employ thee in a worthier place:—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
The offence pardons itſelf.—Dear Iſabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:—
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll ſhow
What's yet behind, that's meet you all ſhould know.
[*Exeunt.*[3]

Thanks, good friend Eſcalus, for thy much goodneſs,
Thanks, Provoſt, for thy care and ſecrecy;
We ſhall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's.
~~Ang.~~ *The offence pardons itſelf.*
Duke. *There's more behind*
That is more gratulate. Dear Iſabel,
I have a motion, &c. JOHNSON.

2 i. e. *to be more rejoiced in*; meaning, I ſuppoſe, that there is another world, where he will find yet greater reaſon to rejoice in conſequence of his upright miniſtry. *Eſcalus* is repreſented as an ancient nobleman, who, in conjunction with Angelo, had reached the higheſt office of the ſtate. He therefore could not be ſufficiently rewarded here; but is neceſſarily referred to a future and more exalted recompenſe. STEEVENS.

I cannot approve of Steevens's explanation of this paſſage, which is very far-fetched indeed. The Duke gives Eſcalus thanks for his much goodneſs, but tells him that he had ſome other reward in ſtore for him, more acceptable than thanks; which agrees with what he ſaid before, in the beginning of this act:

" ——— we hear
" Such goodneſs of your juſtice, that our ſoul
" Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
" *Fore-running more requital.*" M. MASON.

Heywood alſo in his *Apology for Actors*, 1612, uſes to *gratulate*, in the ſenſe of to *reward*. MALONE.

Mr. M. Maſon's explanation may be right; but he forgets that the ſpeech he brings in ſupport of it, was delivered before the denouement of the ſcene, and was, at that moment, as much addreſſed to *Angelo* as to Eſcalus; and for *Angelo* the Duke had certainly no reward or honours, in ſtore.——Beſides, I cannot but regard the word—*requital* as an interpolation, becauſe it deſtroys the meaſure, without improvement of the ſenſe. " Fore-running more," therefore, would only ſignify—*preceding further thanks*. STEEVENS.

3 I cannot help taking notice with how much judgement Shakſpeare has given turns to this ſtory from what he found it in Cynthio Giraldi's novel. In the firſt place, the brother is there actually executed, and the governor ſends his head in a bravado to the ſiſter, after he had debauched her on promiſe of marriage: a circumſtance of too much horror and villainy for the ſtage. And, in the next place, the ſiſter afterwards is, to ſolder up her diſgrace, married to the governour, and begs his life of the emperour, though he had unjuſtly been the death of her brother. Both which abſurdities the poet has avoided by the epiſode of Mariana, a creature purely of his own invention. The Duke's remaining incognito at home to ſuperviſe the conduct of his deputy, is alſo entirely our author's fiction.

This ſtory was attempted for the ſcene before our author was fourteen years old, by one George Whetſtone, in *Two Comical Diſcourſes*, as they are called, containing the right excellent and famous hiſtory of Promos and Caſſandra, printed with the black letter, 1578. The author going that year with Sir Humphrey Gilbert to Norimbega, left them with his friends to publiſh. THEOBALD.

The novel of Cynthio Giraldi, from which Shakſpeare is ſuppoſed to have borrowed this fable, may be read in *Shakſpeare illuſtrated*, elegantly tranſlated, with remarks which will aſſiſt the enquirer to diſcover how much abſurdity Shakſpeare has admitted or avoided.

I cannot but ſuſpect that ſome other had new-modelled the novel of Cynthio, or written a ſtory which in ſome particulars reſembled it, and that Cynthio was not the author whom Shakſpeare immediately followed. The Emperor in Cynthio is named Maximine; the Duke, in Shakſpeare's enumeration of the perſons of the drama, is called Vincentio. This appears a very ſlight remark; but ſince the Duke has no name in the play, nor is ever mentioned but by his title, why ſhould he be called Vincentio among the *perſons*, but becauſe the name was copied from the ſtory, and placed ſuperfluouſly at the head of the liſt by the mere habit of tranſcription? It is therefore likely that there was then a ſtory of Vincentio Duke of Vienna, different from that of Maximine Emperor of the Romans.

Of this play the light or comic part is very natural and pleaſing, but the grave ſcenes, if a few paſſages be excepted, have more labour than elegance. The plot is rather intricate than artful. The time of the action is indefinite; ſome time, we know not how much, muſt have elapſed between the receſs of the Duke and the impriſonment of Claudio; for he muſt have learned the ſtory of Mariana in his diſguiſe, or he delegated his power to a man already known to be corrupted. The unities of action and place are ſufficiently preſerved. JOHNSON.

The duke probably had learnt the ſtory of Mariana in ſome of his former retirements, "having ever loved the life removed." (Page 432) "And he had a ſuſpicion that Angelo was but a *ſeemer*, (page 434) and therefore he ſtays to watch him. BLACKSTONE.

**** Juſt as this play was completing at the preſs, ſome ingenious illuſtrations of ſeveral parts of it, from ſimilar paſſages in the Bible, appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1795, p. 644. NICHOLS.

ADDENDA.

Tempeſt, p. 64. c. 18.

Broom, in this place, ſignifies the *Spartium ſcoparium*, of which brooms are frequently made. Near Gamlingay in Cambridgeſhire it grows high enough to conceal the talleſt cattle as they paſs through it; and in places where it is cultivated, ſtill higher: a circumſtance that had eſcaped my notice, till I was told of it by Profeſſor Martin, whoſe name I am particularly happy to inſert among thoſe of other friends who have honoured and improved this work by their various communications. STEEVENS.

Gent. of Verona, p. 99, l. 19, for *Look*, read, *And*.
Ibid. p. 108, l. 16. for *ſhe made*, read, *ſhe hath made*.
Ibid. p. 134, l. 4, for *therefore*, read, *thereof*.

Merry Wives, &c. p. 216. n. 6.

——— up with your *fights*,] This paſſage may receive an additional and perhaps a ſomewhat different illuſtration from John Smith's *Sea-Grammar*, 4°. 1627. In page 58 he ſays, "But if you ſee your chaſe ſtrip himſelf into *fighting* ſailes, that is, to put out his colours in the poope, his flag in the maine top, his ſtreamers or pendants at the end of his yards' arms, &c. provide yourſelf to fight." Again, p. 60. "Thus they uſe to ſtrip themſelves into their ſhort ſailes, or *fighting* ſailes, which is only the fore ſail, the maine and fore top ſailes, becauſe the reſt ſhould not be fired or ſpoiled; beſides they would be troubleſome to handle, hinder our ſights and the uſing our armes: he makes ready his *cloſe fights* fore and aft." In a former paſſage, p. 58, he has ſaid that "a ſhip's *cloſe fights* are ſmall ledges of wood laid croſſe one another, like the grates of iron in a priſon's window, betwixt the maine maſt and the fore maſt, and are called gratings or nettings," &c. STEEVENS.

Twelfth Night, p. 387, n. 5.

Dr. Farmer would read *fat* inſtead of *tall*, the former of theſe epithets, in his opinion, being referable to the following words—*a good houſekeeper*. STEEVENS.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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